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FAMILY SECRETS,

LITERARY AND DOMESTICK.

IN

FIVE VOLUMES.

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FAMILY SECRETS,

LITERARY AND DOMESTIC.

By MR. PRATT.

IN

FIVE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

Concerning those things wherein men's lives, and their persons, are
most conversant. **BACON.**

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR T. N. LONGMAN, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1797.

MANLY SPORTS

THE MANLY SPORTS

THE MANLY SPORTS

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LONDON:

PRINTED FOR T. W. BOWMAN, WATERLOO STREET.

TO THE
REVIEWERS
OF
LITERATURE.

TO confirm precept by example; it is proposed by the author of these pages, to inscribe the five divisions, which constitute his work, to as many different persons, who may illustrate, by their conduct, some important characters in his book.

In addressing the opening volume to the REVIEWERS, it is easy to prove, that neither in a general, nor particular sense, can he mean to insult their characters, or humiliate his own, by the impotent hope of obviating censure, or of securing applause. In a series of twenty years, nearly half of the author's life, he has received, from the literary journalists, a sufficient proportion of praise to animate, and of blame to improve him: the one has operated on his mind, as a poise to the other; while he has sincerely endeavoured to educe good from both: but without implicitly yielding his opinion,

or fastidiously retaining it against reason and remonstrance.

The author has ventured to denominate the work LITERARY, as well as domestick; because the sketches of literary conversation, woven into the history, are intended as an *experiment*, how far such a plan may tend to exalt the *character* without diminishing the *interest* of this species of composition: the principal difficulty of which seems to consist in combining the one with the other, so as to invigorate both. As the professional critics are, by the very nature of their trust, precluded from private communication, the author thus publicly solicits their opinion, how far the experiment has been successful, or rather, how far the general principle of it is to be sanctioned;—for the miscarriage of the author *individually*, forms no argument why a more skilful adoption of the plan may not contribute as much to the elevation of works of this *nature*, as to the delight of their admirers.

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FAMILY SECRETS.

CHAPTER I.

IN one of the southern vales of Devon, where the myrtle is said to bloom unprotected, though visited by the sea-breeze, stood Fitzorton Castle.

A writer of descriptive talents, might, in respect of situation, expand himself into volumes; but, as the delineation of the minds and manners, the passions and pursuits, the strength and weakness, imaginations, and studies, of human beings, are more immediately the objects of this history, we must consider vegetable beauty, however fascinating, but as the scenery of our picture, and dismiss this part of our subject with as few words as possible.

The castle was erected on the sloping of a hill; the Manor-house of Clare on the declivity of an opposite mountain, with

a uniformity of taste corresponding to the sentiment which had long united the families; and at a distance only to render the prospect more engaging, a third venerable pile reared its head so centrically between the two, that, whether viewed from the manor-house or from the castle, the eye surveyed its aspiring turrets, the majestic avenues that led to its folding-gates, and the delightful woods that stretched themselves on either side.

Indeed, the three domains were placed amidst the very romance of Nature; but we are called from them at present by an earnest desire to introduce the reader to their inhabitants.

CHAPTER II.

THE Honourable and Reverend Armine Fitzorton, at the setting out of these annals, was in the seventy-fourth year of his age. He had been, for full sixty of that number, one of the healthiest and happiest men in the world. He married, early, a lady so entirely like himself

self in mind, in manners, and as far as feminine softness may be permitted, without stepping out of itself, in person also, that a just portrait of one might give a striking resemblance of the other. They were of the same age to a day, and retained, in the same degree, the remains of those graces, which time itself seemed reluctant to destroy. Their very features, had, in some measure, triumphed over the tyrant who is, figuratively, said to rejoice in the ruins of mortality; and their eyes, of the same deep and lustrous colour, still retained much of their penetrating and shining power.

Their virtues might be divided, as some have divided virtue itself, into Benevolence, Prudence, Fortitude, and Temperance; and from like motives of division: because, Benevolence proposes good ends, Prudence suggests the best means of attaining them, Fortitude enables us to encounter the discouragements that stand in our way, and Temperance repels, and over-comes the passions that obstruct our progress.

Sir Armine brought with him, into holy orders, all the principle necessary to practise the precepts they enjoin. A sincere belief in those precepts formed, indeed, the most exalted ingredient in his worldly happiness; and the example of his life finely illustrated his doctrine, if we except the prime error that shaded his character—a very strong tincture of bigotry in matters of religion.

As a private gentleman, his character and conduct might very justly be summed up, in the words of the celebrated Lord Clarendon; he maintained the primitive integrity of the English nation, and supported in his Castle the good old manners, old good humour, and old good nature, of old English hospitality.

Three Sons had the happiness of calling Sir Armine and Lady Fitzorton their parents; and when the characters of these young men began to form, that of Henry seemed to be compounded of properties that usually constitute very contrary dispositions. His mind sometimes sunk to the thickest melancholy,

melancholy, sometimes flamed with irritable ardour, then took a soft intermediate shade between both of these extremes; and then soared again to the boldest heights of poetic enthusiasm; now rapid and uncontrollable, and now obedient to command, a fancy suddenly catching fire, and as suddenly becoming extinguished in solemn meditation. Such were the tints that separated him from his brother John.

“I should be ashamed to be every body’s favourite” said John, frowning as in scorn! “for then must I associate with fools and knaves; and how am I to distinguish the wise, and honest, but by giving them my time and company?” “I do not see that is at all necessary,” answered Henry, smiling; “civility does not imply universal association; nor general good manners particular regard.”

“Flattery is vice, but suavity is virtue,” said Henry: on this maxim he invited and conciliated. Before he opened his lips, his air gave promise of redress to the injured, protection

protection to the helpless, and friendship to the worthy. John, according to a more stern hypothesis, was distant in his address to most men, to some inaccessible. This had an influence no less on their minds, than on their manners, and even similar qualities were thereby distinctly coloured.

For instance, the courage of Henry was, like his other virtues, animated by more precipitation, and more conformable to the enthusiastic spirit, the poetic romance of his character; but then, these threw over it a kind of popular and chivalric splendour that dazzled while it warmed. No less daring and heroic, John was more methodical, more correct, more deliberate, and he often retained his skill, of no less importance in contest than ardour, even when his antagonist had lost all science in a storm of the passions.

Their persons, however, were uniformly in keeping with their dispositions. They were both the favourites of Nature; yet even in externals she had displayed her accustomed love of variety. John was strong and muscular, but without corpulence, lofty without stooping,

ing, and of majestic stature, without being unwieldy. Henry was elegantly proportioned, and exhibited a delicacy neither inconsistent with agility of body, or activity of mind. The eyes of each were dark, but sparkled with appropriate intelligence. Those of John, by a permanent inspection, never gave their object the relief of a moment. Their perseverance, in cases of doubt or difficulty, was so determined, that, neither the most hardened guilt, nor the most conscious innocence, could endure their scrutiny.

On the contrary, Henry's appeared to compass every thing by a glance, and the object under their ray frequently suffered as much from the intolerable brightness of their flash, which was sudden and impetuous, as from the more slow and immitigable look of his brother.

The separating marks also extended to language, accent, and effect. Love and pity breathed in the voice of Henry: in compassion he wept himself, and others wept with him; nor did mirth even bestow on him a smile, or sorrow a tear, which he did

not repay with interest. His features, borrowing their cast and colour from the subject, presented moral and personal beauty, under a thousand different forms and tintings; sometimes discovering ideas, light, easy, and full of fire, and sometimes anticipating sentiments more weighty and profound. These were set off by an ingenuous feeling of diffidence, which now painted his cheek with the bloom of the rose, and now with more than the lily's paleness.

The countenance of John, on the other hand, was florid from constitution, and pale only from intensity of thought, or agony of sensation. In his voice there was neither melody nor persuasion; but tones of such authority, expression so firm, and sense so unobstructed, perhaps he deemed it unnecessary to court the attention he knew he could command. The living volume of Nature, even from his earliest youth, had been his principal study; and the knowledge which is thence derived to the mind, was alone thought worthy of his contemplation: whereas, Henry was impatient of toil, and seemed to mount
on

on the pinion of the eagle to escape from every task imposed. John rarely condescended to trifle, while Henry had the happy art of rendering every trifle interesting: whatsoever he touched, though dull, and drossy before, acquired, by the alchemy of genius, some shining quality.

With regard to the second brother, although his share in that part of the family transactions designed to form the following history, was only occasional; he was, in some important instances, so interwoven with his relatives, that a neglect of his character would be not more disrespectful to him than injurious to the history.

The person of James Fitzorton, had neither the strength of his elder, nor the elegance of his younger brother, being of the middle size between both. His eyes varied in colour, as in expression, from those already described; they had not the searching power of John's, nor the brilliancy of Henry's; but were a pair of grey, full set, useful, honest optics, not destitute of meaning. His complexion was neither so fair as Henry's, nor so dark as

John's; and his disposition was a just, and not seldom a necessary, equipoise between the excesses of Henry's natural sensibility, and John's artificial government of himself. Nature had formed his mind as she had modelled his person; in the middle way, between the fraternal extremes: a mediocrity which, however humble, had its use in the family; sometimes checking the impetuous effusions of Henry, sometimes attempering the saturnine habits of John. In short, a very proper middle man to be placed between two such extremes.

Yet the wide diversity of life could scarcely furnish a circumstance in which their modes of conduct were similar, even when their motives were the same. Their characteristics began to shew themselves in the most early, and continued to the latest period. From the former, we will select an almost infantine occurrence, because it ascertained their indelible points: the soft excess of Henry, the moderation of James, and the energy of John.

In the cold season, a poor blackbird had
taken

taken shelter in Sir Armine's green-house. Animated by the genial heat, it was basking upon an orange-tree, and warmed out of the cold remembrances of time and place, stretched out its wings, in a kind of summer languor over the branches, and had begun to pour a semi-note of gratitude and joy. Henry, hastily, yet on tip-toe, ran round to shut the window at which it had entered, first closing the door. "I have wished for a blackbird I know not how long", whispered he, "and it will be quite a charity to give that poor fellow good winter quarters in the castle. I own, it is almost a pity to disturb him now, he seems so comfortable; but if he knew how very kindly I would use him, he would come a volunteer into my chamber." "Very kind to be sure," said John, "to make him a slave for life; to my thoughts, he had better choose his own lodging, though the best to be had were in a barn, or in a hollow tree, and get an independent warm here in the hot-house, when he finds an opportunity, than be a prisoner in the best room of the castle, nay, in the king's palace;

palace; so be advised brother, and let him alone."

John softly opened part of the window nearest the bird. "No, I'll tell you how it shall be," observed little James,—“give the bird fair play; leave the window open, and let Harry try his fortune; if the bird suffers himself to be caught, when the path of freedom is before his eyes, why it will be his own affair you know.” “But the act of catching him at all is arbitrary,” said John—sturdily throwing his hat at the orange, and other exotic plants, that grew in the direction of the tree where the blackbird had been perched. “Not at all brother,” cried Henry, “when it is only to convey him to a better place”—running, as he spake, after the object of his wishes, almost with the swiftness of its own wings. John kept always behind, in the hope of pointing its flight to the window, and James stood impartially in the middle, unless he stepped on one side or the other, to maintain fair dealing. The blackbird, mean time, alarmed by all parties, flew, irregularly, from shrub to shrub, from window to window, sometimes beating

beating its breast against one object, sometimes striking its wing or beak against another, often being in the very path of liberty, and as often driven out of it. At length it sank exhausted to the ground, and was taken up almost without an effort to flutter, by Henry, whose little heart palpitated like its own. His ardent eye, quick breathing lip, and high colouring cheek, spoke his triumphs; yet amidst his exultings, he forgot not mercy: the fairest laurel of the conqueror, is humanity; and the very instincts of Henry were humane. He smoothed the ruffled plumes of his captive; poured over it every assurance of protection; pressed its glossy pinion on his cheek; detained it with a soft trembling hand, and at length putting it, lightly held, into his bosom, ran with it to his chamber. "He has fairly won the bird, brother," said James, following. "Certainly," replied John, with a dissatisfied tone, "nothing can be fairer, than to run down a poor terrified little wretch, who has no power to resist; then seizing and dragging it to prison! It struggled for freedom, till it was almost gasping for breath; and I
am

am ashamed, that I suffered any thing to prevent my taking part with the unprotected in the cause of liberty. But this, I suppose, you and my brother would call foul play, just as you have styled his theft a kindness! Yes, the kindness of a christian robber, who steals the innocent savage from his native land, and covers him with chains!"

Dreading the loss of his treasure, Henry guarded it with a miser's care; kept it concealed in his own room; but treated it with the utmost indulgence, being at once its nurse and companion, and suffering no hand but his own to feed it. "Alas! it droops," said its protector—bringing it down one day into an apartment where his brothers were sitting—"what can be done for it, James?" questioned he, with tears in his eyes. "Let it go," interposed John; "it pines for the friends from whose society it has been ravished; it languishes for freedom: let it go, and it will soon recover." "Perhaps," answered James, "it only wants more air, your chamber may be too confined: Suppose then," continued he,—willing to compromise betwixt liberty and slavery,—

“you were to tie a silken string round its leg, and lead it now and then about the garden?”

“I propose an improvement on that idea,” said John—“clip one of its wings, and as you persist in refusing it its right to fly in the air, let it have the run of the garden; that on the south side of the castle, you know, is walled round, and it cannot walk off.” He reconciled Henry to this measure, by telling him that it would produce many good ends, besides restoring the blackbird’s health, and giving it a relish of its former enjoyments; amongst other things he assured him, that it would recover its spirits, which would enable it to whistle back its lost friends and relations. Henry could not resist this: the idea of giving joy to others, was a joy to his own heart; the action by which it was bestowed, could alone surpass it.

In effect, the bird was all the better for its liberty; it hopped, pecked, twittered, and daily appeared to gain new visitors. There was in the walled garden, a shed, where it nestled towards evening; but Henry, with soft steps, would take care while it reposed,

posed, to strew food on the ground below, so that it always found breakfast ready in the morning; nor was dinner, or supper provision forgotten, so that what it picked up in the garden was mere amusement to relish exercise. The kind-hearted Henry was *perfectly* satisfied with this plan: John was only *half* satisfied. James prudently suggested giving the growing wing another cutting. Henry agreed; for his favourite could now take half the garden at a low flight, though not top the walls. "Wait a little longer" said John: "He is so tame, and so well pleased with his present usage, that perhaps he will indeed be a volunteer amongst us, and there will be a thousand times the gratification in having his society with his own consent." "But if he should leave me?" said Henry. "Have confidence in him; think how delightful it is to have friendship as a free-will offering: I should hate any thing I forced to stay with me, as much as it could hate me. Can a jail bird love the jailor?" "I have a good mind to trust it," observed Henry; "but I sometimes think it looks up at the walls very fly"—

fly.” — “That is nothing but a way they have with them,” said John, laughing. “What is your opinion James?” questioned Henry. “There can be, I should think, but one opinion about that,” replied James, taking out a little pair of scissors. “O, he always was for cutting out, just like a girl; but act a more liberal part my brother,” said John; Henry was over-ruled. The feathers grew, and the blackbird flew away. Henry accused; John defended; James mediated. The grateful bird, however, staid in the neighbourhood; sang better, looked happier; Henry was, therefore, reconciled to his loss, and John was at length contented. He was, indeed, nearer the age of mingling reflection with sensation, being six years older than James, who was Henry’s senior only by eighteen months; but these traits of childhood remained fixed. As life advanced, John determined to invest reason with the honours of that sovereignty which the moralists have assigned her, and which “can bear no rival near her throne.” “The Passions,” said he, “should be treated as good, or disloyal subjects; the first with indulgence, the

the last with rigour; so will I govern them." James was nearly of the same way of thinking, except that he was disposed to a more equal distribution, both of punishments and rewards. But Henry generally felt more than he reasoned; yet, of the majesty and prerogative of the rational power, he had ideas even more sublime than either of his brothers; but a more ardent temperament, and a fancy more vivid, made it more difficult to keep the passions within the line of their privileges. "My dear Harry," quoth John, "you do not think enough."—"My dear John, I suppose my thinking time is not yet come; but it appears to me, at present, that if you would not suffer your thoughts to be such spies upon your feelings, you would be sometimes a much happier boy," replied Henry. "Much oftener the reverse, I believe," resumed John; "but should I be wiser and better?" "For my part," observed James—who was standing between them, and taking a hand of each,—“if we could always be as near one another as we are now, we should get on bravely.”

CHAPTER III.

SUCH were the Sons of Sir Armine and Lady Fitzorton: And when these young men might be supposed to have gained some acquaintance with themselves, and with what would most contribute to their happiness, their father convened them to meet in that apartment of the castle, which had always been sacred to pious meditation, or parental counsel. The Brothers being assembled, he addressed them thus: “ Dear, very dear objects of my equal affections! you have now had time to cultivate that self knowledge, which may assist you, in choosing the paths, in which ye may go with the most honour to yourselves and profit to others. A life of idleness is useless at best, and of what it is at worst I would not wish to give your pure minds any idea. Select then some object which may keep in virtuous, and wholesome occupation, your minds and bodies. I am aware that this important matter has been deferred beyond the usual date,

date, at which it becomes a subject of arrangement, betwixt parents and their children; but, I think, it is generally brought into discussion too early. How can a just notion of human conduct be acquired before the human character is in some measure formed? and until nature has had uncontrolled opportunity to point out her bias? I desired to make silent observation on that bias as publick or private occurrence called it forth; that when it became a deciding and important question, if I thought of your choice less favourably than you did, I might offer such reasons as would satisfy your minds, that my objections were grounded not on paternal tyranny, but fatherly love.

“ Perhaps I am by this delay competent to answer my own question, even as you would answer it. There can be little doubt, I think, that you, my eldest hope and blessing, will decide for the senatorial character, which is highly favourable to your argumentative powers, and no way inconsistent with the profound researches of a philosophical mind. Your wish, James, I can see, will take an active part in the administration of public justice,

justice, and you may, in due time, unite the senator with the legislator. There is an equanimity and poise in your disposition, which in both these high offices is of the last importance: And my Henry's election will probably be that of his happy father; because without any infringement of the pastoral, which I am convinced will be considered as the primary duties, he may cultivate the muse; and she is not more the adorning of social life than the hand-maid of Religion, when under the direction of that awful power.

“Tell me then, dearest honours of my life, if in these conjectures I have anticipated your wishes?”—John and James replied in the affirmative. Henry stifled a sigh in a cough, but his assent was included. “Nothing then remains but to gratify them,”—continued the venerable man, his voice attuned, and his look softened to his expression.—“And may ye, in all good things, be thus unanimous. Your election made, you will with general purity of life, connect and improve the particular qualifications which are requisite, and
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it will be my delightful care to give them effect.

“ But there is another topick ; I mean that of your patrimonial fortune. In the distribution of this I should, by some parents, be thought as much to oppose the opinions and practice of the world, as in having consulted you on the choice of life, I mean with respect to dates of consultation and of distribution ; yet nothing can be more certain than that one principle governs me in both ; for as, I think, young people are called upon to fix their profession much too early, I am of opinion, likewise, that the knowledge and adjustment of their inheritance, exclusively of what may be derived from such profession, comes to them too late. When youths are really capable of selecting the grand object of their future pursuit, as members of the community, the degree of judgment, which renders them competent to this, fits them to be trusted with the secret of their inheritance ; unless, indeed, filial profligacy has made paternal confidence imprudent ; but, in my blessed case, where the unsullied blossom
gives

gives promise of the fairest fruit, in due season, and has grown into no wanton luxuriance by the warmest influence of parental suns,—you see, my Henry, I, like you, consider poetick imagery sometimes an auxiliary to the display of truth,—I can have nothing to fear! Ah no! from dividing amongst you my little stores in possession, and pre-acquainting you, with those in expectance, I have every thing to hope.”

The young men took their eyes from their father, and looked at each other.

“It might perhaps be good policy in parents to make their children not only with the extension of their lives, on motives of natural affection, but on those of worldly interest, and it seems to me there is nothing tends so much to—I will not say *forgetfulness* of the parental tie, for that is a most tremendous extreme,—but to seducing the heart’s most sacred comfort—*humanely* speaking—to an act of *mere duty* as a sordid attention to what may be gained by a parent’s death! It may force the best children to grow indifferent about the life of him who gave life to them; and it undoubtedly makes children of less happy

happy dispositions much worse; for as kindness begets affection, there can be little doubt that rigour, if it cannot extinguish the sentiment of natural affection, impairs its pleasure, and obstructs its energy.

“That it may still be the heart-felt wish of my dear boys, that their fond father, aged as he is, should yet live to see their happiness; I will to-morrow present a statement of our mutual property; I say *mutual*, because I have invariably considered it as held only in trust for them and their beloved mother; and, though there have been some entanglements, I hope to prove I have been a faithful family steward; and, indeed, my children, that is the only character in which it should be a father’s ambition to appear.

“For one of you,” continued he, looking at Henry, “will, I trust, ascend the summit of fortune; but equal in the affection of my nature, your patrimonial rights are independent of adventitious aid, and should be equalized also; did not the succession to a family title, to which is attached the decent dignity of an ancient house, make some extraordinary supply necessary to my son John.”

John, who seemed less to relish the arrangement than either of his brothers, put a negative so solemn on this that it established his point, notwithstanding Sir Armine struggled with a frown: James maintained the silence which often waits on affecting emotions; and Henry had been weeping some time. The father's frown melted away.

"Be it so then," rejoined Sir Armine, giving, at length, a smiling sanction to his eldest son's negative. John bowed respectfully, and declared, in his laconic way, that the house should be supported.—"But how my dear boy?" asked his father, giving yet more force to his smile, "philosophy is rather apt to neglect the sublunary contemplations of brick and mortar, records and rent-rolls, courts-leet, and courts-baron."—"Then poetry, Sir," exclaimed Henry, with glowing cheeks, "shall assist!"—"Worse and worse!" cried Sir Armine, broadening the smile into a laugh; "the Muse, you know Harry, considers Ruins as her best materials; dismantled towers, a broken column, a mouldering wall, dilapidated mansions, and castles in confusion, serve but as the scenery of

VOL. I. C her

her pictures, and it is well a votary of fragment-loving Phœbus is not heir to this old Fitz-orton fabric." "But in the administration of justice, Sir," said James, "I trust domestic equity would not be thought unprofessional." "Nor," interposed John, adopting parliamentary language, "shall I, surely, be called to *order*," bowing to Sir Armine, and giving a hand to each of his brothers, "or be thought *unparliamentary*, if I enter a *protest* against any such *measure*,—as I apprehend it very possible for a little discretion, and saving in superfluities, no way, I hope, incompatible with the dignity either of Philosophy or the House of Commons, to grant me the supplies requisite for the dignity of my *own* house, without *levying burthens*, or raising *contributions*, on my *allies*. Not," added John, qualifying the former independent notions; "not that I should proudly resist assistance should it be necessary; neither would I unnaturally, in such cases, go out of my own house to maintain its honours."

The brothers joined hands.

"Well, well," answered the father, "I see there is little danger of our good old mansion
falling;

falling, in any sense of the word, while the Virtues, Arts, and Nature herself, are resolved to support it."

"O!" cried Henry, "may it want no other pillar, for many a smiling year, than the sacred one which has long, and, ah! blessed be God, still preserves, unimpaired, its beauty and its strength."

"Dear boy!" exclaimed his father.

"Henry has spoken for us all," observed John to James.

"With superior eloquence," answered the latter.

And asserted the former, "with equal sincerity, blessings on our father! But he is too good."

Here the sons dropt on their knees.

"Blessings on my children!" ejaculated Sir Armine, raising them; his accents more tender than distinct.

The brothers, during this conference, were supporting, and supported by their truly venerable Sire: a soft pause ensued, and they withdrew.

CHAPTER IV.

THE next day was taken up in settling the proposed independencies of these young men; and as John sturdily maintained the right of equal division, both immediate and reversionary, his father no longer resisted. He laid before his children the rent-roll of his estates. He neither concealed the prodigalities of some, nor failed to dwell on the prudence of others of his ancestors; he did not hide his own indiscretions; they were chiefly generous ones, since the property came into his possession: In short, he disclosed every thing that might operate on their impressible minds in the way of emulation, or of escape. What he deemed was not yet ripe for discovery he reserved, and at the close of the conference he said: "Dear youths, I have now developed to you those things which fathers too often consider as Family secrets, till their bodies are mouldering in the grave. I have unfolded myself to the hearts of my children, and put into their hands

hands the means of being just and generous, wife and good. You have always been free to think. You will be now free to act. The three deeds I now deliver will shew, that though the streams are amply supplied the sacred fountains are by no means exhausted; my sons, we may henceforward form a little republic of our own, and enjoy the wholesome freedom so essential to a commonwealth. It has, indeed, been my endeavour to train you to independent thoughts, that on their basis you might construct independent actions; for nothing honourable, nothing noble, in truth, nothing natural, can proceed from minds slavishly controuled."

Here Lady Fitzorton made her appearance, and embracing her sons, smilingly, confirmed their establishment. Sir Armine, by way of giving a solemn finishing of the whole, requested that the blessing of God Almighty might be humbly implored on the arrangements of the morning, observing, that no work could be deemed conclusive, or good, until ratified by prayer.

The parents went out together ; Sir Armine saying he should expect them in an hour in the private chapel of the castle.

The sensations of Henry, as usual, crimsoned his cheek, and bathed his eyes, while they enchained his tongue: from similar, and on this occasion, equal sensibility, James, also, was silent; but a doubt arose in the always scrutinizing mind of the elder brother. When John had reached the porch of the chapel he thus expressed himself: "Warmed, and humbled, by the generosity of the proposal, are we, my brothers, perfectly right in accepting these assignments in Sir Armine's life time?" "Good heaven!" exclaimed Henry, "how undutiful a thought!" "It strikes me, however, as a just one: Is it fit or proper to suffer our father to put us in a manner out of his power; the power of restraining our vice should we degenerate?"

"Vice! how can you suppose it possible brother John? Will not what the best of men and of parents has done, be at once a preventive from evil, and an encouragement to good?"

I am

“I am not upon such good terms with myself, brother Henry. The love we bear to a parent ought, perhaps, like that we owe to our heavenly father, to be attempered and chastened by fear. And if the latter be destroyed, I am not sure that the other may not presume a little too much.”

“And,” answered Henry, “shall I reverence—methinks *that*, brother, is the better word—shall I reverence my beloved father less for conduct that not only endears but exalts him? If I before loved and honoured, shall I not now venerate? shall I not adore him?”

“I hope not brother: That dear father will tell you, adoration belongs to another parent; not that we will stand here upon the threshold of the Temple of the Most High to contend about words, or to criticise the hyperboles of a muse-struck mind—I give that mind credit for its sincerity on this subject, even amongst all the visions of poesy—but, in human life, there is always a possibility of the worst of human errors—that worst is ingratitude.”

James admitted this, but thought there might be a medium—half the intended bounty

given to their discretion, and half retained by the father, as an experiment. "And of this vice the sublime, if sublimity can apply to atrocious deeds, is ingratitude filial," continued John, throwing out his second brother's amendment. The whole mass of Henry's generous blood seemed to undergo a sudden revulsion—"Brother, brother, how can you have suffered a thought so unnatural to enter your bosom!" "And has not your poetical reading then," retorted John, "furnished you with an example of its being amongst the possible stains in human nature?—Have you forgot the story of children under our very circumstances?—and is not that story recorded by Nature's most profound Poet and Historian?—were not Lear's daughters as tenderly caressed, as amply accommodated, as fondly confided in, as the sons of Sir Armine Fitzorton?—Think, brother, on what *has* been; tremble for what *may* be."

"Oh! if I could believe myself," exclaimed Henry, reddening, "capable of making a return like their's, my prayer would be to prevent that capacity by immediate death, brother—

brother—even on the sacred spot whereon I now stand! Ingratitude to my father! O! God!”

“God forbid!” answered John, “any of us should be capable of it—but I am always more afraid of myself than of any body else; and as I dare not put much trust in my own nature, nor have had, as yet, any experience how command will operate on minds accustomed to obey, I could wish the entire *authority* of a father had still accompanied his *affection*; and that he might have granted, or denied, our wishes, instead of yielding us up to those who may be disposed to deny too little, and grant too much.”

“I wish brother John,” said Henry, “you had not put an image so painful into my mind. It is enough to make one turn an eye of suspicion on oneself.”

“There can be no great harm in that,” answered John. “A citadel is not the less secure for suspecting there may be an enemy lurking within the walls, and thereupon doubly urging the commander to vigilance; for my part,
c 5 I already

I already see enough of human nature to know it cannot be too well watched."

"On the contrary, brother," argued Henry, "the more credit we give to ourselves, or others, the less will our faith be abused. Who will take an unfair advantage of generosity? and, indeed, there are many situations in which confidence begets honour:—The trusted man will be emulous to prove himself trust worthy."

Sir Armine, attended by his Lady, now joined the youths.—"My sons let us proceed to the chapel, and there commemorate a day which, I hope, will be one of the most joyful of my life."

"I believe it from my inmost soul" cried Henry.

"I hope it from the bottom of mine," said James, "and betwixt generous hope, and pious fear, our virtue may be safe."

"Amen!" sighed John—following his brother into the chapel somewhat reluctantly.

CHAPTER V.

SIR Armine officiated, and having finished his usual service of the day, he adjoined some extemporaneous effusions applicable to the occasion. They so touchingly characterized both the pastor and parent, that the little family congregation were extremely moved.

The rest of the evening was employed in sports innocently festive, or in reflections suitable to the transactions of the day; and at night, from the full, but not overflowing, bowl of temperance, success was wished and drank to the Senate, the Pulpit, and the Bar—and the second round to John, Henry, and James Fitzorton.

In the morning, however, John, who inherited his father's tenacity, and always maintained that if a parent had prerogative, a child had privileges, formally resumed his discussion of the grand question, Whether a child's being made independent of the father, during the life of the latter, was fit and proper to be acceded to; and, after arguing the case various ways,

brought his brothers so thoroughly into his way of thinking, it was, at length, resolved, *nem. con.* that how generous soever it might be for a parent to offer, it was indecorous in a child to receive, what should be, from time to time, bestowed in reward, or withheld in punishment.

This decision was followed by a solemn surrender of their independencies. The three sons having desired, and obtained, an audience, the deeds of gift were presented on their knees. John, for himself and his brothers, explained, with reverence and humility, the motive. "Your children, Sir, entreat you will not deprive them of the greatest happiness they can enjoy in this world—that of your dispensing your benevolence to them, according to their deservings—they feel overwhelmed and embarrassed with the sudden possession of so important a sum; and that from your hand alone, they could be content to receive it."

Sir Armine's parental sovereignty was herein so ably softened away, that he was subdued without perceiving he had been opposed.

Indeed,

Indeed, although this unexpected circumstance cut up by the root the benevolent design which the worthy priest had long cherished; he so clearly saw into the motives of the mover, that, with the agreeable flattery, he accepted the relinquishment of his children's rights, though given back within a few hours after they had been settled. Each of the sons had his own argument in favour of the measure. John, the proposer, declared his approbation of it, because it was philosophically agreeable to the nature of things. James found it worthy of adoption, because he was happy to be removed from the danger of running into extremes. Henry played with the subject, after his own airy and agreeable manner, and settled his satisfaction by a copy of verses, in which he asserted, that from the parent source, the streams of bounty would be dispensed by superior wisdom, fertilize every flower of the fancy by due supplies, and invigorate the virtues, those fruits of the heart.

Sir Armine undertook the instruction of his sons, in all the elementary knowledge that
could

could prepare them for their destined professions. The reverend preceptor, wisely and wholesomely divided the day into equal parts, for the purposes of serious study, amusing mental relaxation, and intermediate exercise. For a considerable time there were few deviations or interruptions in these interesting pleasures, or pursuits; although Henry cherished a concealed disinclination to the path which had been chalked out for him.

After the venerable teacher had settled the grand basis of morals and of religion, on which Sir Armine proposed to build the character of his sons, he was anxious to give to their manners and external behaviour, which he considered as the superstructure, every amiable embellishment; for, although somewhat too tenacious of his own modes of faith, he was not of those zealots who imagine the innocent adornments, either of the human figure or understanding, that render man so interesting to man, incompatible with spiritual duty; but when his son John expressed an erudite scorn for all sort of dress, beyond even
a coarse

a coarse simplicity, he observed, obliquely, to Henry, "I take it extremely kind in your brother John, to labour as I perceive he doth, to reconcile the habit of a gentleman, with the mental dress of a scholar. I dare say, a little more time will convince him, there is no good reason to be given, why a man of science should be a sloven. I am, in the same degree, flattered to see that you, Henry, have had the good sense to correct the contrary excess; an extreme attention to the fashion of the day is no less a fault, than a contemptuous negligence. The *simplex munditiis* of James, always gratified me. James bowed. John inclined his head also, but stubbornly; and contended, that he could not still help thinking the dressing hour a heavy sacrifice of the immortal, to the animal part of man—and that not being to any good end, it shortened a very short existence. "By no means," urged his father; "in many instances it lengthens life; in all, it renders it more acceptable to society, and more comfortable to ourselves."

"But then, Sir," argued the persisting John,

John, "such scrubbing, spruceing, trimming, scrapeing — such tayloring, perfumering, mantua-making — such a convolvement and transmutation of the quick and dead; of the natural living man, into the dried skins and hides of dead beasts, and all this even before modern men and women are fit to be seen by one another! It humiliates one to think, that the veriest insect or animal, which is murdered and stripped to cover the shivering favourite of creation, is less the slave of contingency. The butterfly passes in his robe of many colours, and mocks my patch-work finery. My spaniel shakes his coat, and is dressed without loss of time; but laborious man!"—"On the contrary," rejoined his father, "a habit of external neatness, renders all the labours of the toilette, in a great measure, unnecessary; and I am of opinion, that the creature would not have been featured so fair, fashioned with so much harmony, nor endued with a desire of appearing amiable and attractive to those of his kind, with whom he is destined to associate, were it not pleasing also to the Creator; and, methinks, it is as much

much a contempt of God's gracious bounties, to suffer that which is said to be expressive of his sacred image, to be disfigured by filth; as for the soul herself to be defiled by moral uncleanness."

John, though proud of intellectual independence, was struck, not more by the purity, than the piety of this conclusive remark; and from that hour, to the latest of his life, he was as attentive to exterior, as a being to whom is intrusted the care of a body and a soul ought to be.

CHAPTER VI.

THE dissimilitude between John, James, and Henry, strengthened as they grew: Henry continued unsuspecting; John was more suspicious and reserved; James preserved a medium betwixt implicit confidence, and jealous caution. A compassionate heart led John to relieve distress wheresoever he found it; but he generally imputed even his own bounty to a degrading source; but then John had to number amongst his first impressions
a deception

a deception on his heart. "It is my weakness, not my judgment," would he say, "my passion, not my reason, that still disposes me to listen to tales of woe; not a word of which I believe one time out of an hundred. I know, that all the joys, and all the miseries, all the pains, and all the pleasures of life, with the tears and smiles that *ought* to be their honest and invariable signals, can be counterfeited! Limbs, which enjoy the fair proportions of nature, are distorted to work on my humanity. Rags, and other appearances of the most squalid and abject poverty, are assumed as the best engines of deceit to procure riches to the idle, and debaucheries to the infamous. Infants are purchased or stolen, to multiply the appeals of the hypocrite; for every actual necessity of almost every kind, mental and bodily, the benevolence of the land in which I live, has afforded its adequate supply, and those who are thrust from its protection, either find an interest in continuing the trade of apparent distress, or are deservedly the outlaws of public compassion. In more cultivated societies, where, alas! dissimulation

too often gains strength as it softens, contrary to the general effects of refinement, I am not to be told, that frequently the generosity of one man, is the purchase of ingratitude in another ; insomuch that it might be well to do the kindness solicited, and consider the neglect and ungrateful treatment thereupon, not as an inevitable, but probable consequence :” Sir Armine saw clearly this difference of construction without deploring it ; he believed that all would live like good brothers, and turn out good men. They conversed much ; agreed but little in opinion, yet seldom altercated. “ I dare say, all which we have read or been told,” would Henry frequently say, “ respecting the deceit of man, and of woman kind, is true ; but my heart has no time to weigh its emotions, brother, in the scrupulous balance which is held by reason. I do not stop to calculate chances. I hear a tale of distress. I see an object of apparent poverty ; my hand is extended, and the relief administered before I hardly know what I have done. I follow a tender emotion : nature has commanded, and I obey ; but I do not reason upon it.”

“ What

“What does all this prove,” would John reply, “but that we are both fools, brother? and have only a different way of committing the same folly. I with, you without thought? Here you have the advantage.”

“Not at all,” would Henry answer, “I wish the person benefited had been a better sort of being; but his wants seemed as immediate as extreme; yet if I had taken all the time which reasonable and judgmatical gentlemen require to trace out character, and fortify myself by vouchers, the man must have starved before I knew whether I could be justified in preventing it.”

“A truce, a truce!” interrupted James, who usually summed up these family conversations, when Sir Armine was not present—
“Your hearts deserve to be treated with more respect. Hypocrisy deducts from the pleasure of the generous, it is true; but should never destroy it. The sanctions of judgment and reason on our actions, are always to be wished, but cannot always be obtained, without, at least, an equal hazard of as much wrong as of right. Against the casualties of bounty,
my

my brothers, no tender nature can be defended. The appeal is made to a power which often arrives at maturity, before we know there is any thing of equal force in the world."

CHAPTER VII.

ONE day when the same party were assembled, and the discourse had taken a similar turn, John attacking human nature, Henry defending it, and James acting as a check on both, a poor man with every appearance of the most abject wretchedness; his limbs almost as tattered as the garments that covered them; a patch on his eye, and both his legs tucked under stumps, assailed their pity. "What's the odds now," said John, "that this is not a damn'd rogue? Here, fellow, keep the tricks which you are preparing to play off upon us for the next traveller; and, for once, I will make it your interest to tell the truth," throwing sixpence into his hat; "confess, are not you a sad hypocrite? and were not you on the point of telling us a pack of pity-moving lies?" "Fie, brother!" said James,

James, "you have no right to insult, if you do not choose to relieve the man. His misfortune is sufficiently obvious, however it may have been induced." Hereupon, the mendicant began the cant of his profession, which drew from Henry an additional shilling. "Nay," said John, "there are very few of the best dressed beggars have virtue enough to refuse falsehood, when they are paid double for it." "Are there no such things then as principles?" said Henry:—"Not amongst beggars, in high or in low life," rejoined John. "There, fellow, as you cannot serve God and Mammon, take your choice, a rogue or an honest man?—my sixpence, or his shilling?"—"Lord, you're a merry gentleman: I like both, an't please your honour, and God bless you!" "There, I told you so," said John, "a damn'd rogue!"—Henry smiled. "The good man would offend neither of you; so accepts the bounty of both," observed James, joining their pleafantry. "Well," answered John, "I need not say who is the rogue, but I know who are the fools." At this instant, a post-chaise passing rapidly was met by another carriage, and over-

set,

set, the driver was thrown, and the horses were dragging the carriage. The three brothers assisted: the beggar instantly drew the patch from his eye, disincumbered his legs, tucked the stumps under his arm, and passed them. The accident happening within a short distance from the family mansion, James proposed sending for Sir Armine's carriage.—“What occasion for carriages?” cried the beggar, catching the lady in his arms, and running off with her, “I warrant the gentleman, who don't seem much hurt, will follow.” The three brothers entered the apartment just as the beggar, having procured every accommodation the castle afforded, set off for the village apothecary with incredible speed. He returned with some hartshorn. “There, an please your ladyship, that will bring you about—pure strong—has taken away my breath, and, I hope, it will bring back yours.”

The lady was now recovering apace. The gentleman had received little injury. Sir Armine and Lady Fitzorton were from home. The apothecary followed his hartshorn; the cure was soon perform'd; for the
4 mischief

mischief consisted rather in alarm than injury, and the travellers pursued their journey. The tumult of circumstances now subsiding, the brothers had leisure to advert to the metamorphosis of the beggar. "Well!" said John to Henry, "and who is in the right now? a rogue or no rogue? why, what's become of your timber Mr. Beggar?"—"The Lord knows," replied the beggar, archly: "I hope, gentlemen, you have not left my legs behind you." "To be sure," said James, "they must be consider'd as part of the accident." "O, he can do very well without them, I see," said John. "I beg your pardon there," answer'd the beggar, "I should starve without them: I use these things," pointing to his natural legs, "only upon extraordinary occasions: but my timber is my staple commodity—well, God save your honours—I must go look after my support." The facetious mendicant was bowing out, leaving his company not a little amus'd and delighted with him, when John caught his hand—"You are a fine fellow! and yet you must be a rogue too! or else those legs would have carried you into a much more reputable business." The beggar shook his head!—

“However,” continued John, “if all the extraordinary occasions upon which you use them are like the present, ’tis pity you should ever again tuck them behind you. So here’s something to keep them in repair,” giving him a crown-piece—“and here’s a trifle,” added Henry, pouring out the contents of his purse, “to buy you a new pair.”—“Now that’s an encouragement to the scoundrel part of him,” said John! “I think, indeed,” said James, “half a crown a piece would have been a more just division.” “All, an’ please your honour,” replied the man, “its very well as it is: but for that matter, I would not take a dozen purses for my stumps, and yet I’m no scoundrel neither; Ah! gentlefolks, if you knew but their history!—but that’s no matter,” added he, fetching a deep sigh. Tears gush’d to his eyes, and he turn’d away his face. “Poor fellow,” said Mr. Burton, “you have made a mistake; here is Sixpence coming to you out of your shilling.” “I forgot that, master,” answer’d the beggar; “however, I’ll take the tester.” “I hope,” whisper’d James to John, “you will allow, though it was only in the

division of a shilling, that this action of our Apothecary tells to his honesty, when you remember that, his large family and slender means of supporting it, make every sixpence a matter of consequence." "Say you so," cried the mendicant. "The heart beneath these many-colour'd rags," cried Henry, "would give dignity to ermine." "Who would be the loser then," said the beggar? "A noble fellow," exclaim'd John, "in spite of his stumps." Henry shook him heartily by the hand, in doing which, one of the tatters of our beggar's coat of patches, got entangled in one of Henry's wrought buttons, and, as is generally the case, when the weak and poor come into contact with the strong and splendid, fell to the ground. Henry expressed regret. "Bless your honour, no consequence, only I must not lose it:—'Tis a little bit of my property," said the beggar, stooping to pick up the remnant. "Thou shalt have a new suit," said Henry; "Your honour's all goodness, but that would be my ruin. Every rag about me, is, at a moderate computation, worth a guinea: but, as I have a
poor

poor bedridden father, who has no objection to having a good coat upon his back: and as your honour's bounty has enabled me to give him one, his son shall bless you with his last breath, although, he should live to wear out a whole forest in stumps." Sir Armine, here, took the beggar a moment aside; after which, the latter smiled merrily on the company, and seeing the apothecary making his bows to the family, exclaim'd, "And now if you please Master Doctor, I will purchase a few things for poor father in your way." They went out together.

CHAPTER VIII.

ARRIVING at the shop, for the adventure would not be complete were we not to tell you what happen'd there; our mendicant, who had luckily found the stumps, perceived the apothecary in waiting, surrounded by his family.

Henry's whisper respecting the worth and poverty of poor Burton was still in his memory: and while he was in search of the

stumps, he argued,—“ Here now is a man who *must* be honest, or else he never would have thought of returning my sixpence: and he *must* be poor, for the honourable gentleman that gave me the purse said so in a whisper. He must not dig, and I may: he is ashamed to beg, and I am not: he is a father, and has perhaps a dozen mouths to feed three times a day, and I have but two,—dad’s and my own: Yes, yes, I see plainly, the same good fortune that turn’d the carriage over for me, had a hand in turning me over to him.—One good turn deserves another.”

This reasoning brought him almost to the threshold of the apothecary’s shop; where, after paying his respects, as they are commonly paid by those who expect to receive favours, and as rarely by those who intend to bestow them; he made out a list of what he did—*not* want: that he might handsomely furnish the vender with a little of what he *did* want; for, notwithstanding his stumps, our mendicant had as little to do with physic as most men, and was not indeed much acquainted even with the names of more than
half

half a dozen out of the million of poisons and antidotes discovered by the art of man, to prolong or to cut short the miserable little life of that melancholy, merry little wretch, who, though at the top of the creation, seems to have more difficulty of getting into the world, to have more wants after he has got in it, and to have more ways of being sent out of it, than all the other little or great wretches of that creation. Such drugs, however, as he could recollect, and in such proportions as he found, upon enquiry, would amount to the quantum of cash he had predetermined to divest himself of, he bought: put them into his pocket, as carefully as if the life of a friend depended upon their operation; then facetiously entering into a short discourse with the apothecary's wife, dancing the small children on his knee; and as to the larger ones, if he found any sweet-hearts at the fair, or any where else in his hops, worth sending, they should hear from him again.

CHAPTER IX.

IN relief of their serious studies came in the intellectual amusements of the three brothers. The juvenile muse of the younger, by her light and playful sallies, pleasantly contrasted and agreeably set off the more solid, not to say solemn meditations of John; thence, indeed, and from an early sorrow, the sports of the latter took an awful turn. He read the poets as a relaxation from the philosophers, yet he read them not as an enthusiast, but as a critic; and therefore detected more faults than beauties. Henry, on the other hand, with all the ardour of poetic passion, read, as he wrote, to be delighted, and so found more beauties than faults; he was too much in love with the muse to look severely for, or at, her little inconsistencies, and, as is the case with all lovers, was too sincerely smitten with the charms of his object to be angry at her foibles.

This dissimilitude in their opinions, however, was a fresh source of amicable contention.

Henry,

Henry, had been reading to his father some pieces of poetry, and had made liberal reflexions, mix'd with expressions of admiration, on various passages.—At a pause in the composition, John was referred to for the suffrage of his opinion.—“You are silent brother,” cried Henry—“yes—now for a libel on the lyre.”

“Far be it from me,” return'd John, “to treat any lady, mortal or immortal, with disrespect, but really, Henry, the goddess of your idolatry is so very uncertain and capricious a deity, that even you, who are one of her warmest votaries, must confess she is in no wise to be depended on, either for inspiration or happiness.—She has been known, indeed, to leave her suppliant in the midst of his sighs and groans.”—“Avaunt the slander of such cavil!” exclaim'd Henry.—“Away with the common-place detraction of such as never knew the soul-cheering influence of the power they condemn! Never was the Muse faithless to those she loved. Even I, my brother, the least favor'd perhaps of her votaries,” continued our young enthusiast, “yet sincerely
D 4 proud

proud of her slightest attentions—even I, in countless instances, have relied on her to strengthen me in good, and prevent me from the commission of evil—but cold-blooded critics, and freezing philosophers, and fluttering coxcombs, and sordid worldlings, are insensible of the potency of the heaven-descended muse, to diminish the pains, and heighten the transports of human life. Ah they do not know with what a force she acts, what an ardour she kindles, what a softness she diffuses, what an energy she inspires !”

“ Very fine, brother! but were you to be the denizen of all the nine, and the selected favourite of their inspiring god, I am still of opinion, poetry must yield the palm to philosophy. The first is as the flame of the meteor, that glares and passes by—while we admire, we tremble. Not such the steady rays that dart into the soul from sacred philosophy! at once bright and lasting; animating as the sun—powerful as”——“ And what,” questioned the eager Henry, “ has this proud Philosophy, that the Muse is not more nobly gifted with? Does the vaunted pre-eminence
consist

consist in bestowing more fortitude in mental, or more patience in corporeal anguish?—Does it better defend the bosom from wrongs, or pour a more salutary balm upon its wounds? Ah, my cold brother! yes, let me repeat, had you but for a moment, felt the genuine magic of the lyre, had nature permitted you to experience the rapturous sensations which swell the heart, when fancy paints her *visionary* favourite, or its stronger throbs, when poetic truth,—truth adorn'd by the muse, draws her *real* hero; had you ever been conscious of the enviable sigh, which heaves from the breast, the delicious tear which gushes from the eye of genius, when innocence is to be protected, guilt confronted, and benevolence or pity portrayed—or had you ever been sensible to the muse's power, to soothe the thousand ills, to which, alas! her votaries are heir: to charm away their sense of cruel injuries, till injury itself is forgot, and the aggressor as often forgiven, you would confess that the immortal wreath is not assigned to her without a cause."

"Her tears and sighs I am disposed to
D 5 allow

allow her," answer'd John, "they are part of the heavenly dame's paraphernalia; but what if Philosophy should, upon a more manly and sober principle, punish vice and protect virtue, pardon offences and pity offenders, without all this mourning and wailing? No, no, philosophy and prose for me!" "And for me," retorted Henry, "no apathy either in verse or prose. The one destroys, and the other preserves; the one raves, and the other reasons."

All this time, James had seated himself quietly in the middle of the room, employed with his pencil; every now and then taking his eye from the drawing-paper to the disputants, and then calmly proceeding in his work. "Was ever any thing so provoking?" exclaim'd Olivia, "only see if that immovable James is not coolly engaged in"——
"What?" interposed Henry eagerly, looking over the paper, which James as earnestly concealed. "Nay," said the latter, "that is not fair; I did not interrupt you or John in your amusements: why should you disturb me in the enjoyment of mine? Not that I have

have any serious objection either to share with you what has given me pleasure, even though I could derive no satisfaction from yours. And yet, strictly speaking, mine has arisen out of yours: but indeed, I have but just begun my sketch."

James discover'd his drawing, which he had entitled, "Moral Geography." It represented three vessels of different size and figure, the one, a pleasure barge, lightly and elegantly constructed, the colours displayed, the top-gallant sails set, and bounding over the billows with incredible swiftness. The second, was a line of battle ship of majestic port, proudly buffeting a stormy sea, and seeming indignant of the opposing winds, she held her determined course. The third, was a vessel of burthen, a slow-sailor, very little ornamented, yet strongly and usefully built: all were destined for the same port, all started nearly at the same time, the first two were placed very forward as having got a-head of the other, but braving the tempest and rashly confident in themselves, they were exhibited in another part of the draw-

ing, presenting signals of distress, firing guns, the one struck against the rocks of Scilly, the other against Charybdis, meanwhile, the third vessel, too humble to contend with hurricanes, and not presumptuous enough to hazard extremes, laid to, till the storm was over, and passed safely, though unambitiously, between. "Your rocks and quicksands, upon paper, James, prove nothing—Ah! how do I wish my dearest father," said Henry, after giving the matter a little rest, "that you would deign to settle our ever-jarring opinions on this subject. Yours have, indeed, been already favourable, but John, I perceive, wants constant repetitions of high authority to make him think well of any art but his own." "I admit what you have related, brother, to be poetry," replied John, "and some of its fire has reached me, but there is no degree of authority can make me an *advocate* for palpable absurdity, whether in life or literature, in verse or in prose, though the undue exercise of such authority, which I can never have to fear from our father, might make me silent."

John bowed respectfully to Sir Armine, who took his hand cordially, and smiled kindly on Henry. "You must not, my Harry," said the impartial James, "suffer your name to be catalogued amongst the irritable race; nor must you, my dear John, be ranked amongst the snarlers of the day. From true criticism, a poet should not shrink; and false, can ultimately do him no harm. Let John's censure, therefore, rather animate Henry to triumph over what may be hypercritical, and to remove from his composition what may be really objectionable." "In the days of youth," said Sir Armine,—“they are commonly days of intrepidity, I was myself, you must know, hardy enough to write—yea, and to write a romance.”

“A romance, Sir!” questioned John?
“Verily, a romance,” answered his father.
“Where is it, Sir, what is its name? I never heard you mention it before,” observed Henry, earnestly. “I can easily conceive the reason of that,” cried John significantly.
“You think,” said Sir Armine, “I was ashamed of having misemployed my time.”
“The

“The wisest youth hath its indiscretions, Sir,” observed John, respectfully. “Had it been a treatise on Philosophy, it would not have been thought indiscreet, I dare say,” cried Henry tartly, looking at John, “and I have not a doubt, but my dear father had every reason to be proud of it,” continued Henry. “In truth, neither proud nor ashamed,” replied his father. “You shall hear; when I had written my romance—it really was a romance, John; there is no denying it; I felt curiosity to collect the private sentiments of acquaintance, upon my labours.”—“Labours, Sir!” interrupted John, drily. “Yes, labours, son John; there may be serious labour in giving the ease of nature to every work of art. In case the general sense of a private circle had been against me, prudence, I had hope, might prevail with vanity.” John shook his head, “to take warning from the ‘still small voice,’ of limited disapprobation, without provoking the clamour of public censure.”

Henry listened eagerly: John hemm’d twice. “At the time this idea struck me, I had resided
in

in London many years, and mixing freely, as well with the gay, as grave associations of that wonder-working Metropolis, I could be at no loss for people, who, from enmity, if not friendship, might be inclined to give me the wholesome severity of truth."

"Had my father then, at any time, an enemy?" questioned Henry, affectionately. "I hope so:" answered John, bluntly. "It would be one proof of his wanting many noble qualities, which I am proud to know he possesses, if he had not no fervid friend without a bitter enemy. Cold friends, cold enemies, fervid enemies, warm friends," says a profound thinker, "God make me worthy enough of a friend to create a foe." James extended a hand to each of his brothers. "But London," continued the venerable Fitz-orton, "was a scene too indiscriminate, too desultory, and too mighty for such an experiment. It blew hard, and the frosts of November chilled the day, as this suggestion rose to my mind. The long evenings are at hand! I will begin to try my book in the country. The idea animated.—A social blaze

blaze—a select party—the usual delightful litter of work and work baskets—the curtains let down—the fire stirred up—the tea things removed—the Misses, not yet in their teens, put to bed, to be *out of the way*—the eldest hope of the house, whether a Miss or Master, *indulged* with sitting up to hear the *new book*—but forbid to make the least noise, on pain of the bedchamber!—how promising! and how easy to be perform'd—in the country. In the winter, too! When people are thrown upon the tricks of a kitten for amusement! And as to criticism, every body is, naturally, more or less, a critic, in whatever respects the emotions and passions of human nature, and the joy or sorrow of human life. Nay, every family is a little *world* of critics.

“Brother James,” cried Henry, “how can you be reading that abominable Wood’s Institutes, at a time like this, when my dearest father is just beginning to read his novel?”

“In the progress of reading,” continued Sir Armine, “I experienced all that can be exhibited of human variety, in human opinions.”

nions. The favourite passage or character of one hearer, became the furious objection of another : some approved only of the *pathos*, others yawned and nodded in the midst of it. These, again, were awaked by a laugh, which threw my pathetical admirers into the vapours. Some objected to the length, some to the brevity : trash, trumpery, stuff, nonsense! obligingly echoed one of the party.— Delightful, charming! incomparable! refounded another fair auditor.

“ And pray, Sir,” questioned Henry, sighing, “ what in this perplexing counter-action of judgment, did you do ?” “ I considered, that if a composition deserved to travel down the stream of time, unjust criticism would not long obstruct its course. That which is imperishable in its own nature, shall assert its immortality amongst things immortal; nor can any degree of elaborate panegyric restore to life what oblivion has swept away, at the command of reason and truth.”

“ Ah ! I feel the sacred truths, Sir,” cried Henry ; “ but, methinks, I should have lost
all

all confidence in myself, and dropt the trembling pen."

"I would have held mine the faster, or mended it," rejoined John, "if I found it worth the pains; if not, I would have thrown it away, and taken up a more useful instrument."

"Alas! I fear, I should have renounced the press at once," said Henry. "No doubt," retorted John, "there are cowards enough in the world; and their fine timidity may, for aught I know, be a mark of genius; but give me the soul rough, determined, and if you will, inelegant, which, like the mountain pine, however it may for a moment bend to the blast, rises again as often as it is assailed. I am for proud elastick resistance, and have scarce yet ever seen, heard, or read any thing that a man, or woman either, ought not to be ashamed of, come of the *yielding* qualities; and as to critics, a writer should no more be displeased, or discouraged, by having his faults corrected, or pointed out, than he should quarrel with a guide, for shewing him a pitfall, or taking him out, when rashness or ignorance had led him into it."

"But

“ But I remember,” continued Sir Armine, “ my great difficulty was about a Preface. I wished, extremely, to affix some explanatory matter ; but had seen so many instances where the preliminary pages were passed over, that I was alarmed lest mine should suffer a like neglect, and thereby lose the opportunity of illustrating therein the points I intended chiefly to impress : for I felt scandalized at the thought of having it supposed, I had written a book to tell a long story, which was dignified neither by its plan nor execution :” “ As to prefaces,” said John, archly, “ I would be a match for any body, in that particular. If the modern reader runs away from wisdom in the usual form, a form which gave our forefathers satisfaction, some extraordinary means must be devised, to beguile him. The appetite, which is diseased by heating and improper aliments, calls aloud for medicines to prevent a corruption of the whole mass ; but if the sickly patient rejects the physic, which he ought to take, in substance, its salutary bitters must be adulterated in syrups.”

“ In

"In other words," cried Henry, "you would strew flowers over the formidable paths of science; and that is just coming round to my point. I thank you, brother."

"I would tie together, since it must be so," said John, "a solid sheaf of wheat, which invigorates the heart, and a florid, sweet smelling, but sickly weed, that only tickles the nose."

CHAPTER X.

THE conversations on these and other subjects, however, were not confined to themselves. There had subsisted between the families of Clare and Fitzorton a long course of good offices, from a principle of amity, which had descended, pure and unabated, from father to son, for upwards of a century; during all which time, the tradition of their houses had not recorded one difference, social, political, or religious; but, on the contrary, those traditions displayed innumerable testimonies of the affection which knit them together: their parks.

parks joined each other ; and the avenues of venerable oak, which led from one house to the other, opened on the view the seats of their mutual hospitality, and interchanged endearment.

Mr. Clare, the proprietor of the manor-house, did not tarnish the virtues, nor misapply the fortunes, which had descended to him. He had lost his lady only a few months after their union, of which the sole fruit was a living consolation, blooming in his only child.

With respect to Mr. Clare's daughter, as it seems to be a settled convention betwixt romance writers and their readers, that the casket should be suited to the gem, the reader's fancy has, no doubt, already convened the loves and graces to meet and contribute each their share of appropriate attraction. Now it did actually happen in life, and shall, therefore, be recorded in this history, that the person of Olivia Clare was not unworthy of the mind, by which it was illumined.

Personal

Personal beauty, it has been said, falls under one or other of these four heads—Colour, form, expression, grace; the two former of which have been considered as the body; the two latter as the soul of beauty. The young lady, under our pencil, had all these in very interesting proportions. Her complexion was of that bright brown, which the critics, on beauty, have determined gives lustre to all other colours, a peculiar vivacity to the eyes, and to the whole look a richness, which is in vain sought for in the whitest and most transparent skins. The radiance of thriving health shone forth upon every feature, and from her eyes beamed that glistening fire, which is only visible in the morning of life.

Her disposition was so artless, she would have been an easy prey to the insidious, had she fallen amongst the wicked, instead of the good. Such was her innocence, that it was as difficult for her to suspect an ill in the heart of another, as to conceive any in her own; without the surfeiting fufs of female sentimentality, or the sickening affectation

tation of novel-born benevolence, she was generous, confidential, simple, and sincere.

A happy grace of nature to give to every thing its kindest construction, was so impressed upon every lineament of Olivia's face, that had her countenance, or figure, wanted every other attraction, this alone must have rendered her an object of esteem and admiration. So victorious, indeed, over all events, and occurrences, was this unpretending, but *all-subduing*, charm, that it was an inexhaustible source of consolation to herself and others.

CHAPTER XI.

THE preference shown by this young lady to Henry Fitzorton, though she tenderly loved the whole family, began to show itself before she was conscious of any nice distinction in her own sensations. If she presented flowers, which used to be the offering of almost every day, inasmuch that a bouquet with the dew upon it graced the side of every cup upon the breakfast table, *that* designed for Henry was always arranged with the most
3 care,

care, and consisted of a more beautiful assemblage; nor did she forget to blend in it a sprig of laurel, or myrtle, to adorn her little poet. She would usually choose him as her companion in a walk, and express some little displeasure, and mortification, if she was not his choice in the dance.

At later periods she would leave John to his philosophical, and James to his legal, studies, and wandering with Henry amongst the woods, or meadows, discourse on the witching subject of his muse; not that she was herself a votary, but that she loved what most interested Henry Fitzorton. She was never so happy as when he permitted her to make transcripts of his verses, get them by heart, and recite them at the Fitzorton fire side; she would almost embrace those who appeared touched with their merits, and discover the most pointed chagrin if they fell short of making a suitable impression; and once upon John's saying they were hardly good enough for the bellman at Christmas, but might do well enough for a girl's thread-paper,

paper, she burst with tears, and did not speak to him for almost an hour after.

Indeed John often assumed the critic in his judgment of Henry's poetry, and Henry in turn threw a dart, not without effect, at John's philosophy. Olivia always sided with the former. Sir Armine summed up; Mr. Clare smoked his pipe, sent forth a shrewd observation between the whiffs, sometimes animated the combatants, sometimes arbitrated. James, just, sensible, and candid, tried to keep the youthful disputants within bounds. Lady Fitzorton always gave the strength of her remarks to the weak; but Mr. Clare, from a gleeful disposition, would now and then spirit up the strife, assist the strongest under an arch pretence of ending the debate; his real design, however, was always traversed by Olivia, who, when Henry appeared to have the worst of it, would, when other arguments failed, bribe the old gentleman over with a kiss. Many were their literary contentions, serious and sportive; such of these as more immediately connected with their relative situations as sons and brothers, their

VOL. I. E passions

passions as friends or lovers, and their characters as men, will occasionally be introduced.

As time stole on, the brothers grew into men. The attachment of Olivia Clare to the youngest Fitzorton, was of a more interesting, and decisive kind; her tenderness assumed a more affecting form: it had gained more *power*, but produced less *happiness*; it had lost nothing of its innocence, but much of that gaiety and sport by which it was before characterised. If *then* it was a rose-bud in her bosom, it was *now* the same flower, more blown, more fragrant, perhaps, but surrounded by its thorns, whose puncture the heart wherein it grew and flourished, began sensibly to feel. She was restless when apart from Henry, and yet troubled in his presence; she caught, imperceptibly, all his ideas of delight and sorrow; and their very genius seemed by more than instinct, more than habit, to assimilate. The moon-beam, the muse, the nightingale, the soft season of the twilight, the lapse of the stream, the sigh of the zephyr, the turbulence of the storm, and the roar of the cataract, had long been

his, and, at length, became her objects of enthusiasm. But whenever these sombrous charms gave way to brighter images their reflected lustre would irradiate Olivia. The fathers saw what they presumed was a sympathy in both. They nourished and looked forward to it as the only bond that could possibly add strength and beauty to a friendship, that had been the growth of more than half a century.

Henry, however, who had all this time borne only the affection of a tender brother to his lovely associate, was no sooner informed of the nature of *her* affection, and of the family *views* thereupon, than he remitted his studies for the clerical office, and cherished more than his wonted melancholy. The family views, however, not being yet declared formally, he collected the sense of them from certain casual hints, and sportive insinuations. Sir Armine would often say, in the hearing of Henry, when Olivia was missing, "Where is the Poetess? Corydon, what have you done with your Phillis?" and if Henry was absent nothing was more common

common than for one or other of the families, turning to Olivia to exclaim, "Bless me ! where is your intended ?" They always were seated side by side at table, and if the one or the other were out of the way, the place was held sacred, and, excepting a case of necessity, unoccupied. John, indeed, would, now and then, usurp the chair, but a grave look from Olivia, would make him resign it.

The association of ideas, indeed, was, by long habit, become so familiar, that the names of Henry and Olivia, were always mentioned together ; and however involved any other parts of the family might be in the question then before them, it never happened that Olivia and John, or Olivia and James, were united, but Olivia and Henry, were sure to come together ; nay, they seemed in that order to be so properly placed, that it was difficult to transpose or mix them with any other, even when it was really necessary. John would exert, occasionally, his confusing talents and thereby derange the plan for several minutes, coupling his own name with Olivia's, and joining together those of Henry
and

and his muse, declaring, that *she* only was the proper mistress of a poet; but these perplexities produced more pleasantry than vexation, and always ended by John's giving up the point.

CHAPTER XII.

THAT, however, which more strongly marked the intention of both houses was Henry's discovery of the motive with which he and Olivia were left together; and not seldom such excuses of absence made by the rest of the families as plainly indicated that Henry and Olivia, were to be considered by every body as *lovers*; and, indeed, had any stronger proofs been wanting, the behaviour of Olivia, on these occasions, when every word, look, and accent, betrayed her, would have been fully sufficient. She imputed the sudden, and unusual, reserve of Henry to the same motives that produced her own—an increase of that timidity which arises from the increase of innocent and conscious love; and though no two emotions in nature could be more distinct than those, which at that time governed

their hearts, they produced, at the moment, a resemblance so accurate that any observer might have mistaken the one for the other. Fearful to offend, and alive to all the merits and graces of Olivia, convinced that her conduct, since he began to observe upon it, must, in a thousand little instances, have arisen from affection; grateful for the virtuous happiness his youth had received from the society of one whom his heart had long since adopted as a sister, and honoured by a sentiment which he could not return, and which threatened to break in upon the felicity of both; Henry could not persuade himself to an alteration of conduct, without, in some measure, accounting for it; and to do this would not only be the most formidable undertaking, in as much as it might affect Olivia, but as it would violate a solemn vow by which he had pledged himself for a certain season, and which for especial reasons did not admit even of fraternal confidence; all, therefore, which could be done, in the present posture of affairs, was to recede, imperceptibly as it were, from the degree of attention, which he had formerly
shewn

shewn this lovely creature; and as he could not bear treating her with the semblance of unkindness, or of openly resisting those opportunities which were so purposely thrown in his way, he had recourse to other means; namely, to withdraw himself as often as he could from her society. The abhorrence in which Sir Armine held public education did not afford the usual separations of schools and universities; he was himself in all parts of knowledge and science the instructor of his children, who had, indeed, assisted each other so much in classical and polite learning, and were so inseparable, that the absence of a few days at this period of their lives, the only one, indeed, in which they were much together, was extremely unusual. For some time, therefore, he could prosecute his intention no otherwise than by those pious frauds which the situation allowed.—Was any party of pleasure proposed? Henry was seized, on the sudden, with so violent an head-ach, that it was impossible to join them. Did the gentle Olivia offer *her* services in the character of his nurse? “She was all goodness, but he

could not endure company?" Was a fresh plan started upon his recovery? he feared adventuring too soon into the air might bring back his complaint. On these occasions the sturdy John always maintained "that the society which was to be got by begging made the person invited appear too rich, and the beggar too poor; and that as he should always consider the company of another a fair exchange for his own, and no more, whether the spoiled child (so he sometimes called Henry) went abroad or staid at home, was, in his opinion, perfectly immaterial: at any rate *he* should not condescend to turn *coaxer*:" at this Henry would shake his head; and Olivia thank her stars Henry was a poet not a philosopher! Was Henry at any time tenderly urged by *all* the rest of the family in conspiracy against him; and did a parent's soft authority controul him? the language of refusal was ever the hardest to Henry's heart; he obeyed, but was always compelled to return the worse for it: the tears would gush from his eyes in the midst of the general hilarity; and the tender terrors of Olivia, her killing assiduities, and
her

her unbounded affection, soon convinced him that stratagems of this kind could no longer avail.

Henry now meditated some excursions remote from home, and especially to such of his young friends as he knew were acquainted with no other parts of the family. He had cheered his spirits, in the idea that this project would be more auspicious than the rest. He took, therefore, the first opportunity when his own family were assembled, and Olivia at the other house, to mention the probable good that might be produced by change of air, naming the person he intended to visit. But in the very instant that Sir Armine nodded, as if acceding to the proposal, Lady Fitzorton, in the most unequivocal manner objected, as the very worst measure he could adopt; "For, besides," said she, "that the present unfavourable weather, my dear Harry, makes it madness for an invalid to go abroad; the house you would mention has not, I believe, had a well-aired bed in it these ten years. I therefore must insist, as you value my life"—At this instant Olivia came in. "Yes,

I must seriously insist Henry, that you do not hazard our lives, by risking your own." The cheeks of Olivia, which were before tinted with the bloom of exercise, by a little excursion she had taken from the castle to the manor-house, became pale as death—"Hazard your life and his, madam! did you say? Good heaven! what can he mean?" "Why, my dear, this—what shall I call him? husband that would-be, is, for aught I know, going to deprive himself of a handsome wife, and good mother at once." Olivia who had been insensibly untying her cloak, now let it drop upon one arm—"Would you believe it? this rash Strephon, my dear, is going to leave us!" Olivia's cloak fell from her arm on the floor.—"I did not think Henry would leave us—tomorrow is somebody's birth-day!" "Yours!" exclaimed Henry, "I had forgot it"—"Forgot it! had you?" replied Olivia, "Would then it were the day of my death!" Henry, rather tottered than walked towards her, took her gently in his arms, and kissing away her tears, "Happy be your birth-day, Olivia! Indisposition—you know how ill I have lately been,—
had

had hurried it a moment from my mind. I will stay to bless it! and could Henry's wishes prevail, its returns should augment your felicity, until felicity could grant no more." Olivia raised her head at these accents, which seemed to have brought back not only the desire of living, but life itself. She dropped involuntarily upon her knee, then rising suddenly, influenced by the same emotion, and casting an appealing glance, as if to justify her unspeakable tenderness, and blushing ten thousand virtues, she ran into the arms, which were thrown open to receive her. The two venerable fathers and lady Fitzorton left their seats, with one voice, exclaiming, " Bless! bless you together!" James stood by, and lifting up his hands to heaven, reiterated the blessing, " Bless! bless you together!"

Olivia was now as much overcome with joy, as before she had been overborne by sorrow. Lady Fitzorton received her from the arms of Henry, and every one asserted their right to enfold her. John, who happened to be at some distance, received her last;

and though he was not easily moved, the whole scene had affected him deeply.

The thought of establishing happiness in that innocent bosom, which he had distressed by the appearance of unfriendly neglect, operated on the generous disposition of the amiable Henry, so far as to produce a satisfaction in his mind, to which it had for some time been a stranger. Believing that he owed Olivia the atonement of unusual attention, and not being in a situation to reflect, a greater degree of that softness accompanied his manner, which was irresistible, than he had for a long season dared to indulge. His melancholy now took that pensive shade, whose magic communicated a charm, when it was so attuned, to every object around him; and this again melted gradually away, like those thin mists which often mingle in the sunbeams. In the progress of the evening, he said and did numberless things, which reconciled him to himself, and was so evidently felt as a full recompence by Olivia, that the one had evidently forgot he was displaying the fondness of a lover, and the other had
every

every reason to suppose she was the beloved object. Animated by these delusions, this too was the night, on which, had not Henry's "oath been in heaven," and the secret of his heart along with it, Olivia must have triumphed; for never did she look so fair; never did she repeat with such effect those effusions of the lyre, which she knew were most in his own esteem; never did she strike the chords of his favourite instrument with a touch so tremblingly delicate; never did she appear to feel so much love for Henry, an affection so fraternal for his brothers, nor so filial a reverence for his parents.

John, in the course of the evening, broke from company thrice, from sudden indisposition, but returned the instant he felt himself recovered, and contributed his quota to the general joy: the gaiety increased, the hours flew, and on Sir Armine hearing the clock strike eleven, his usual hour of retreat, cried out, "Silence, tell-tale! you envy our happiness, and would shorten it." "Rather," said his lady, "command it to go faster, that
it

it may bring on the hour which gave birth to Olivia !”

As if this had suggested a new idea, Henry gave the rein to his creative fancy, and entering into the spirit of the harmony that touched them all, hurried them from one subject to another, until warning was given for the twelfth hour ; immediately upon which, he filled a goblet of Burgundy, and, as the clock was striking, drank it on his knees, to the health and long life of Olivia Clare, before any other person could seize the bottle. This, indeed, he held at arms length, replenishing with a rapidity, that made him pour one half of his libation on the floor, and then putting round the bottle to John, “ I must,” said he, “ complain of your delay, (though he had not even then parted with the bottle ;) and he swore that he could drink to the dregs, while such a tardy fellow was filling his glass.” This declaration he accompanied by three huzzas ! which he insisted upon should be joined by every one present.

The

The company were so taken up with the enthusiasm of his voice, action, and address, and were so divided between one rapture and another, they had not time to think about themselves. It was with difficulty that Olivia, betwixt one sensation and another, kept her little wits. She cried and laughed by turns; but both these emotions were the happy hysterics of the heart. She became pale and red alternately, and turning to lady Fitzorton, she exclaimed, half drowned in tears, "that she was the happiest creature upon earth!" Then winding up the affections of the evening, to their highest pitch, filled her own glass, and expanding her lovely arms to the whole circle, exclaimed, "Blessed be ye all! and may the houses of Fitzorton and of Clare be thus united for ever!"

John, who remained a few moments in the room, after the family had left it, sat thoughtful—"My father is right; there can no longer be any doubt of their affection. My benediction, then, shall not be withheld—Bless them together!"

CHAPTER XIII.

THESE little ebullitions of a heart, anxious to make full restitution for unintended offences, had, by this time, wrought so strongly on the enthusiasm of Henry, that they accompanied him into his apartment, after the social circle, highly in humour with each other, had dispersed for the night. Before he closed his eyes, his imagination was on the wing, assisted not a little, by the effects of the Burgundy, yet more by the hilarity of the family, and above all, by the rich consciousness of having himself been the chief cause, and he invoked his muse, which, like the harp of David, was his constant refuge in time of trouble, or of joy, to celebrate the anniversary of Olivia's birth. He addressed to her a sonnet, in matter so chaste, and in manner so delicate, even heated as he was, that the fair object of his compliment, but for that sweet prejudice of love, which applies every thing of this kind to itself, might have looked upon as the tribute of an affectionate brother,

"smit

“smit with the love of sacred song,” to his most favoured sister. Not that this so nice accuracy of expression, resulted from an unusual degree of care; for, besides that his present agreeable delirium banished all such caution, he followed only that fraternal sentiment, heightened, perhaps, by the late events, which was the extent of what he really felt for Olivia.

After Henry had revised and transcribed his performance, the hurry into which his spirits had been thrown by the preceding scenes, terminated in a sound repose. Not such the history of the tender-hearted Olivia, after she bade her friends adieu. The excess of her joy still continued, and banished sleep. Morpheus is a timid and quiet power, that dares not venture to shed his opiates on the pillow, until the passions themselves are disposed to rest. She would have thought the best offers of that drowsy god a waste of the precious hours. The spirit of happy, and, as she had every reason to believe, of mutual love, kept her beautiful eyes unclosed. But, if Henry was lulled to rest while

while Olivia was without a wish to partake it, she had the advantage of him, not only from present joy, but future delight; for he no sooner opened his eyes, than he saw, felt, and understood, the mischiefs to which the deliriums of the preceding evening would lead; and he had need of the refreshments of sleep, and the renovations of strength and life they brought with them, to support him on the present day.

He awoke, as from a voluptuous, yet disordered dream, after a night of intemperance. A train of circumstances had taken place, which, he foresaw, would not only augment the passion of Olivia, but give her and the families reason to believe he had himself been accessory to its increase. "Heavens!" exclaimed he, starting from his bed! "every ingredient I have administered, by way of antidote, has not only increased the force of the poison, but is, in itself, compounded of poisons the most subtle and malignant—and this too is the birth-day of Olivia!"

He arose hastily. The first object that engaged his attention was, the sonnet which
had

had given him so much generous joy in the composition. He now considered it as an abettor, in the general perplexity, and was upon the point of sacrificing it to his resentment, when Sir Armine and James came into his room. "I am here, Sir," said his father, "to rebuke your idleness, when your mistress and your muse ought to have roused you the first in the house. Your beloved has been tripping round the garden these two hours, and her charming blushes, which surpass the roses she has been culling for you, ingrate, upbraid your laziness!"

"Indeed, my dear Sir," replied Henry, as if willing to explain, "there is such a complication of mistakes—such a strange series of—of—"

"Mistakes!" rejoined his father, observing the sonnet, that had been hastily thrown on the dressing-table on his entrance—"Yes—yes, I see now in what the mistakes consist"—as I live, a poem to the 'lady Olivia's eye-brow'—see—stanzas, sacred to the birth-day of"—. Here, his father recited the first couplet, and then taking hold of Henry with
one

one hand, and James with the other, hurried with them down stairs into the breakfast-parlour, but exclaiming at every step, "I will lose no time in clearing up these mistakes I am determined."

He had scarcely opened the door of the apartment, in which the families were assembled, than he gave the anniversary offering to the sweet Olivia. She had that moment finished a fragrant tribute; herself far more lovely than the fairest of the flowers she had collected. Sir Armine turning to Henry, exclaimed, "why dost thou not offer them on thy knees, thou love-lorn Damon? Hast thou forgot the prostrations due to a goddess, when thou wouldst sacrifice?—but, I suppose, the poor trembling mortal is afraid lest his offering should prove unworthy of the shrine."

Thus was it rendered every way impossible for Henry to negative a word, and his very silence was naturally enough converted to the submissive awe, which is apprehensive it never can present any thing worthy the acceptance of a beloved object.

CHAPTER XIV.

INDEED, such was the undisguised sincerity with which Olivia acknowledged, and such the impassioned gratitude and sweetness with which she received the poetical tribute; it would have been more than churlish in Henry, to have found utterance for a sentence that might chill the innocent delight it had created; and this delight was so visible in the whole countenance of Olivia, that some of its radiance seemed to be reflected back even upon John; who, approaching her with one of his best bows, “albeit unused to the bending mood,” ejaculated with unwonted fervor, “This is, my dear Olivia, the only moment of my regret, that the gods have not made me as poetical as Henry!—and if *he* had not invoked his muse, I feel that I should for the first, and probably, the last time of my life, have tried *my* hand at an acrostic at least. From Apollo and the nine young goddesses I should have had nothing to expect: for I was not born under a rhyming star;

star ; neither would Aganippe, Helicon, nor Castalia, have done any thing for me : for I was never dipped in the streams of fancy, nor could I have looked for better luck from Pegasus or Parnassus : for I had never the art of managing a winged horse, nor of clambering up an imaginary mountain ; but if there is ought of inspiration, in actual existent beauty, grace, and goodness, ‘as it lives, moves, and has a being,’ in Olivia, *she* should herself have been both my subject and my muse : and I will be judged even by Henry here,” clapping his brother on the shoulder, “if such inspirations are not of more potency than all the fictions of the heathen mythology !”

This unexpected gallantry on the part of the philosopher, as, on account of the debating spirit, and sententious gravity, they used to call him, enlivened the company.

To heighten the interest of all this, Lady Fitzorton, whose fine countenance illumined at some of the sentiments of the birth-day verses, began to read them aloud, pausing at every stanza, as well to pay a just tribute to the genius of a beloved son, as to afford the
rest

rest of the company opportunity to join in his praise. The commentary written on the features of every face in the progress of his mother's recital, insinuated into his heart so delicate a flattery, that not to have been touched with it, would have placed him above or below the feelings of humanity. But if we could even suppose it possible, that the general incense which was offered to a young man in full assembly, had fallen short of its effect, upon a disposition grateful and ingenuous as his, the particular homage which it drew from Olivia herself, could not but have fully made up the deficiency. She did not, indeed, utter a syllable, nor was it necessary. The words of love, it has been observed, sleep in the ear that is too dull to comprehend its silence. A maxim happily verified in the countenance of our Olivia, whose eyes sparkled, cheeks glowed, and tears dropt, so as to shew most eloquently the excellency and the graces of her nature. In addition to which, she had, even in the selection of the morning bouquet, consulted those three great masters of effect,—time, place, and circumstance. Most
of

of the flowers were emblematic, or could easily be brought to apply, to the case in point. The maiden's pride was relieved by the virgin's blush, and this again was veiled in laurel leaves. The sweet-brier, which has so strong an allusion to the pains and pleasures of attachment, was skilfully placed in the midst of a bunch of love-lies-bleeding, around which was entwined not only balm of Gilead, but plenty of double balsams, and over the whole were dispersed heart's-ease and the maiden's delight.

CHAPTER XV.

THUS did every moment tend to accumulate causes of satisfaction to the rest of the society, and increase the difficulty for Henry to breathe an accent of discontent; or to give any of his friends the smallest idea that such discontent was in his bosom. The anniversary hours past smiling on, and although Henry could not be betrayed into the hilarities of the preceding night, when he

6 wholly

wholly forgot himself in others: although, neither the powers of wit, or of wine, nor the more animating sensation of genius receiving its reward from beauty, love, and family affection, could allure him out of some memory of himself, he was too much wrought upon by seeing every face happy about him, to damp, by any ill-timed gravity, the general joy. On the contrary, his behaviour was perhaps more touching even than before; for his excessive gaiety, which was rather a strain upon his nature, and might be supposed to have left him somewhat exhausted, was exchanged for a softer pensiveness of distress. Indeed, Henry was never so perfectly attracting, as when a certain tender shade, like a thin clouding over the sun, veiled the effulgence of his genius: if his happiness, therefore, now appeared less vehement, it was thought more genuine, and if a more serious sigh than he intended escaped him, he would himself break its effect by a smile that chased away all suspicion of latent anxiety. Before the assembly broke up, his spirits rallied, his happy powers were again exerted, and when

each person bade adieu to the other, it would have been difficult for a transient spectator to suppose there had been any aching hearts amongst the company.

Some aching hearts, however, there were, and one of them throbbed in the breast of Henry. No sooner had this devoted youth gained his own apartment, than the constrained part he had acted for such a number of hours, so oppressed him, a thousand emotions at once struggled for vent, and could be relieved only by a flood of tears. The hapless youth had done the utmost, that a regard for the happiness of others could inspire. He had yielded to occurrences not in his power to foresee, or to obviate; and for two days together, without a possibility of preventing it, had been the sacrifice of contingencies.

It is now high time we should account for this extraordinary degree of misery in Henry, while so many other dearly loved individuals, of both families, were happy. The reader, indeed, would have good reason to accuse him of unpardonable caprice, or of strange insensi-

insensibility, if some motive, strong as honour, and awful as fate, had not fixed in his mind an insuperable objection to the plan, which was carrying on for his union with Olivia. In order, therefore, to justify his determined opposition to the family measures, it is necessary the reader should now be informed of that secret which he held sacred, and “pluck out the heart of his mystery.”

And yet, we have hitherto employed ourselves, in bringing the reader acquainted with so many good and benign characters, and seating him by their comfortable and social fire-side, in a manner, like one of the family: that it is not without regret, we are now to lead him farther into the neighbourhood; where he must meet with some persons of a different description. But if Paradise had its serpent and its fiend, it cannot fairly be expected, that Fitzorton Castle should have been without something to denote its being placed in a mixed and imperfect world.

Yet, if thy mind, O reader! like Olivia Clare's, is of that pure and virgin innocence, incapable of having devised, or practised,

any thing which has sullied its native whiteness, it will feel a pang, unknown before, to be shewn the spots, which have darkened and debased the mind of another. To be the first to inflict this pang, can only be compensated by the good effects, which may be adduced from it; for it were to be wished, thou shouldest remain, even all thy life long, as unknowing of the wickedness of the world, as incapable of adding to it: and, indeed, that the purity of thy own soul, should, as it did in her case, lead thee to a firm belief, no such wickedness existed in that world: deeming thyself, but one, amongst all the millions that people it, who preserve undefiled the express image of thy maker. But as such credulity, alas! is incompatible with—we had almost said,—the preservation of such innocence, we think it fitting thou shouldest, in some measure, be prepared for the ensnarers, and the snares thou mayest possibly meet with in, perhaps, thy long journey, through the mazy windings of human life. If, then, in this faithful record of what has really been saying and doing
in

in the world, almost, since its beginning, and will, probably, continue to its end, we hold up to thee some striking contrasts to the characters already introduced; and which were in perfect sympathy with thy principles, and affections; consider us only, as acting the part of tender parents, whose protecting roof thou art about to quit, for busy scenes beyond their reach; and who, before they trust thee from their arms, discover to thee the perils by which thou art environ'd, warning thee to beware!

We mentioned a third mansion, within the view of Fitzorton Castle, and the Manor-house of Clare. This edifice, was called Guise-abbey, the immediate possessor of which, was Sir Guise Lorrain Stuart, whose ancestors had been amongst the partizans of the Queen of Scots, while those of Sir Armine, had distinguished themselves as the most zealous supporters in the royal army. Sir Guise had still in his family, several reliques of the Princess, who is said, by historians, to have been unmatched in beauty, and unequalled in misfortune.

The fillet and veil that bound the beautiful eyes of the Scottish Queen, the rich habit of silk and velvet, in which she arrayed her lovely form, and the ivory crucifix, which she held in her hand on the morning of her execution, were yet preserved in an apartment called Mary's room. On the other hand, and with no less pride of character and blood, Sir Armine enrolled in the line of his ancestors, the chancellor, who affixed the seal to the warrant for Mary's death; another kinsman, was one of the Earls to whom the fatal instrument was confided, with orders to see the bloody commission, which it bore, duly executed: and the portraits of these persons, were still to be seen at the castle.

Nor had the house of Guise, or of Fitz-orton, been more zealously attached to the domestic conflicts, which happened between those rival sovereigns, Elizabeth and Mary, than to their religious tenets.

The first severe shock their friendship received, was occasioned by a very fierce contest, that sprung up after dinner, at the
Abbey,

Abbey, on the very day that Sir Armine made the overture visit, designed to establish a good understanding between them as gentlemen and neighbours, however little they might accord in matters of Church or State. After Sir Guise had drank "forgetfulness of the past," in a half pint bumper of claret, he asserted, "that, to shew his neighbour all was obliterated, although he would drink three more half pints to the memory of Queen Mary:"—here, he filled and emptied with speed;—"Sir Armine was welcome to pay what homage he pleased to her murderer!" Sir Armine reddened.

But Sir Guise, before the meeting, had poured down his throat nearly the quarrelling quantity. Sir Armine bore it long, with right christian patience, moving now and then in his chair, striking a tune with his fingers on the table, and twice shifting his seat, grinding however, at different pauses, the indigestible word "murderer!" "Why, that she was a most foul murderer in this instance," reiterated Sir Guise, filling his glass; "I presume, there is not a man living
will

will dare to deny." "I dare, sir," returned Sir Armine, bounding up, and taking half the room at a stride. "Then who was?" retorted Sir Guise; "Mary! your Mary!" "'Tis false, sir!" replied Sir Guise, hurrying down another bumper, from whose aid he derived a courage not his own;—"by the illustrious spirit of her, whose wrongs fill my soul, no less than her blood my veins, 'tis false!"—here, he struck the table with his spread hand, and threw the glass in which he had been drinking, on the ground;—"wishing,"—as he stamp'd upon the fragments, "that all the enemies of that ill-fated woman, were crushed into dust in the like manner." Sir Armine threw up the fash for air, then rang violently: on a servant's appearing, he "ordered his carriage," in a voice scarcely articulate, folding his trembling hands, and turning up his flashing eyes, as if to implore the succour of the God of long-suffering, to grant him a few more moments of patience. But Sir Guise, unwilling to lose the time before him, adopted the worst character that history has recorded of
Sir

Sir Armine's heroine, rising in his aggravations at every word.

Sir Armine opposed to this, the reverse of the picture, ransacking the inexhausted stores of his memory, for those historical testimonies of this Princess's activity, prudence, and discernment: "but above all," added he, "her vigorous and immortal defence, and establishment of religion—a protestant Queen, led as it were by the hand of the Almighty to a protestant throne, even till popery became her footstool."

"I say," cried Sir Guise, starting up and staggering; "I say, with the best historians, the whole existence of this queen, this pretended virgin, was a tissue of falsehood, insincerity, and cunning." He then run into an elaborate defence, equally intemperate, of the queen of Scots, contrasting it with the most violent farcasms on Elizabeth.

This burst of acrimony called forth all that was irritable in Sir Armine. "O shame where is thy blush! can she find a vindicator at this time of day: and a vindicator in one who aspires to the friendship of Sir Armine Fitzorton—Fie upon it, Sir Guise!—Are then

the credulous Darnley, the execrable Bothwell, the abandoned Rozzio, the infamous Douglas all forgotten? Are the self-condemning letters, seductive sonnets, and seditious packets, all vanished from your memory?"

"Lies! lies! forgeries! damnable forgeries," raved Sir Guise, "all deeds of darkness worked in that gulf of sin the soul of Elizabeth! Did not your cloth protect you"—"My cloth is no protection," replied Sir Armine, "nay, 'tis my proper robe of defence, and reminds me of the duty of punishing a defamer of the glorious defender of the faith I profess, and of the holy religion of which I am a minister"—"But," continued Sir Armine, somewhat recovering himself, "I have done with you for ever, Sir—it is well for thee that the blood of the Fitzortons, rather than that of the Stuarts, fills my veins." This menace had effect enough on Sir Guise to make him congratulate himself on the departure of the menacer.

This specimen of their political difference, indeed, is allowed a place merely to shew an
important

important feature in the dispute between the families; but we must, thus early, enter a caveat against the reader's expecting any more on the subject, unless, by transient reference, it may be necessary; as it is by no means our intention to mix domestic annals with controversial history, on a point that will probably remain in violent contention to the end of time.

CHAPTER XVI.

WITH respect to the personal accomplishments of Sir Guise Stuart, they were yet sufficiently attractive to be numbered amongst the shining snares that involved his admirers.

Considering the excellence of his constitution, which even the suicide hand of intemperance had not been able hitherto to undermine, the Baronet might still be said to enjoy the prime of life. Although he was by nature stubborn, he became flexible by art, superficial in understanding, but profound in deceit, by means of which he won not only the esteem of a nobleman eminent for his knowledge of mankind, but the love of that nobleman's heir and only child Matilda, with
r 6 whom

whom Sir Guise received fifty thousand pounds on the day of marriage, and the like sum the year following at her father's death.

Select, reader, from amongst the productions of nature some flower as the emblem of softness, humility, fragrance, and beauty; give to it that unresisting, and appealing delicacy, which trembles at the gale that it perfumes, and thou wilt have a just idea of Matilda Edgecumbe.

Then call to thy imagination some noxious, but fair-looking, plant, able, from the strength of its stem, and vigour of its foliage, to endure the rudest storm, extending its "marriageable arms" to protect the lovely flower, while that flower seems to thrive under its shelter; but soon the bitter and oppressive leaves of evil growth, overwhelm with their shade and blast, with their poisonous qualities, all that are beneath. Hence wilt thou gain some feeble image of Matilda's husband. Who is feared by all the weak, says a philosopher, despised by all the strong, and hated by all the good, may securely say to himself, no matter if there be no other rascal left on earth, I am still one: and the Baronet might
very

very safely give himself this consolation. The impracticable temper and offensive manners of Sir Guise Stuart, his habits of riotous loquacity, or of sullen gloom, soon loosened his hold on all good men: nor had he indeed been even on conversation terms with the Fitzortons or Clares for some years. Anxious indeed to live in charity and peace with all mankind, and from the goodness of his own disposition, as well as from a consciousness of his own infirmity, always imputing to himself a share in the cause of estrangement; Sir Armine had so far alleviated the party rage, produced by discussion of the merits of the two Queens, as to give Mary's champion a meeting some time after at the manor-house, in the life time of Mrs. Clare, who had been intimate with Lady Stuart's mother: and then it was that Olivia Clare, and the female part of the Abbey family, were for a few days thrown together; and an unbroken amity would on their part have ensued, particularly between the ladies, had not the stormy Sir Guise thrown, as usual, an intercepting cloud over the prospect.

Unable

Unable sincerely to forget or to forgive what past on the subject of Mary and Elizabeth, or indeed any injury, yet wanting the manly courage, honestly to resent it, he did every thing that in him lay to make the contiguity of the estates of those families to the Abbey lands matter of dispute: yet at once ashamed and afraid to disclose the real motives, he added falsehood to malice! In the dastardly hope of covering them. — Under pretence of removing disagreeable objects, he demolished several picturesque fragments and ruins, which had been of great effect in different points of view from the castle. From Sir Armine's pleasure ground the eye could, formerly, take in a fine cataract, which rolled down the rocks through the forest, the obstructions of which had been cleared away by Sir Guise's father on purpose to enrich the prospect: this also, giving out that it must certainly annoy eyes and ears, the imperious Baronet obscured, with such *malice of design*, that instead of a cataract the eye was offended by an invidious screen of clay, ill thatched and purposely disfigured, so as to resemble
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the dead blank of an enormous barn; he gave it the air of tumbling to pieces, because he said his neighbour loved ruins, and these were a substituted improvement on the fragments he had before taken away. Various openings in the forest gave peeps of several towns, spires, and buildings, and all these were likewise closed; and the abbey itself, which formed one of the noblest objects to the castle, was by one contrivance or another, even to Sir Guise's own inconvenience, so intercepted, as to be completely shut out from observation. One aspiring tower at the top of the abbey,—which he remembered, in the days of intercourse, to have heard Sir Armine observe it had stood as the friendship of their progenitors, and trusted it would remain such to their posterity,—he enclosed in a wooden case, because he insidiously said it would *preserve* it, though in effect it became an object of even more deformity than it had ever been of beauty. The spirit which incited him to these acts of subordinate meanness being treated with manly contempt by Sir Armine, his neighbour's malignity became

came more discoverable in matters of greater consequence; he forbade his wife, children, and every part of his family, or domestics, to mix with, or speak to, those of Fitzorton, or Clare, on peril of his utmost resentment; warned both houses not to trespass on his manors; set up a pack of harriers and fox-hounds, though a fearful rider, and no sportsman, and, to the destruction of nurseries, fences, and plantations, ran the dogs and game to the gates of the castle.

In one of these pursuits, Sir Armine, who had been at that time enjoying the peace of benevolence, and the beauty of nature, with his son John, in his own grounds, was so exasperated at the wanton triumph of Sir Guise, as he rode by him full speed, blurting the mud in his face, though no game had been found, that John, lifting up the cane with which he had been walking, shook it at the Baronet, and exclaimed in an almost whispering voice, "Villain! there wanted but this, and I thank thee for it, even though at the price of an insult to my father! I am thy debtor!" Sir Guise, who was within hearing of the

the menace, turned his horse suddenly, and in the head-long fury of his vengeance, forgetting his usual discretion, rode round both the father and son in a circle so narrow, as almost to cover them within length of his whip. Guiding his horse so as to draw him still nearer, John caught the skirts of the coat, and had nearly dismounted him, when Sir Guise, spurring the horse with great violence, backing him at the same time, the animal was forcibly drawn upon the venerable Armine, who, in falling, received a blow in the left side, and might have been trampled to death, had not John Fitzorton, at the hazard of his own life, struck the horse with such force as to make him spring forward and throw the rider. "Coward! affassin!" muttered John, but still with governed articulation, "did not a superior duty claim my first attentions, I would chastise thee as I ought!" John held in his arms his fainting father while he spake, then carried him to the park-cottage, casting over him a look of love and terrour, that for the moment absorbed his indignation.

Of

Of this blow Sir Armine fell sick, and underwent a tedious confinement; in the course of which the tender love borne to the venerable man by his own family, and that of the Clares', was variously manifested. Lady Fitzorton, and the gentle Olivia, were, by turns, his nurse. John preserved the virtues of his character. He had, for motives which will be explained, recently entered the army, and but for this accident, was about to join his regiment; and Henry, though at this time more frequently, and for a greater length of time absent, discovered, whenever he appeared, a degree of trouble and anxiety even superior to that of John. James was in London.

No sooner had Sir Armine quitted his bed, than he summoned John into his apartment, and desiring him to sit down near enough to receive confidential discourse, "My dear John," said the good man, "I have selected you from the rest of my sons, not because I love you better, but because there is in you more of that firmness which I have occasion to employ. I need not inform you that the
family

family of which you are a part, never incurred disgrace, or suffered dishonour—a character unimpeached, and unimpeachable, has, for more than six hundred years, been as its crest, and has reared itself amongst the best and proudest of honourable ancestry—honourable not simply from titles—for what are they but the shadow of a shade?—but from soul-ennobling action, and I trust it shall descend to you, and your posterity, without a stain.—At the present moment, however, you cannot but know a stain there is of the foulest nature cast upon it. My son I shall in a few days be in a situation to wipe it away. I abhor all impotent menaces, and, therefore, I spake not of this till the power was added to the will; but even now that they are preparing to unite, besides that I hold the modern decisions in scorn, let me honestly pour myself into your bosom. I am terrified at the ideas I had formed in wrath—they were impious. You are not to learn the duty of a christian pastor—and, though the laws of private honour, like those of fate, are unalterable, how can I obey them? To-morrow

I am

I am allowed to air, of course to-morrow should be the day of clearing your birth-right; but I dare not meet, as in a secular character I should, the ruffian who has stained it. Until the hour was almost at hand, I indulged the anger-born error of personal vengeance; but should a minister of the gospel of peace, whose weapons are meekness and forbearance, presume to take into his own hand—"Sir," interposed John, "were the measure sanctioned, it would be unnecessary." "Unnecessary!" exclaimed Sir Armine, who rose and walked across the room for the first time since his illness, unsupported. "Ill should I deserve your confidence, had I permitted the spot of which you speak to remain so long on us." Sir Armine's colour gathered in his cheek—"Explain, Sir!" cried he: John disappeared, but returning, gave an instrument to Sir Armine, saying "It was this, Sir, which cut out our stain—See it is spotted with the blood of Sir Guile Stuart." "Dead! I trust in God, not dead!" exclaimed his father, unsheathing the sword with one hand, and grasping the arm of John with

with the other, sometimes looking at the sword, and sometimes at his son. "The triumph of an ignoble mind going on, perhaps, to our disgrace, I fought and met the aggressor, with his son Charles. I told him I came as my father's representative. The villain would have fled; but partly by shame, partly by force, he raised his arm, and we fought. I pierced his breast, and should have gained his worthless heart, but that he threw down his sword, and with a coward's speed, fled to the abbey." "We are alone, Mr. Fitzorton," said Charles, "this is an affair that admits not parly." He threw himself into a posture of attack; "Unless, Charles, you think the blood of an honest man can expunge the infamy of a scoundrel," replied I, "it would be well to desist." The brave youth paused, and rushed into my arms: he felt too powerful for utterance. I gave him my hand: he wept with tenderness, and blushed with shame.

The varied emotions and passions which Sir Armine had undergone, during this explanation, added to the length of the pauses, in which

which he was obliged to indulge himself, kept him closeted with John until the rest of the family began to suspect it was occasioned by his having relapsed, and by John's endeavours to restore him without alarming the rest of the family; lady Fitzorton, therefore, hastened into the library, attended by James, Mr. Clare, Olivia, and Henry. Sir Armine, hearing them on the stairs, ordered John to throw open the door, and scarce giving them time to enter, he leaped up in an exstasy, exclaiming to his wife—"Madam, embrace your son; to him you owe the eternal shame of the Stuarts, and the glory of the Fitzortons.—Boys, acknowledge a brother, who has rescued your father, yourselves, and your posterity."

At the name of the Stuarts, Henry turned paler than death, and upon his exclaiming, "Has any thing, Sir, happened to the Stuarts?"—

"That has happened, boy," rejoined Sir Armine, "which"—"Your pardon, Sir, the name of Charles Stuart, a brave young man, a brother officer, and the friend of Henry, is involved

involved in this affair, and it should not be talked of. Indulge and honour me so far as to forbear again the discussion. — Our father, you know, my brother, is always too good, and gives to common duties immeasurable rewards.”

He spoke with a dignity that demanded obedience, even from a parent, and left the room. “Noble youth!” exclaimed his father, “my praise, my gratitude, my blessing follow thee!”

Soon after this occurrence, the quarrel settled into an inveteracy, so generously avowed on the part of Sir Armine, and so meanly clandestine on that of Sir Guise, there was not left the smallest hope of the breach being repaired. Indeed, religion, manners, and morals, separated this turbulent and over-bearing man from the worthy Fitzortons.

Yet had this turbulent and over-bearing man a daughter, who in mind and manners contrasted her father. Caroline Stuart to the brightest powers of the intellect, adjoined the softest affections of the heart; nor, had her cultivated endowments taken any thing from
2 that

that touching simplicity, which is the charm of female youth. Her face was less exactly beautiful than that of Olivia Clare; but was of that interesting kind, it was impossible to be looked upon, without a certain tenderness, to which every feature of it laid claim. Her eyes, though wanting the effulgence that beamed from those of Olivia, were of a lustre so extremely mild, that they appealed to the protection of every beholder, and appealed not in vain. Her shape had less of majesty, but more of grace, than that of Olivia. Her whole figure, indeed, wanted Olivia's dignity, but possessed a no less attractive ease.

In one part of Caroline's character, there seemed to be an inconsistency. Although her heart overflowed with the most melting sensibility, her mind was so firm, as to have rarely abated any thing in those points, which she had established as matters of duty—and this was carried, from her earliest days, to such an extreme, that while her heart appeared properly to belong to her as one of the most tender of her own sex, her mind,
for

for by that word can we only make the distinction, seemed to form the most intrepid feature of what has been thought heroic in ours. Thus, for instance, no tyranny of her father, whose stern commands might be expected to shake the nature of so gentle a being, ever gave the air of reluctant obedience. "Dispose of the life you gave, Sir," she would say, "as you please, I submit"—She often felt the wrong, foresaw the consequence, in secret mourned the error, but never questioned the authority. "Implicit obedience," has she been heard to observe, "might be weakness rather than strength in me; but in this case, I do not belong to myself, and where the author of my existence is concerned, I feel myself as having no judgment, no will, no reason, nor any of those faculties, which, in every other circumstance of life, I am free to exercise."

CHAPTER XVII.

THE reader has anticipated the power of Caroline Stuart over the heart of Henry Fitzorton. He sees that she was a successful rival of the no less amiable Olivia; not that her character corresponded more with that of Henry, for it was, in some respects, less congenial; and congeniality has been thought an universal magnet. But there had happened in early life one circumstance, which exalted Caroline above all comparison on the throne of Henry's affections, and established her there too steadfastly for the whole sex to supplant her, even had every other woman been an Olivia. Caroline had the advantage of a first impression. She had been the secret goddess of his idolatry an whole year, before his other little playmate; and though not an inmate of his family, the houses of Fitzorton and Stuart having become formal visitors prior to this æra, yet had Henry, who happened to be in friendship with Charles, the
only

only son and only favourite of Sir Guise, frequent opportunities of seeing and conversing with little Caroline. Olivia Clare was at that time with a relation in London, her mother being then recently dead.

What mighty revolutions in human affairs have not twelve months, twelve days produced? In cases of the heart, a single hour has sometimes decided its choice, even beyond the power of mortal change.

Sir Guise had conceived an early dislike towards Caroline, which bordered on antipathy. The principal reason for which was, not so much his inordinate affection for Charles, as her being tenderly beloved of her mother lady Stuart; whom the Baronet detested with an abhorrence, yet more deadly than that he bore his daughter; for it was founded on the consciousness of her possessing virtues, which at once excited his disgrace and envy. Lady Stuart had all the meekness of her daughter, but none of her magnanimity. Her spirits sunk before the brutal violence of her husband, who, when he did not find it for the interest of some favourite point to be gloom-
ily

ily silent like an insidious calm, was vehement as an hurricane, that desolates every thing in its path ; and poor lady Stuart was driven in terror before it, as the atom is driven by the whirlwind : whereas little Caroline sustained the shock, unmoved, without opposing it. It is hard to say which conduct most exasperated Sir Guise : that of his lady he regarded as contemptible weakness ; and he hesitated not to pronounce that of his daughter, obstinate stupidity. The terrors of his wife, terminated in that uncomplaining misery, which is dumb through fear ; and he frequently swore Caroline wanted voice, only because she wanted feeling. This decision incited him to new modes of tyranny, to innovations in the art of tormenting. But if the behaviour of Sir Guise was thus odious, that of young Caroline was in the same proportion admirable. The tempest whose rage she could not appease, she never controuled ;—when- ever, therefore, she perceived the storm bearing hard on the tender spirits of lady Stuart, she drew her imperceptibly, on some pretence or other, into the shelter of another
apart-

apartment; and that Sir Guise might not be more furious, wanting an object whereon to wreak his vengeance, which is always the last aggravation of such a temper, she returned in haste, and usually remained till the violence abated; when, like the angel of mediation, she hastened to comfort her trembling mother. To these ordeals of Caroline, was Henry often witness.

Yet was this contemptible tyrant what a certain division of society calls a pleasant companionable man, who could be gay, flexible, and almost forget his nature in general company. It was only at home that he followed those baneful and malignant impulses, which, like obstructed torrents, are the more overwhelming for being repressed. "The most abhorred thing in nature," says a profound writer, with the most penetrating truth, "is the face that smiles abroad, and flashes fury when it returns to the lap of a tender, helpless, family:" Such was Sir Guise Lorrain Stuart.

In one of his most stormy ebullitions of passion, accompanied, as they always were,

when he dared to vent them, with the loudest vociferations, his terror-stricken wife sunk subdued at his foot, which, with exasperating insult, he raised to spurn her. "God!" cried lady Stuart, "he will kill me!" Caroline, who perceived the design, threw herself between, and received the blow upon her lovely arm; but instead of attending to the pain, she extended it to her father, while she raised and supported lady Stuart with the other, then kissing the face of her mother, and pressing the half-reluctant hand of her father to her lips until she had drawn it, insensibly, to those of his wife, she held it there until it had received a token of forgiveness, to which it was no way entitled. But this failing to effect her purpose completely, she perceived it was the moment to change her attack, and looking at the bruise of her arm smilingly, and in a tone apparently betwixt jest and earnest, said to it,—“a fine mark to be sure—no matter for that! if you were the means of gaining a reconciling kiss from my father, and making him and my mother good friends only for this fortnight

night to come, you have my leave to be black and blue these twenty years !” Then, lifting it sportingly again to the lips of Sir Guise, joining his hand at the same time to that of lady Stuart, now within reach, she exclaimed—“ There, Sir, the colours are fixed you see already, you have spoiled me a dozen conquests, at least, at our next ball ; but I have gained a victory,” drawing her father’s arm round his wife’s neck, “ worth a thousand of them; and so the beauty of my poor dear arm is much at your disposal, Sir, whenever you please.”—By this time, lady Stuart like a spirit of peace, yet shrinking almost from herself, was brought by Caroline into the embrace of Sir Guise, who, relaxing of his rigour, condescended with fullen humility to say, “ Madam, I beg your pardon, but you are so cursed timid and frightened, it always throws me into a passion ; but this lioness in sheep’s cloathing, weathers it out you know, let the winds and waves do what they will, and she will have her way, though one were ready to expire with vexation.”

Caroline who always knew her opportunity,

saw this was the crisis to gain more, and as her gentle heart was by no means satisfied, she changed her battery again, and with additional vivacity said—"Yes, Sir, but you do not get off so. I have you now"—tightening her handkerchief in a true-lover's knot, "and I protest I will not let you stir an inch until you have asked her ladyship's pardon as you ought to do. Come, Sir, put your hands together prettily, in this manner, for instance."—

Sir Guise, betwixt contending and yielding, suffered her to fold his hands in a praying posture—"Well, what nonsense next?" cried he, with a softened kind of growl.

"I vow," added Caroline, "I never saw any thing so well become you, Sir, as good humour.—Tell me, Madam, is not he quite handsome when he smiles? if you do not reward him for it, you do not deserve it."

Here she playfully put both their faces together, and Sir Guise was almost human. The gentle Matilda was passive in his arms, but neither insensible of her husband's ex-
torted

torted kindness, nor of her charming Caroline's generous intercession.

A little stratagem atchieved the rest of her duteous purpose, and settled her savage fire this once into unwonted cordiality. "Good gracious!" cried she, dropping on a chair, and from thence on the carpet, "what can be the matter with me? I am certainly going into an hystheric."—Sir Guise, taken in his best humour and by surprize, was on his knees to assist her, perceiving which, and quitting the part of the sick lady, she bounded up with the lightness of a sylph, and holding Sir Guise to his kneeling posture, declared that was the very attitude in which he ought, for the last time of asking, to beg lady Stuart to forgive him, which betwixt the pleasantry of the sally, and the submissive sweetness of his wife, who involuntarily dropt on her knees, as if ashamed to see him on his, he did not wholly without grace; after which the triumphant Caroline danced, sung, and tripped round them as if she had completed the conquest of the globe. In the fulness of her felicity she wept. O Alexander!

what at the unsatisfying termination of thy victories, was thy tear to that which fell from the lovely eyes of Caroline Stuart !

At other times when her own efforts miscarried, or met from her father ill-mannered repulse, she would employ the mediation of her brother Charles, whose goodness of disposition was no more to be warped by undue indulgence, than was that of Caroline by undue severity. Besides which, Charles Stuart tenderly honoured his mother, and loved his sister. He was always, therefore, considered by Caroline as the *dernier resorte*, in such family disturbances as baffled her own efforts ; and whenever these heavy storms arose, she has introduced Charles into the apartment where the tempest raved, at the exact crisis, sometimes when Sir Guise thought him out of reach, and more than once when that amiable youth had threatened never to see his unrelenting father again ; nay, sometimes, she has been known to send off a private express to him, stating, " that his immediate presence could save his mother from vengeance." On these occasions

she would empty her little purse, to reward the messenger; or when Henry was visiting at the abbey, during the important impressive twelve months, she would give him the commission, which the good-natured youth would execute with incredible speed, and arrive with his friend Charles: the latter no sooner made his appearance than Sir Guise was charmed, as if by some magic power that had his savage nature in controul. His violent ecstasies at seeing his son, and his dread at losing him, were so great, that he seldom enquired into the abruptness of the visit, but welcomed him with open arms, the more especially if Caroline happened to be by, in the hope so decided a preference might add to her mortification; for such was the radical baseness of this man, that even the happiness of his own heart, so far from expanding, contracted it to that of others; and he could pursue the hateful passions of his nature, and remember his aversions in the midst of his enjoyments. Little, however, was he skilled in the temper of his noble-minded daughter. Superior to the ordinary jealousy which such favouritism

in parents sometimes excites in children, she secretly triumphed in her father's predilection for her brother, whom she called the general peace-maker of the family. And as Charles was passionately fond of music—she would exert her utmost skill, and ransack all her little stores of harmony to detain him at the abbey. She would, moreover, sometimes call in Henry to the assistance of her own powers, in order to render her brother's continuance at the abbey more pleasant to him.

But when Charles entered the army, and was absent with his regiment in distant quarters, which was at an early period, it was her custom to walk herself to the neighbouring post-house, at the distance of a short mile from the abbey, and receive the letters for the family. It was a tender compact between the brother and sister to make the latter alone the correspondent of the former, so that she was the medium of all tidings from Charles and Sir Guise, who, though a general seal-breaker, never had the courage to use open violence with his son's letters. With one of these, therefore, she would reward his kindness,

ness, or rather his less degree of harshness; for he was never kind to her mother—with another she would threaten him into better treatment—with a third bribe—with a fourth beguile him into something like civility; and, in short, by these and a thousand other innocent manœuvres, she would sometimes abate, sometimes prevent, his anger, and always receive the heaviest weight of it herself, when to prevent or abate it was impossible.

CHAPTER XVIII.

IF the reader takes into consideration the youth, susceptibility, genius, and native softness of Henry Fitzorton, he will think the first fond emotions of his heart towards this fair object inevitable; and if again he reflects on that young man's amiable endowments of mind and person, he will believe it as unavoidable for him to have had such almost constant intercourse, without her becoming sensible of his virtues and graces in return. To Caroline, Henry addressed the first inspirations of his infant muse—"He
lisped

lisped in numbers, for the numbers came :” from Caroline he received the first smile of woman that ever reached his heart—and as the tears of virtue fell on her cheek, after any strong exertion of filial duty that left her spirits exhausted, they seemed to drop upon his very soul, melting it to softness like her own—from Caroline he received the first ideas of female beauty, grace, goodness, and affection—from her he drew his heroines and his goddesses ! She even outwent his very fictions as a poet, and his visionary powers all borrowed their best magic from the real Caroline. Did he wish to describe the gentleness of his heroine ? it was the gentleness of Caroline—to give her firmness of soul ? He gave her Caroline’s.—Did he desire to adorn her with the finest eyes ? He attempted to describe the eyes of Caroline—the fairest complexion ? it was Caroline’s.—Shape ? Who could be so good a model as Caroline ?—Voice ? Where could such dulcet notes be found as attended the accents of Caroline ?—In a word, she was in every acceptation of the term—his ‘ first love ;’ yet strange as it may seem

seem to many readers, who are, perhaps, by this time prepared for declarations of love, many months passed in this endearing interchange without his once having said—"Caroline, I love you, Caroline!" She was the innocent enchantment of his life : he saw her in the magic moments of her grief, and there was little doubt but the fascination was reciprocal ; yet a certain delicate terror prevented both from declaring what each perfectly saw, felt, and understood. The sensations of Henry were combined of genius, constitutional diffidence, and the sweet awe, without fear, that touched him in the presence of Caroline. These bound up his voice as by a spell ; and Caroline invariably took refuge either in another subject, or flight, whenever she saw him on the trembling edge of a declaration. And this was so well adjusted on both sides, that no one of the families, not even Charles, had suspicion of what was passing in their bosoms. It was at length, however, betrayed by one of those omnipotent trifles which often lead to, and determine, the great events of human life.

CHAPTER XIX.

CAROLINE had retreated from the rage of Sir Guise, on a day that he could not be wrought upon, and when Charles was from home. Her handkerchief was at her eyes, and as she took it from them, she exclaimed, "this last severity is indeed hard to bear!—he has almost beat me to pieces!"

Henry, who had been taking his twilight walk, near the avenue, that led to the abbey, rushed through the boughs, vociferating, "beat you Caroline! who is the villain that dares lift his hand against the beloved of my heart and soul? his life shall answer it! ten thousand lives cannot atone it. Insult you! Beat you! O that the assassin were here! He shall die, Caroline, he shall die!—no!—heaven be your avenger—he is, could be none other than Sir Guise Stuart, your savage father!" The ungovernable wildness of this speech, the tender phrenzy in which he pressed her cheek upon his own, without scarce knowing that he touched her, increased for

for a moment the terrors of Caroline; but, on resuming herself, she said, with penetrating firmness, colouring as she spoke, "There is a sanctity, sir, in the very infirmities of my father, while you are in his daughter's presence! and though, in a frail moment, you heard me bewail their effects, I must insist upon your affixing to his name, no epithets unbecoming his child to hear."

Henry was silenced.

"In the present instance, it was particularly unseasonable, since it was chiefly in defence of your honour, sir, that I have suffered."

Henry chilled with apprehension.

"You have been accused to Sir Guise, of carrying tales of our little disturbances, from the abbey to the castle."

The cheeks of Henry seemed to hold all the blood that had filled the channels to his heart.

"For you Henry, have I committed against my father, the first disobedience of the life he gave."

Henry's

Henry's blood sallied back, and left his countenance colourless as death.

"I told him, that his ears had been abused, and that I would pledge my duty on the integrity of Henry Fitzorton."

Henry passionately caught her hand, and pressed it to his pale and trembling lips. "You did me indeed but justice, Caroline: but was this justice repaid by blows?—O! the honour of my whole life were purchased too dear at such a price."

"My rebellious answer struck like unexpected thunder upon my father's ear, and justified what ensued."

"Justified!" rejoined Henry, looking over her lovely countenance, as if to examine the injuries it had received, all the indignant and tender passions struggling in his own.

"But in the end, I triumphed; for a letter that instant arrived from my brother, replete with honourable testimony of Henry's confidential virtues. John Fitzorton, had complained to Charles, that though he was regular in his enquiries after Charles, he
never

never could get a syllable from his brother Henry, respecting any part of the Stuart family.

"I left my brother's written justification in my father's possession; saying, as I withdrew, that I should as soon connect dishonour with my own soul, as with that of Henry Fitzorton!"

Henry heard this with a thrill of transport so universal, that, unable to contain himself, he caught Caroline in his arms.

Sir Guise Stuart, accompanied by his Lady, came hastily down the avenue, and surprised the lovers in this situation.

The Baronet shook with a sensation between the excesses of rage and astonishment; and running up to Caroline, with the dreadful violence of desperate and uncontrollable authority, would have committed some outrage which his life perhaps, must have answered, had not Lady Stuart, seeing his fury, thrown herself on her knees on the bare earth, between her husband and her child, while Henry spread himself as a shield before Caroline, asseverating in a voice that echoed through

through the forest, "she was the most innocent and noble creature, now under the eye of an attesting God!"

Caroline with a modest intrepidity, ran from her protector, and raised her mother from the ground.—"I cannot bear to see you in this posture, madam: it becomes the daughter, not the wife of Sir Guise Stuart"—then embracing her father's knees, she entered into an explanation, as to the entire accident of the meeting.

He now heard the whole of Caroline's narration, and either was, or affected to be, satisfied: for with more serenity than could have been expected, he said, "Mr. Fitzorton may be sure I think as well of him as the rest of my family, or should long since have forbidden him the abbey. Lady Stuart, indeed, and I, have been this half hour in search of Caroline, to tell her, I was satisfied the reports made against you were false, though at the time I heard them, they had as bad an aspect as our late discovery, and justified as strong suspicion; but explanations have done away both, and so if you are not engaged

gaged at the castle, come and pass your evening with us at the abbey."

Henry accompanied them home to the infinite satisfaction of himself and Caroline, and not a little to the comfort of Sir Guise and his Lady; though it was a comfort springing from very different causes: and Henry after having said a number of things in the course of the evening, which proved the perfect innocence of himself and Caroline, but unluckily proved something more, left his friends and took his way through the forest by the light of his beloved moon to the Castle of Fitzorton. When he came, however, to that part of the great avenue where the adventure that began the evening had happened, he could not but go a little out of his path to revisit the spot, and to do some act that might mark the æra of the first avowed declaration of his passion for Caroline. Favoured, therefore, by the moon, he stopt to carve the names of Henry and Caroline, with the dates of the month and year upon the bark of that very tree, under which he had for the first time held her in his
arms,

arms, while he breathed forth fervours of as chaste a passion as ever animated the breast of man. "Blessed day," sighed he, "and blessed be its returns to the end of time!"

But no sooner were the parties at the abbey retired to their separate chambers, than they gave way to their separate reflections, each of which, though carried on in a different train, too plainly demonstrated, that without disputing any part of the facts which Caroline had explained, that very explanation went amongst a thousand other matters now first made to apply, to place beyond a doubt the long-cherished, though long-concealed affection of Caroline and Henry. The amiable Lady Stuart secretly approved the flame, which she nevertheless saw, would if it went on, enwrap the hostile houses in a blaze, that in the end would probably reduce both of them to ashes. Sir Guise groaned in the bitterness of ill-smothered antipathy, even at the idea of uniting the families of Stuart and Fitzorton, the youngest branch of the latter, being suffered in obedience, strange as may seem the expression, to the wishes
of

of the son, who, and who alone, had sovereign dominion over this impracticable tyrant of a father: and Caroline herself, when she consulted her pillow on the events of the evening, and on those occurrences which had preceded them, could not but foresee innumerable evils rising in awful array before her view. Till this fatal night she had never fully investigated the extent of the mischief which an affection for Henry would inevitably produce. The declaration of his passion had made the interest they took in each other more formidable: it had unbound as it were the charm, which, as a bandeau of love, had by a sort of enchantment covered their eyes from looking too minutely into their hearts. Caroline had so often engaged Henry in the gentle offices of family pacification, made him one of her principal instruments in her little conciliatory plans, resorted to him for council in her domestic difficulties, and looked upon him so entirely as another Charles, that though she felt his society communicated a more interesting kind of joy, and his absence a more lively kind of deprivation,

vation, she either had not time or inclination, she either did not, or dared not, ask her heart, very seriously or formally, "to what a degree Caroline was dear, or to what an extent Henry might be precious." She now, therefore, for the first time, began to rebuke herself that the same motives which had so often impelled her to change Henry's conversation, break it short, or leave him abruptly, had not served as warnings of the state of both their hearts: and of that sorrow which was in reserve for them, if an immediate stop were not put to their proceedings.

From accusations of herself, she proceeded to accuse Henry, whom she could not think without his share of blame in these transactions: "the misery we were preparing for ourselves, and the wrongs we were heaping on our already but too much outraged houses. After the last contest between them, which terminated in the hazard of his brother's life, it was indelicate, it was undutiful in him to approach the abbey:—and if his affection for Charles was considered as distinct from these unhappy feuds, that affection should have been

been carried on at third places, and not clandestinely, under a roof where resided, whether justly or unjustly, the known enemy of his father. Scarce had she given vent to these sentiments than her heart brought forth all its soft apologies to excuse, and even to justify him. She called to mind the benevolent assistance she had often received from him, when the rage of her father had overborne her poor *mother* in its vortex, and left *her* undefended in the storm; she had heard too from Charles of the incessant, though concealed, endeavours of Henry to heal the breach of the contending houses, till the last fatal stroke made it a *crime* to attempt it farther. In referring the case to her own heart she there found his virtues, his tenderness, and manly graces, had enshrined him as the first of human beings.—She found him worthy to be its entire possessor, and had not an argument remaining against him but that he was too amiable, and too unfortunate.

CHAPTER XX.

IN this disposition she rose. Sir Guise first entered the breakfast room—Lady Stuart and Caroline soon followed; and the three sat down without knowing any thing which had passed in each other's mind since they last parted; for as Sir Guise and his Lady slept in separate apartments,—for a reason as disgraceful to the one as it was honourable to the other, with which the reader shall, in its place, become acquainted,—they had no opportunity to communicate. The secret, therefore, which each supposed had been discovered, though each found out the same fact, only reasoning on it differently, produced a similar effect on their conduct: neither of them spoke to each other for some time, though each appeared to be labouring with something extraordinary. The terrors gathered and dispersed on the brow of Sir Guise; Lady Stuart sometimes surveyed Caroline with tender distress, that mingled the emotions of pity and apprehension; and
Caroline

Caroline looked abashed, anxious, and confounded.

Sir Guise, after the first dish of tea, rose up, strode across the room thrice, slapped his hand on his forehead, and stamped with his foot, exclaiming—"If it be so, woe to them both!"—then turning to Caroline—"when the library bell rings it is for you Miss Stuart."

The trembling Caroline bowed assent, and Sir Guise left the room, slapping the door after him with tremendous violence.

"My dear child," said Lady Stuart, expanding her beautiful arms to receive Caroline, who, on her father's departure, ran into them for shelter—"you are unhappy—and I fear, too, Sir Guise has discovered the cause.—If it be that which I think I also have traced, what will become of us?"

"What, indeed, Madam? for it is—it can be only that—my own guilty mind convinces me it can be none other," answered Caroline.

"The guilt of tenderness for Henry Fitz-orton," resumed her mother, gently caressing

her,—“ Ah! my dearest-loved child, that the worst passions in the breast of others should make the best in ours criminal!”

Caroline, touched to the quick with this kindness, answered only with her tears.—

“ Forgive me what I cannot forgive *myself*.”

“ Forgive you!” said Lady Stuart, “ heaven is my witness, did my power keep pace with my inclination, your tender heart should never heave a sigh that did not proceed from the perfection of its joy. Are you not more than my child? Have you not been more than my parent? How many times has this feeble frame, sinking under my husband’s displeasure, been raised from the very dust of the earth by Caroline? How many bitter sarcasms has her gentle nature borne for me? How many cruel strokes, intended for me, has that sweet form received, and how often have you smiled in agony to think they did not reach your mother!”

“ Spare, spare me, Madam,” said Caroline, weeping and clinging round her neck—

“ indeed, indeed, my life is of no value, but

as it can be of some use, or comfort, to those who bestowed it."

"Yet do not suppose," continued Lady Stuart, "I did not feel the blows that you took from me. I felt them in my 'heart of hearts'—and at this moment could a mother's gratitude, love, or tender adoration, aught avail, the best of men should be given, by this maternal hand, to the best of women—But, as it is, I tremble for you both."

Here the fatal bell began to sound, and Caroline, who had hid her face in her mother's bosom that her blushes might not be seen during the last speech, started up as if it were the knell of death, and begging her mother to be composed, and depend upon Caroline's duty, obeyed the summons.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE library was at the farther-most part of the abbey, and the long dreary passages that led to it, with the echo that attended every step, together with the rebound

of the massy doors as she opened and shut them, gave a solemnity to the scene she was approaching: She came, at length, to the apartment, which she no sooner entered than she threw herself at the feet of Sir Guise, who had collected all the *terrors of his disposition* to receive her. Oft he circled the room which, even at mid-day, was always sombrous, and even sepulchral; oft he threw a glare of malignant disdain towards her, still suffering her to keep her lowly posture. He dropt a curtain so as scarcely to admit the entrance of the light—then fastened the door.—His cruel nature never omitted giving to every punishment its pageantry and apparatus to make it the more terrifying.—At length, with a voice that was the more dreadful for being controuled, he said—“Audacious! you are beloved by the son of my bitterest enemy!”

Caroline bowed her head.

“This is not the worst,” continued he,
“you return his passion!”

Caroline was silent.

“Mark

"Mark me," said Sir Guise, "forbid him the abbey, and let the act seem to be your own."

Caroline bowed assent.

"Frame some fit reason to your brother for your conduct, and let neither his anger, nor that of your insolent lover, wring from you the secret that this was by my command."

Caroline bowed again.

"For the present," said he, "you may withdraw." "Seeing her rise to obey," he continued,—"no,—remain *you* here, while I give orders to your mother, who is to understand, remember, it is a settled point for which you alone are accountable, that *Henry Fitzorton never enters more the Abbey of Stuart.*"

The dastardy of spirit, which betrayed itself in the midst of this hard command, could not but strike the noble-natured Caroline, and she beheld the shrinking coward dressed in the robe of the tyrant: *that* tyrant, however, was her father, and she had made it the law of her life to obey him. After Sir

Guise had left the room she remained for some moments without motion—then fetching a deep sigh she exclaimed—the tears almost choaking her utterance—“This is the hardest duty ever yet imposed on me: Enable me, good heaven, to bear it!—and is Caroline to let him understand, it is she who *shuts the door* against him for ever! Must I appear cruel, and unjust, in order to be obedient? How shall I endure it! And have I seen for the last time Henry Fitzorton. O! it is too much!”

There was, however, as we have already observed, a fortitude in the mind of this amiable girl which equalled the tenderness of her heart, and on this great occasion she resolved to summon it to her aid. Nothing but the ruin of herself, and the ruin of the object she loved, and, probably, the utter destruction of both the houses, could, she foresaw, be the consequence, if she listened to any arguments that pleaded in her bosom in favour of this unfortunate passion—and she soon persuaded herself it would be a meritorious sacrifice to crush it at once. She, therefore,

therefore, began, seriously, to consider how this might best, and most effectually be done; not a little felicitating herself that as Henry was now gone home, she should have time to devise means proportioned to the end. While she was ruminating on these matters the library folding-doors were again thrown open,—Sir Guise re-entered—stood fixed an instant—turned back—and beckoned her to follow him. They passed along the winding labyrinths, and cloister-like glooms, without speaking a word; and as they came within view of the room to which he was guiding her, he said, in a firm but fearful kind of whisper—“That is the apartment—and this the opportunity—*obedience or death!*” then abruptly leaving her, he strode back towards the library. The handle of the door shook as she opened it, without knowing what she had to apprehend: but what was her astonishment when she saw Henry Fitz-orton, sitting with Lady Stuart, half drowned in her tears! Caroline had not time or power to articulate her surprize, before her mother rose, as she had been previously commanded,

and looking unutterable tenderness, first at Caroline, then at Henry, left the room.—On Caroline's following her she gently repulsed her—shook her head, and shewed every sign of dumb distress as she withdrew.

She now found herself alone with the *very* Henry she thought never to see more. It was a prophetic pause on both sides. Henry first broke silence by informing her, that he could not rest in peace till he found the reconciliations of the past night were confirmed: but that from the present air of Sir Guise, and the unexplained anxiety of Lady Stuart, he had fears that some new commotion had happened, and begged earnestly to know if he could any way be made instrumental to restore the quiet of the family.

“ You can, and you only,” answered Caroline. “ You, yesterday, declared your love, and to-day I renounce, what, alas ! I could not accept without complicated injury and injustice. We have erred ; let us reform that error : but, as the task may be more difficult while we are in the presence of each other,

other, it is a duty—perhaps a hard one—but still a duty that we owe each other—and, certainly, that we owe our unhappily divided houses, to meet no more.”—It was some minutes before she could utter the last sentence!

Perceiving, as she said this, that Henry was about to combat all her arguments, and knowing how powerful an advocate in his favour she nourished in her own bosom, she anticipated, and annihilated, whatever he could have advanced by this decisive sentence.—“I have spoken on *conviction* Henry, and my actions must accord with my words.”

Having delivered herself thus, with an unusual degree of solemnity, she advanced towards Henry, gave him her hand in a manner that at once expressed tenderness and resolution, and with a voice in unison with these, exclaimed, “my dear, my excellent Henry, may the blessings of heaven follow you as unceasingly as my regard!”

The agitated Henry wanted courage to release her hand, or to retain it.—His own trembled in it—the unutterable anguish of

such a parting was painted in his looks as he surveyed those of Caroline, who perceiving his situation, and, perhaps, feeling her own would, in the next instant, be similar, by one powerful effort—as the tears were stealing unbidden down her lovely face—as her colour began to vary, and her limbs to fail—firmly, but not rudely, broke from his hands, and rushed out of the apartment.

In her way back to the library she met Sir Guise, to whom with resumed force, for presence of mind was amongst her extraordinary powers, she said, “you ARE obeyed my father—suffer me now to enjoy the victory over myself.”

Meeting no interruption from Sir Guise she sought her chamber, while her father went into the apartment she had just left, in order to enjoy a victory of another kind. On his entrance he found Henry overwhelmed in his grief and despair, and apologized to him, on pretence of business, for having left the room so abruptly: while Henry,—so infinitely do circumstances change the objects of fear to hope, and hope to fear,—softened his

his desperation by a thought that an enemy might be converted into a friend; his agitated heart believed it possible that the father, in his pitying goodness, would intercede with the daughter, to relax so much of her cruel resolution, as to suffer his visits at the abbey as a friend.

Had Sir Guise shaped an event to his wish it could not have been more auspicious than this to his purpose; for every pang he inflicted on any individual of the Fitzorton family, so as he escaped the danger of discovering that he was the inflictor, gratified that revenge he felt for the whole. He now, therefore, began to sing forth the praises of his own friendly wishes on the occasion; declaring how infinitely he was astonished, first at the affection itself, and secondly, at the girl's so absolute rejection of him. "However I will do my best, and hope I may succeed," added he, "and if you fail the fault will not lie with me." Sir Guise shook him by the hand, advised him to suspend his visits for a few days, that he might have the better opportunity to befriend his cause, and smiled
as

as he bade him farewell. Henry, who believed that every smile and promise was sincere, left the abbey much consoled.

CHAPTER XXII.

WHILE these matters were carrying on in the family of Sir Guise Stuart, transactions no less interesting, but of a very different nature, had happened at the castle. For a considerable time after the festivities, on the birth-day of Olivia, the houses of Fitz-orton and Clare, were in that state of happiness, which, in good minds, generally are in the train of reconciliations. John had more than one cause of hoarded regret, but he had learned early to sacrifice; and although Henry yet carried, like the wounded deer, an arrow in his bosom, which often separated him from the social circle, he still nourished the hope of a cure also, and waited in secret an opportunity to explain. Meanwhile his flights, and his reveries, were variously accounted for, defended by Olivia, bantered by John, and pardoned by all.

While

While Lady Fitzorton was one day lamenting a longer absence than usual in her youngest son—and Olivia Clare ;—not without an half suppressed sigh, had elaborated his apology by assuring his mother, he would contrive to make amends when he came again amongst them, he entered the pavilion where they were then assembled.—“ I am sure by the fine phrenzy of his look,” continued Olivia, “ and that poetic pale of his countenance, he has been paying his devoirs to that nature which even love itself may allow to be, sometimes, a rival—and I do not doubt but we shall all be delighted with the rich results of her inspirations.” “ Very likely,” answered John, “ and pray brother *which* of the natures has the honour to be most in your good graces at present?—nature absolute or nature poetic?”—“ Are there two natures then?” questioned Henry. “ Well said poet!” observed Sir Armine. “ Two! yes, as certain as that you have two eyes”—“ Nothing can be more certain than *that*,” interposed Olivia, “ looking at Henry.”—“ Aye, and fine ones too,” audibly whispered

pered his mother. "What, for instance, can be more distinct than nature absolute and nature *dramatic*; in other words, nature on and off the stage. Hard, indeed, is the work of nature dramatic, who is forced to own fathers and mothers, husbands and wives, sisters and brothers, uncles and aunts, which have been stolen or strayed, dead, buried, and forgotten, for twenty or thirty years. Nay, and to manifest the strength of her sympathizing power, you poets, brother, insist on our believing it is a sure guide in any exigence whatever. Hence we ascertain consanguinity at a moment's warning, yea, and without any assistance from the five senses, unless we can suppose she is directed, like spaniels or mastiffs, as in the case of Ulysses and his house-dog, by the smell. For, as inspiration is never given when immortality, poetically speaking, is withheld; we cannot, I apprehend, consistently account for these operations of nature, in her dramatic capacity, except by the medium of her great acuteness in that faculty we have mentioned. Nature on the stage then we will conclude

conclude is endowed with a wonderful sagacity of the nasal organ, which, far surpassing the subtlest instinct, scents the relation it has never seen, and never expected to see; and like the pointer, stands fixed on a certainty of having found its proper game long before it rises to the eye. And this I take to be that secret something, that irresistible sympathy, that nameless indescribable emotion, which make heroes and heroines, who, unprepared by any sentiment, circumstance, or event, burst into tears, rush into one another's arms, and almost smother each other with kisses; till, forgetting all the violations by which the good people came together, we feel only how we should weep, and embrace for joy, were a similar incident brought about by actual nature to happen to ourselves, and thus we not only applaud but encourage the counterfeit."

"Well said philosopher!" observed Sir Armine, "I presume you have been reading what a mitred author of our own country, distinguished as well for profound as elegant literature,—so you see 'tis very possible to
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unite them with the clerical character Henry—has said on the *incredulus odi* of Horace. That which passes in *representation*, and challenges as it were the scrutiny of the eye must be truth itself, or something very nearly approaching to it—but you note at the same time that the observation is confined singly to the stage—the learned Bishop allows the case is different with the more creative poetry; and guards you from extending a particular precept into a general maxim.”

“ True, Sir,” answered John, “ on the same reverend authority, I am disposed to admit yet more,” here he looked keenly at Henry, “ a young and credulous imagination loves to admire and be deceived, and has no need to observe those cautious rules of credibility so necessary to be followed by him, who would touch the affections, and interest the heart.”

“ You have twisted and applied this to your own purpose John,” said his father.—“ It is in addressing the passions that poetical truth is said to be ‘ almost as severe a thing as historical.’ ” “ Distinguish, dear brother, if you

you please, betwixt a dauber and an artist," said Henry—"The sterling and the dross," added Olivia—"A contemptible copyist and a noble imitator," remarked Sir Armine—"The weak attempts of a few from general excellence," noted Lady Fitzorton—"Rather say, Madam, the excellence of a few," answered John, "and the weak attempts, to call them no worse, of many: for Apollo, and my brother, who I am ready to admit it, are not *wholly* unknown to each other, will tell you that genius is rare, and pretenders to it general." Olivia declared, smilingly, "the philosopher had here made rather a sensible remark."—"Why, in truth," said Sir Armine, "it must be owned that there is a pretty deal of literary juggling now a days."—"Hocus Pocus, my dear father," interrupted John, "you had better call it; and it has now gained such an influence over the public taste, that, thanks to novelists and poets; nay, no frowning Olivia." "He has made something like an exception in Henry's case," said Lady Fitzorton—"O, as to that my lady," resumed John, "if my brother has any thoughts

thoughts of appearing beyond this smiling circle as an author, he must, more or less, give into the absurdity of the times—for a writer can no more be out of the fashion of the moment than a beauty.” “You only mean, I presume,” observed Sir Armine, “that a little of the art magic is a necessary ingredient in modern composition—especially in the two branches of writing you have specified.”

“Art magic, with a vengeance!” exclaimed John, “for I observe the ladies and gentlemen of the quill, can fill the purses with gold,”—“On most disinterested principles, certainly; for they seldom fill their own,” cried Mr. Clare;—“and crowd the pocket with bank bills,” continued John, not heeding the interruption, “without any visible cause, or, indeed, assigning any reason for their conjuration and coining, save that having brought the favourite personages of their poems, or romance, into some dreadful scrape, to excite your commiseration, they find it expedient to work a miracle in their behalf, finding nothing short of a miracle will

will extricate them ; and thus to effect the double aim of entrapping wonder, and leaving the mystery just where it was ; but what I chiefly admire in this business, and more particularly on the stage, is the dexterity and foresight with which a poet equips his heroes and heroines, with money or bills, exactly proportioned to their unexpected contingencies. If a hero or heroine walk forth in a night-gown or slippers, and meet with an object, on which to exercise his or her grandeur of soul, the purse, or pocket-book, is as well furnished for the occasion, as if he or she were going to the world's end in search of any such object ; or if heroes themselves want money, the provident poet always sends somebody to accommodate them ; and as to how this matter was brought about, is left to exercise the reader's faith and sagacity. And, indeed, the writer's practise herein is not a little politic ; for to develope the miracle, would be far more arduous than to perform it. It is all done by those magicians, in the true spirit, as I termed it, of hocus-pocus, is it not, brother ? And yet by an operation

so simple, that the most astonishing and truly unaccountable revolutions, such as in the ordinary course of things might take nature absolute the progressive toil of ages, are achieved by the waving of a feather. And albeit, we all know, this feather grew on the wing of a bird, by no means miraculously gifted, nor in any degree popular for the brilliancy of its intellect; we must not measure the power of the instrument with the weakness or simplicity of the agent; for by the necromantic potency of that little rod, more miracles are performed than by that of the patriarch, yea, and without the smallest inspiration derived from the same divine source." "Brother," interposed Henry, who now summoned his defensive powers, "have you never reposed in any of those bowers of ease, palaces of pleasure, and temples of devotion, which the literary magi of gothic, yea, and sometimes of modern days, have commanded to arise for your admiration out of their creative fancy? Austere as are your judgments, severe as are, indeed, many of your delights, have you never been led into
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willing relaxations of all the sublime, but unsmiling powers, by the enchantment of that feathery wand you hold so much in scorn?"

"In scorn! O, pardon me!" rejoined John Fitzorton: "Although, peradventure, the silly bird, on whose wing it grew, will drop it as she grazes on the green, unconscious of what she throws away, I bow to it as to a new wonder, added to the old ones of our world. Imperial goose-quills, all hail! with one of these has a valley been swelled to a mountain; a mountain sunk to a valley; with another a savage forest has been converted into a well-ordered city; and a city again turned into a forest; by a third, has the multitudinous sea been dried up, and flocks, ready made, and ready shorn, ordered to cover its once pearl-paved, now flower-enamelled, bottom. It is all done, indeed, in as short a space, and, perhaps, with yet less labour than it has cost me, poor sublunary crawling creature, to inform this fair company that such miracles have been, and continue to be, performed daily.—But, alas!" added John, after a pause, "I am in short,
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so stupid, that although I am aware the slightest fabricator of the slightest romance you may have in your library, my dear Henry, would have charms upon charms for your fine feeling susceptible hearted tribe, I have more satisfaction in the tricks of a kitten, or monkey, because their antics are more entertaining; and a great deal more natural."

CHAPTER XXIII.

HERE lady Fitzorton said to Henry, "But the goddess is not so partial to him, is she my dear poet?"—"No, that is she not," rejoined Olivia, "not by ten thousand degrees; and I thank heaven, I am not so formidably wise, and tremendously sensical as our philosopher." The latter part of her sentence was half sunk in a whisper, addressed to her father, while she spoke at John and looked at Henry. "Now that," cried John, in turn speaking at Olivia, and looking at his brother James, who had hitherto taken no part in the conversation, "that puts me in mind of another great secret in nature poetic, and

and dramatic, wholly distinct from nature absolute; in other words, the nature which is the goddess of Henry's bards and romances, and she who presides as the tutelary deity of my monkeys and kittens. You have adopted, my sweet Olivia, the stage whisper, I perceive; of the fine effect of which I am tremendously sensical, and formidably wise enough to be not a little amused by, whenever I over-hear it." Olivia blushed.—John perceived the colour he had raised, and it found a sympathy in his cheek. "My remark was made sportingly, so far as it respected you, dear Olivia," said John, kindly taking her hand, "nor am I, in this matter, out of humour with the dramatists—for whoever makes me laugh when he has been trying to make me weep is my benefactor, inasmuch as I love to laugh, and hate whimpering; but to be sure these stage whisperings are somewhat curiously managed. The bard, indeed, as my tuneful brother knows, takes as many liberties with the ears as with the eyes. He never intends his whispering characters should conceal their secrets—even should they be Family Secrets,—from the

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audience, to whom they are often more communicative than could be wished."

But although the audience may hear, the actors may not: this is a settled point; if, for instance, three persons are engaged in the scene at the same time, a lady and her two lovers, the latter we will suppose are rivals; there is nothing, I have observed, more common than for the lady standing equally distant from both the gentlemen, to assure him whom she most favours, of her eternal affection for him, and of her as eternal aversion to the other, in a stage whisper, or what is technically called an—*aside*, not a syllable of which reaches the ears of the man she hates, although her declaration mounts to the last row of the upper-gallery, and puts every 'unwashed artificer' sitting there in possession of the lady's secret. But that the dramatic probability, so much insisted on by the critics, may not herein be thought to be too grossly violated, I beg to remind them of that well-known philosophical truth, that fire is a body which, by its own nature, ascends; and in stage affairs it may mount
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with such convenient velocity, that, like a stroke of lightning, it may seize one person by the ears, and be finishing its commission in the same way upon the ears of another, at many miles' distance, without so much as singeing the curls of those who may happen to be in company with the person first struck. For my own part, this way of accounting for it is very satisfactory. Perhaps the lover, who stands on one side of the lady, as well as he who stands on the other, would, in the very prose of truth, hear also, and somewhat more distinctly than the audience, considering the difference of space betwixt the speakers and hearers, were it not necessary to pre-suppose—countless are the things to be pre-supposed in poetry, you know, Henry,—a sort of partial deafness in such of the characters as ought not to hear, our imaginations at the same time throwing wide open the ears of those who ought.”

“Son, John,” said Sir Armine, “you should consider that the business of the drama, like that of life, cannot be carried on without sometimes putting in practice a temporary
1 2 suspension

suspension of the faculties, both of ears and eyes. Upon that great stage, the stage of the world," continued Sir Armine, "we are obliged to seem deprived of half our senses, in order to preserve any share of our good humour:—nay, we are frequently reduced to seem both deaf and blind to certain inconsistencies in others or in ourselves; and few are those who have not been under a necessity of turning the apparently deaf ear, and the blind eye, on our own conduct, or on that of our neighbours. Perhaps the chief fault of the literary magi is their violation of all probability, which is ever a source of disgust to the reader, except in an Arabian tale, or any other work of pleasant impossibilities; the delight of perusing which arises wholly from observing to what an extent the human fancy may go, even while we know it has overleapt the bounds of human affairs, without receiving a check on the delight we take in these well-constructed, though avowed fictions, from the human understanding; but in a composition that is offered to us, as a faithful copy of nature and life, these extravagancies produce

produce a very contrary effect; and therein I have too often just cause to enter a serious protest against modern poetry and romance."

CHAPTER XXIV.

"I REMEMBER a certain literary friend of mine," said John, casting a sort of identifying glance at his brother Henry, "who, in a little narrative which then employed his pen, had occasion for some hawthorn bushes to hide a pair of true *loveyers* from a cross old grandmother who opposed their flame—Well, these hawthorn bushes—I forget, Henry, whether they were in blossom, but I dare say they were—these full blossoming hawthorns then were excessively convenient, and very pretty; but, as in the preceding page, we had been on a barren heath, where nothing but the furze and thistle could bloom, and we had not shifted ground, I could not help remarking, that I presumed the scene of his story was in fairy land, and these same bushes brought and popt down in the very place they were wanted, by a fairy,

one of the bard's familiars, invisible to all but the poets to whom they appertain."

Some indignant flushings passed over Henry's countenance, but tarried not.

"And had these flowering shrubs been transplanted from the garden of a rich, and if you will permit the term, a fragrant imagination—than which, properly cultured, there is nothing more blooming, nothing more beautiful," observed Sir Armine, regarding his son Henry with a smile, which was repaid to the father by two from Olivia,—“they might appear very properly placed, and give sweetness to the tale.” “Undoubtedly, Sir,” replied John, “I know very well that most grave and potent biographers, suddenly force into their service, much more difficult matters than a few hawthorn bushes, and the best authorities may be found in support of the practice, if my brother Henry chooses to shelter himself under them.”

“What, they were Henry's hawthorns, were they?” questioned his mother. “Then I am sure they must be natural and charming,” said Olivia.

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“ You do not sufficiently allow for poetic license, perhaps, John,” remarked his father. “ O yes,” rejoined John, sinking his severity in sportive tones and observations, not, however, without some just acumen, “ I have spoken with all imaginable respect to the poet’s licence, which many have thought extends to the raising an oak from an acorn in a moment; and, what I take to be as arduous, changing the sexes so entirely by the slight aid of petticoat on the gentleman, and breeches on the lady, that although not so much as a gauze veil is thrown over their faces—note here that I mean a gauze covering, in all acceptations of the word, actually and intellectually—nor any attempt at concealment, or disguise in their voices, they are as effectually guarded from observation, as was the blue-eyed goddess when she descended to the angry son of Thetis in a cloudy chariot. The necromancers in literature,” continued John Fitzorton, smiling, “ perform nightly miracles upon the modern stage without any intervention or assistance from the goddess of wisdom. There, by

the simple transfer of dresses, the persons wearing them are shrouded so, that their most intimate friends and their nearest relations cannot find them out : lovers, consumed with the tender passion, about which they have discoursed at large, in their natural characters, the very act or scene before this their metamorphosis, it is pre-determined are not to know one another. Now as this mighty magic is done on a public stage, it is to be taken for granted, that there is really and truly some necromancy about it, which our dulness does not enable us to account for, and that the spectators, who not only accommodate to, but appear frequently delighted with it, are virtually so charmed, that all their senses are, for the time being, absolutely and most conveniently thrown by the poet into a most poetical trance."

" This, it must be confessed," exclaimed Henry, with some warmth, and a little asperity, " not only out-Herods Herod, but out-Ovids Ovid, and is drawn in distemper, after my brother John's caricature manner; but as I pretend to no such supernatural

natural powers, I must deny every impotent attempt at such marvellous atchievements."—"What say you, son James, to all this?" questioned Sir Armine,—“You know, Sir,” he answered, “my constant quarrel with all excesses—and the principal fault I have to alledge against novel-writing, and their readers, is their over desire to surprise, and to be surprised, by enormous events and gigantic atchievements, above the size of any incidents I have ever yet been able to see in nature; and which, were any such discoverable in life, I should turn from them, after the indulgence of a kind of fearful curiosity, with the disgust or satiety that follows our survey of all monsters. Now, in composition, this passion for the grand and marvellous, has shut the senses of dealers in that way, whether writers, or readers, against what, as opposed to their mighty magic, may be termed the minute and natural; by which I only mean such objects as, bearing due proportion to humanity, may be seen or felt continually; or, even if they do not come

within our own notice, the representation of them strikes us, as a faithful copy of what may reasonably be felt or seen by mortal beings in similar circumstances.—In my opinion, the three vessels is a drawing that applies to literary as well as moral geography, and I cannot be laughed out of it.

“ In a word, Sir, I am a friend to due proportions, which are, I think, of the middle size, avoiding either extreme of painfully high, or insignificantly low: the giants and hobgoblins of the press, are as little to my taste as its dwarfs and pigmies. Indeed, I lost all relish for heroes or heroines of that description, since I began to consider them as bad copies of their great originals—Tom Thumb, and Jack the Giant Killer !”

CHAPTER XXV.

IN this manner would the Fitzortons and Clares console their griefs, correct their judgments, assert their intellectual independency, or improve their moral happiness; but Henry and John had, as we have observed, each subjects nearer to their souls than any thing that attaches to the pursuits of science. That of the former is already before the reader, and the themes which too often employed the contemplations of John, were of a nature so heavy to his thought, and so unyielding even to his discipline, that it became necessary to call in the active profession of arms, in aid of a strong, yet incompetent philosophy. In the collision of opinion, the mind is seized upon, and warmed by secondary objects, and its primary emotions are awhile suspended; but, faithful to these, she flies back to her master-passion: even when replete with woe; and although she again finds it necessary, perhaps, to force herself into opposite trains of reflection, or

of employment ; many are the returns, and many the desertions, ere that grand and blessed desideratum in morality — an easy government of the heart and its passions, can be attained.

Meanwhile, James continued the plain and even track of his profession, and was, on his own account, the least annoyed by care.— Even in his temper, regular in the exertion of his talents, and undeviating in his pursuits, he followed the path he had chosen, without any other ambition than that of being distinguished as a man of sound principles, sound understanding, and a sound lawyer—the honourable points towards which he found himself quietly advance. His vacations, whether of days or weeks, were past at the castle, where he entered literally into all that concerned his family or his friends ; now settled a difference, and now strengthened an agreement ; and although both John and Henry retained their own sentiments, after they had consulted him, each had so good an opinion of his fairness in judgement, and candour

candour in decision, that when Sir Armine delivered them over to themselves, declaring they must e'en battle it out, they sometimes suffered the disputed point to stand over until James should come down.

But, alas! there were several important points which neither Henry nor John could submit to the arbitration, even of a tender brother, and which, indeed, they scarcely dared whisper to their own minds. The last affray betwixt Sir Armine and Sir Guise, and the filial piety of John on that occasion, had so widened the family breach, that there seemed no way, consistent with Henry's duty, either to become an advocate for Sir Guise, or to carry on a correspondence with his son. Nevertheless, a more active power even than his general benevolence, or than his particular friendship — his love of Caroline, emboldened him to attempt both these arduous points. His efforts, however, to conciliate, produced from his father the first frown he had ever received from him; and under the misery of this, he languished until he had made atonement by a solemn promise, never
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to mention Sir Guise Stuart in the presence of Sir Armine, until permitted by the latter.

Olivia happened to be present at the moment of his father's displeasure; and Henry had observed her sympathizing tears descend, as she saw the open brow of Sir Armine contract. Those tears fell like the dews of heaven upon his anger, and melted away the frown. "Behold," said she, to Henry, "your good father has the sweetest smile on his countenance you ever saw; it would grace the brow of the angel of forgiveness." Then approaching Sir Armine, with Henry in her hand, she exclaimed—"His first offence will receive your full pardon, Sir, when you consider, there has been discovered in it, more virtue than we can find in most other people's best actions." This, though it produced an embrace from Sir Armine, was a fresh blow to Henry, who knew there was less virtue in his intercessions for the Guise family, than in most of the other actions of his life, unless it be among those cardinal virtues of human nature, which, according to the celebrated Maximist, "begin and end in self."

Olivia still saw that Henry was at war with himself, she therefore considered how she could more perfectly restore his peace. With this view, getting John into the plot, she took Sir Armine aside one evening, saying in a seducing kind of half-whisper, "she had a boon to prefer;" the Baronet replied, "she should not ask in vain." They withdrew, and in less than an hour returned hand in hand in high good humour. Mr. Clare observed, "that if she went on in that manner, making palpable love to Sir Armine, he should be jealous;" "and if you, sir, are not jealous," said James, "methinks my brother Henry will have good reason to be so, or else he is all at once grown a very even-tempered youth." Many little pacific sallies succeeded: supper was served, after which Sir Armine desired Olivia's toast; she gave "Charles Stuart;" Henry looked alternately at his Father and Olivia. Sir Armine repeated the toast with an amicable emphasis; Henry then filled his glass, bowing first to his Father, then to Olivia, who sat in her accustomed seat at his side: the bumpers passed

passed round, after which Sir Armine observed, "it had been the opinion of advocates Olivia and James, and confirmed by Philosopher John, that the white lambs should be separated from the black sheep, and that as neither Lady, Charles, nor Caroline Stuart, had at any time, aided or abetted the domestic hostilities, they were no ways contaminated by their necessary connections with their offending father;"—"and as," interrupted John, "it has been determined in our family-cabinet to re-instate Charles at the castle"—"and to allow you, my dear Henry," exclaimed Olivia, "to return his visits at the abbey." "And I hope," resumed John, "as I hate talking about it goddess, and about it, or fringing and tinselling a plain act of justice, this will take place without any unnecessary delay."—"Delay! O heavens, no!" exclaimed Henry, bowing and hurrying off.—"But deliver this packet to your friend," said John, holding him, "and be sure you tell him I acknowledge him as a brother officer;" "and take notice, my Harry," rejoined his father,

father, "I am ready to sign the treaty immediately." "Very fine," quoth Mr. Clare, "but what have all of you to say to my girl, who I plainly see, has coaxed Fitzorton out of all this? don't tell me! it was neither your law James, nor John's philosophy, no, nor yet Henry's poetry:—It was my Olivia's magic—neither youth nor age can withstand her spells. O my conscience! the next rencontre we hear of, I suppose will be between Sir Armine and his three sons, contending for my fair daughter!"—"Bless me!" said Olivia, "you make a great piece of work about a trifle. I wish every hour of my life could add either to the father or the sons some proof of the gratitude and affection I owe them!"

Henry was fully conscious of the extent of his obligation to Olivia. Not to have been touched with it, only as it had reference to his friend Charles, whose heart was almost breaking for reasons better known to Henry than to any of the company, would have placed him amongst the most base of the ungrateful; but when to that consideration,

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is added the circumstance of his hitherto clandestine visits at the abbey, receiving thence a sanction from his father, the sense of what he owed to her kindness was like the obligation itself, multiplied a thousand fold.

CHAPTER XXVI.

YET nothing is more certain, than that Henry had rather have been indebted for such obligation and such service, infinite as they were, to any one than to Olivia.

On the morning that followed these transactions, a letter, under the great seal of the family, was dispatched to Charles Stuart: then, as Henry, who was master of all his movements, perfectly knew, on a visit in the neighbourhood. That amiable youth soon obeyed the summons; for friendship, high and awful as are her claims, was but secondary in his bosom. The first grand object of attraction at the castle; like that of Henry at the abbey, alas! was Love; a secret known as yet only to each other.

Charles

Charles Stuart, for the first time since the fatal affair in the pleasure-grounds, was ushered into the castle by John, who met him with Henry at the gate; Sir Armine then received him with a smile so ineffable, that a by-stander might have supposed he had been embracing the son of a dear friend instead of an inveterate enemy; then turning to Olivia, "Young soldier," continued he, "I have made a mistake. It is here that you ought to pay your first acknowledgments: it is to that fair mediatrix we are indebted for your restoration to your friend Henry, and to our fire-side."

Charles conjured up in a moment an host of hopes which he had never before dared to indulge; for he was not now to learn Olivia's prepossessions, and never having received any marks of kindness from her which were not evidently bestowed upon Henry's account, he trembled before her without uttering a word, and did not even make his bow without embarrassment. Olivia perceiving this, and who always saw actions in the best light, imputed it to the awkwardness of his situation,

tion, and to the abruptness with which John had brought him in: following therefore that impulse, which invariably led her to augment pleasure and diminish pain, she cried out, "Indeed, Mr. Stuart, we owe the happiness of your return to your own merits and to Sir Armine's thorough sense of them; and we are all equally happy to see you at the castle, where those merits must always secure an independent welcome."

Charles having now had a moment to recover himself, replied with some coherence: observing, "that his present re-instatement, had been owing infinitely less to his own merits, than to those of every other individual then present."

CHAPTER XXVII.

NOTWITHSTANDING this renewal of his privileges, Charles Stuart's restoration at the castle was in some respects more perplexing than Henry's dismissal from the abbey. For if it gave him all the opportunities of seeing and conversing with Olivia, he thereby witnessed

witnessed but the more evidences of her entire attachment to his rival. Whenever Charles and Olivia were *tête-a-tête* she seldom entertained him with any thing but the praises of his divine friend. If any work of genius happened to be the topic, she would criticise her own remarks, and exclaim, "how much more gracefully the opinion I have offered you, would have been expressed by your friend." If any benevolent action had been reported to her, though she granted it great merit, she could not but observe, "what additional charms it would have received from the manner with which his friend Henry would have done it." If the author of such action, was not yet discovered, she would insist, "it could be no other than his friend Henry; she plainly saw his generous and delicate soul in every part of it: indeed, not more in the goodness itself, than in the caution with which it was concealed." Or if elegance of manners, grace of motion, happiness of expression, harmony of voice, or ease of address were talked of, she would be sure before the close of the conversation,

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to give powerful reasons why his friend Henry surpassed every other man in all these particulars, and generally concluded by appealing to Charles himself for a confirmation of her opinion.

Charles Stuart was perfectly sensible of Henry's high pretensions, and very readily admitted Olivia's eulogy to its utmost bound; yet he could not help now and then thinking it hard, that whenever he attempted to do justice to the claims of his friend, he rendered Olivia wholly forgetful of his own.

Thus the opportunities of cultivating her regard were of no effect; even the favourite character which Henry gave of him to Olivia, with the many recommendations of his person, heart, or understanding, all unobjectionable, though they secured for him the most perfect esteem, did not blend therewith the smallest particle of love; yet Henry, as well from his sincere friendship to Charles, as from his sincere love to Caroline, tried hard to make his friend an object of Olivia's affection. But, as a discovery of this would have counteracted his purpose, these endea-

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yours were indirect: and these very obliquities added to the perplexity. Olivia, for instance, like Caroline, was enamoured of music; Charles had skill both to sing and play; and Henry would seldom let an evening pass without calling upon Charles for a song. Olivia moved a minuet to great perfection; and when the families were assembled, her fond father would often whisper Henry, "to use his interest with Olivia to give him his favourite." Henry, to avoid this, would every now and then frame excuses that might give to Charles the chance of Olivia for a partner. At one time he pretended to be suddenly seized by the cramp, at another, he had some how twisted his ankle, and would limp towards Olivia to make his apologies, proposing at the same time, the services of his friend Charles, declaring, "he himself, as she must perceive, could not walk the figure if he might have the universe." At another time, so violent an head-ach, without any warning, would come upon him, just as Mr. Clare was making the request, that he would approach
Olivia,

Olivia, holding his hand to his forehead, intreating, "that his misfortune might not prevent her father or the company from the pleasure of seeing her dance, especially as his friend Charles could so well supply his place:" then, without giving her time to object, he would hasten to Charles as his substitute. The very idea, however, of pain or of indisposition of Henry, was sufficient to unfit her for the relish of any amusement; she would generally, therefore, be taken ill on such occasions as suddenly as himself, though with much more of reality; and once when Charles attempted to conquer her objection, and earnestly repeated the request, she cried out, "Good heavens! Mr. Stuart, have you no feeling? would you have me dance when your friend is unwell?" Now and then her father, to whom her dancing was a perfect banquet, would interpose, in obedience to whom she would stand up and suffer Charles to take her hand, but even then her attentions would go to Henry: she would beg her father "not to hum the air quite so jovially as usual," and bribing him
to

to softer tones with a kiss; "because you know, dear sir," would she say, "it will distract poor Henry's head;" then tripping to Lady Fitzorton, seated at the harpsichord, she would beseech her "to play the minuet as lightly as possible.—Piano! pianissimo! my dear madam!" cried Olivia, "I can plainly see Henry is in torture with that ugly headache." After all this, she acquitted herself so ill, that even her father, in whose opinion she could do few things ill, would sometimes say, "O' my conscience! child, one would think that you had never been at a boarding school;" and sometimes Lady Fitzorton perceiving her situation, would rise to her relief, and by an handsome apology to Charles, "beg she might be permitted to sit down, and take some other opportunity, for you cannot be ignorant, my dear sir," addressing herself to Charles, "if your friend Henry's finger does but ach, it is a death wound to this apprehensive simpleton." When, however, she did labour through her task, she would run to Henry, whom she fancied by his gravity, was offended at her inattention

to his friend, or perhaps, at her own defects, and say, "nay, but you must not be angry with me for my awkwardness, it was your own fault, and it will be quite ill-natured of you if you don't make my excuses to Mr. Stuart, by telling him I should have done more justice to him, if his friend Henry had been in better health and spirits."

Thus was poor Charles still making good the ground of his rival in all things. The mortification was shared equally by Henry, who, though justified by the unconquerable love he bore to Charles's sister, in every fair endeavour to wean Olivia from her attachment to him, and blocked out as he was on all sides from any more direct methods, could not but reproach himself for practising upon her, even on the best motives, these little deceptions; yet they were in his case sanctioned in a peculiar manner; for from the first discovery of the bent of Olivia's affections, and of the family designs built thereupon, he could have taken no measures less circuitous, without the hazard of greater mischief. But for a disposition like Henry's,

not to do or say something kind, after he had done or said any thing harsh or cruel, appeared the hardest task in the world: and if there had been a moment of his life in which he could have forgot his whole heart was Caroline's, he would in that moment have offered it to Olivia.

Thus he was continually harassed at the castle and at the abbey: the tenderest love of Olivia innocently, yet strongly accumulated his embarrassment; to render it yet more arduous, Olivia multiplied her claims to his love and honour; and all who had a natural right over Henry, and whom in every other instance he delighted to obey, grew more and more pointedly importunate.

A situation sufficiently arduous; yet was that of his friend Charles no less difficult. His honour, which was such as became a soldier and a friend, bound up the secret of Henry's attachment to his sister with more than ribs of iron, although a disclosure, either through the generous or indignant passions of Olivia, or of some of the family, might immediately, or ultimately, produce

a turn in his favour. Henry, indeed, more than once wished to make him the medium of his explanation on this head; but the little chance of its success, and the great hazard of throwing the families into confusion, with the fear that Charles himself might be looked upon as a go-between, and again expelled the castle, with the hope he sometimes indulged—what is the wild hope, that love cannot indulge?—that time and opportunity might, in the bosom of Olivia, operate in his favour, determined both the young friends to enter on an oath of silence.

Not a syllable, therefore, that implied pre-attachment, dared poor Charles adventure in his most unreserved conversations at the castle, about Henry's attachment to his sister; and whenever Olivia expressed an impatience to become personally acquainted with lady and Miss Stuart, all he could do was deeply to regret the unhappy dispute, or else return the compliment by a bow. Neither could this hapless lover, for equally cogent reasons, utter a word to Caroline of Henry's situation with Olivia, or even of his own passion for
that

that lady, since the first would have betrayed his friend's secret, and the second would have discovered his own: such are the labyrinths of love!

CHAPTER XXVIII.

CHARLES and Henry, therefore, could confide safely only in each other, and under many trying circumstances they were found faithful. With the most generous ardour and sincerity they congratulated, and condoled as occurrences of hope or of despair arose between them. If Henry sought occasion to throw the merits of Charles under the eye of Olivia, Charles with no less zeal favoured his suit with Caroline. They mingled sighs and tears of friendship and of love: they felt forcibly that the same doating fondness of their fathers, procured them, in despite of alienation, the welcome of one at the castle, and of the other to the abbey. But Henry had, hitherto, withheld, even from his bosom friend, the dire alteration of his affairs at the abbey; yet Charles began to wonder that

Henry had become a less frequent visitor there—he was surprised to find him melting into tears, and yet more to hear him frequently ask those questions about Caroline's health, to which he himself could, as he supposed, receive a personal answer.

He observed him not seldom bursting into agony as he pronounced Caroline's very name, and was astonished at the mysterious manner of Henry, when, accompanying him to the end of the avenue that led to the abbey, he would linger there, survey the mansion, embrace his friend, contend with heavy emotions, then rush towards the castle in the utmost disorder. At home also, Charles perceived that Sir Guise had become more fawningly civil than usual to his wife and daughter,—a certain prognostic of some undermining artifice; and that lady Stuart and Caroline maintained a dumb kind of grief. Indeed, the mazes were so involved that Henry could not come to an explanation with any one, and least of all with Olivia. Often was he on the verge of pouring into her gentle heart his fullest confidence, and throwing
ing

ing himself on her generosity—and once, when the confession of his heart had ascended his lip, and trembled there, he was restrained by an unexpected series of circumstances, that bound him to silence more firmly than before—circumstances which, alas! tied his tongue more potently, than if it had been bound by a thousand chains.

CHAPTER XXIX.

WHATEVER favourites the reader may have at the castle of Fitzorton, and we trust it contains not a few, he will accompany us back with a sympathizing heart to Guise Abbey.

No sooner had Caroline, that fair pattern of filial piety, gained her chamber, after her solemn taking leave of Henry, than a certain triumph which attends a truly great mind, after it has sacrificed the dearest passions to the awful duties of nature, seemed to play about her like a surrounding glory. Yet was this triumph not like that of the stoic, who prides himself upon obtaining a conquest

where there has been no formidable enemy to contend with, his own cold nature leaving him nothing to subdue, but of an heart fully sensible of its loss as of its gain. The amiable victim had obeyed an absolute father; but a lover worthy even of her affection was the price of that obedience. Her own gentle hand had heaped upon him a fresh burden of sorrow, and though she repented not of the duty she had performed, nor the pangs with which it was attended to herself, she felt the deepest concern that the peace of Henry should be involved,—as it must appear to him, by her own cruelty or caprice; for she could plainly perceive, he was neither convinced of the necessity nor virtue of her conduct. Amidst reflections like these, she walked to that window of her apartment which gave her a prospect of the castle, and which being at the top of the abbey, overlooked all malicious obstructions. She instantly beheld her Henry, taking his melancholy way towards his home, through that very avenue so dear, yet fatal to remembrance. That moment a thousand tender thoughts

thoughts crouded upon her, and in a tone of the most piercing misery, she exclaimed—
“What! Oh! what, dear youth, would I not give, did rigid duty permit me to open this casement, and invite thee to retrace thy footsteps! and intreat of thee to return to love and Caroline? Methinks, I would purchase such a transport, though but of one day’s continuance, with years of captivity; nay, with the years of my life! and art thou going from me with a sentiment in that gentle bosom against thy Caroline, as if she were insensible to virtue, worth, and tenderness, like thine?”

As she had finished this passionate apostrophe, she observed Henry quicken his pace, then stop abruptly, and turn towards the abbey, then measure back the space, and then move pensively forward. “Alas!” resumed Caroline, “that she who thus afflicts may not comfort thee! that she who has thus the power to bruise may not make thee whole again! Too well those disordered steps, and irresolute motions, denote the disorders of thy soul!” While she was thus speaking:

Henry had turned again, and stood fixed in the centre of the avenue, directing his eyes to her apartment. She had evidently caught his view, and touched by the occasion had half opened the window to repeat, and receive the last look and adieu, when that stern duty seemed to menace reproof more terrible than her father's, and in thunder to say, rash girl forbear! and as if she had, indeed, heard these words pronounced by Sir Guise, she suddenly turned from the window, and denied her heart the only comfort it was capable of tasting. "When, O! when, will implacable duty have done with its rigours?" resumed she, withdrawing to the other end of the apartment remote from the casement. She then folded her hands together, and kneeling down, she exclaimed—"O! eternally beloved, though for ever relinquished, youth! if thou art still gazing on the walls that enclose thy Caroline, may some good angel, who has distressed virtue in guard, whisper to thee the prayer which now breathes from my soul; and may a knowledge of thy Caroline's employment at this moment strengthen thee

to bear our parting, and teach thee to venerate the cause, though thou art grieved by the effect ! Blessed be the spot whereon thou standest, that consecrated earth more precious to Caroline than all that remains of the universe—where my eyes last beheld, and, alas ; for the last time, their sole delight ! or if in displeasure or despair thou hast torn thyself away, and art hastening from the mansion that hath so ill intreated thee to that which shall open all its gates to give thee welcome, may the peace which thou hast been robbed of here be restored to thee in the bosom of a family, to whom every virtue of thy soul, and every grace of thy nature is dear !—and, Oh ! in due time may some happy and deserving maid”—abruptly stopping at these words, she unfolded her hands, then clasping them more fervently together, and rising up, she threw herself upon the bed, in an agony of grief, and cried out, with heart-rending accents—“ It is too much ! I cannot, cannot bear it ! ” then raising herself again, and sinking almost in the same instant, she exclaimed, “ O God, who hast chastised, enable me to endure ! ”

CHAPTER XXX.

IN this situation lady Stuart, strongly agitated, entered the room, and seeing the state of her daughter, exclaimed—"O my child, my child, that the life or death of a mother could make thee happy! I come to thee for comfort, and thou hast none to bestow, but art in want of it thyself; nor has thy powerless parent any to give—she flies to thy protection, to thy pity, in the bitter moment of a husband's curse—yes, my child, thy father sends me to thee with his curse upon us both!"

Caroline, at the terrifying sound, sprung up, and fervently ejaculating, "my father's curse!" then lifting up her eyes, streaming with tears, to heaven—"But the Father of all shall bless us both!" said she, "he is a forgiving parent, and we will intercede with him for the pardon of him whose wrath is thus kindled against us! alas, it is the infirmity of his nature, and he suffers more sorely than ourselves!" Lady Stuart shook her head,

head, and tenderly kissing her child—"The prayers of innocence, like thine, may call down pardon, even for the guilty," said she; "but for the unremitting, unprovoked, and unresisted cruelty of Sir Guise".—Here she stopt, and bursting into a flood of tears—"surely, surely," added she, "there is, there can be no hope—but I dare not tell thee, my child, how hardly he has treated me!" "Neither dare I enquire," replied Caroline, returning her mother's kiss.—"The god of pity and pardon intercede for us all!"

The fact was, that Sir Guise had no sooner quitted the room, after his discourse with Henry, than lady Stuart, from her suite of apartments which communicated with that where Henry was sitting, came to him like the angel of compassion; and Henry, upon seeing her enter, sprung up and fell at her feet in the most passionate distress—"O lady Stuart!" said he, "Caroline has banished me from her presence for ever! she is more inexorable even than her father, who would have mediated between us, had not her fixed obduracy

obduracy prevented ; and I am now left, by both, in utter despair."

Lady Stuart bewailed his misfortune, but exhorted him to patience, and the hope of happier days ; assuring him that the wishes of her heart went with his own so entirely, that she not only desired to see her daughter and him united, but that from that union might proceed a bond of reconciliation between the too long-divided houses of Stuart and Fitzorton.

As she pronounced these words, her husband, haunted by that perturbed spirit of guilt and cowardice, which, like the never-dying worm, kept him always restless, and in motion, and practising every subterfuge of concealment and deceit, returned, and from his usual hiding place, for his ears and eyes were acquainted with every crevice and aperture throughout the house, overheard every syllable : he strode with gigantic steps from the door at which he entered to that which was opposite, and then disappeared, casting a scornful look at his lady, but without uttering a word ; so subordinate was
even

even the madness of his rage to the dastardly of his fears. His poor wife, however, could but too well interpret his silence. She knew that his unuttered purpose, like that of the lioness surveying her prey before she extends her fangs, or exalts the terrors of her voice, is but the more inveterately fell for being preceded by dumb delay. And Henry himself understood it sufficiently to exclaim, "O lady Stuart! should I be the cause of involving you too, by drawing fresh severities from Sir Guise, who may, perhaps, misinterpret my suppliant posture, I am a wretch indeed!"

"Whatever may be the event, do not stay to share it, I conjure you," said lady Stuart, "and if Caroline be dear to thee go this moment from the abbey. She, hapless girl, has too many of my griefs, and of yours, to bear already; and if I can prevent this rising storm from reaching her, I will abide its utmost fury with joy. If then she be precious to you, Mr. Fitzorton, depart before my husband returns, and depend upon all

all that a powerless, but doating mother can do, for a child who is a benefactress."

Henry folded his hands upon his breast, and, bowing his head almost to the earth, in token of unutterable gratitude and grief unspeakable, again left the house, which contained, at once, his hope and his despair. After he was gone lady Stuart remained silent and motionless, as a statue, her gentle heart foreboding a thousand terrors. Never stood she in so much need of her filial comforter, whose assistance, however, she had predetermined not to invoke. And, indeed, all unable as she was to bear the hurricanes which were incessantly beating against her by the gusts of this tempestuous man, she never called her Caroline to her aid, save when she happened to be by as the clouds were gathering, or likely to gather. On the contrary, she would felicitate herself whenever they burst on her alone, and rejoice in the thought that her poor child had been spared: and after the storms were past, her greatest care was to prevent Caroline from knowing

knowing there had been any matter of disturbance. In order to effect this, she would use every means to compose her spirits, and try to escape the penetrating eyes of Caroline, till the redness, occasioned by torrents of tears, from her own, left no traces that might betray she had been weeping.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE feeble frame, shattered nerves, and impaired health of lady Stuart, though blooming as her daughter, when she first married, would generally prove too weak for her utmost efforts, and, indeed, whenever she was longer absent than usual, Caroline would hunt her griefs through every apartment where she attempted to hide them, and insist that she had a claim from nature, and nature's god, to number "sigh for sigh, and groan for groan."

The abject-hearted Sir Guise, who had been on the watch, like some fearful scout, and trembling under his commission, not daring to put himself a second time in
Henry's

Henry's presence, sent into the room to see if his lady was alone, "but," said he to the servant, "if any one should be with her, pretend some errand and return."

Every servant, however, of the family, held the commands of Sir Guise in abhorrence, and were perfectly acquainted with his tyranny to their mistress, and their young lady, for whom they bore love and respect equal to their contempt and hate of the tyrant. Two, indeed, of the domestics had been opprobriously turned out of doors, for refusing a bribe, to become spies upon the words and actions of either lady Stuart or Caroline.

The person, who was now dispatched by Sir Guise, was named Dennison, who came into the family with his lady. At her request, also, when it was the Baronet's interest to comply with all her wishes, it was settled that this worthy adherent, who had past his blameless life in the service of her ladyship's family, should be transferred to the abbey on the union of his younger mistress, and hold the same place he had filled at Edgecombe-

combe-Hall, which was that of house steward. The quarrels, which had since passed between him and Sir Guise, on his lady's account, had been innumerable, and the experiments which the Baronet had made to force Dennison to a resignation of his place, were no less; "but where my lady lodges, there will I lodge," was his maxim, and these attempts to get rid of him had been for some time suspended, or rather Sir Guise's folly abroad had defeated his tyranny at home. And the good steward had discovered certain infidelities, of which he forbore to tell any of the family, for two reasons: first, because he held the secret over the head of his master, as a sword in the scabbard, to deter him from farther ill usage of his lady or daughter; and secondly,—which, indeed, was his only hold over him, soon after the Baronet had himself betrayed the said secret to his wife, with every wicked aggravation,—because he was fearful any revival of the subject might encrease her uneasiness, if not on the article of violated love, of indignant virtue; for the wretch with whom Sir Guise associated was
low

low born, and of a mind yet more abject. Her name was Tempest, who had been, indeed, one of the menial servants of the family; yet were there points independent of this woman, the knowledge of which still made Dennison, in some sort, formidable. As Sir Guise, therefore, was giving orders to another domestic, Dennison, who overheard them, and who, from his master's restless agility, knew there was some fresh mischief on foot, undertook to be himself the messenger.

This honest adherent, who was still an uncorrupted child of nature, no sooner saw the condition in which he found his mistress, than, disregarding the injunctions of Sir Guise, he said, "my master, madam, desires to know if you are alone; but pray, my lady, let me say you are unwell, for I fear he is not, just now, in the best humour, and I am sure your ladyship is not able to put up with what he may choose to say in tantarums. Do pray, good my lady, let me tell him it will be out of your power to receive him for some hours; and in the mean while, I will see

see what can be done to bring him about ; and shall I beg Miss Caroline to come, and keep your ladyship company, until I have got him round a little ? she is a dear soul, and will do all she can to make the best of bad matters, but it is a sad pity young master should be from the abbey. He could tame the old lion, at once, and make him as meek as a lamb ; dear Mr. Henry Fitzorton is gone away. I met him awhile ago, poor gentleman, just as he was opening the great door, and his honour shook me by the hand, God bless him ; and with his heart ready to burst, said, ‘ farewell Mr. Dennison, farewell ; pray take care of your lady, and of your young mistress, for when I have passed this threshold, Mr. Dennison, I must never come within these doors again.’

“ Then the devil may shut it, honoured Sir, said I, for Dennison, for I would be turned out of doors myself, sooner than be the man to close it upon such a friend to the family, as you are, and whom both my lady and young mistress love so dearly. ‘ Do they love me so much ?’ cried the Squire, ‘ does

‘ does Miss Caroline, think you? and yet, Dennison, she it is who’—Here, madam, the poor gentleman’s words were choaked in his sighs, and offering me a purse of money—which your ladyship must be sure, I refused, and then bidding me again, farewell, and again shaking me by the hand, he ran out of the house.”

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE suspicious disposition of Sir Guise not suffering him to wait while honest Dennison ended his harangue, and having learned from another of the servants that Henry had left the house, and must by this time have got to the castle, he went into the room, bidding Dennison, who, from an unexpected mildness in his master’s voice, withdrew.

The very instant, however, he had so done, he approached lady Stuart, dying with her tears, and in a governed tone, which, as it were, ground his words into a dreadful mutter between his teeth, which teeth he gnashed together, cried, “traiterous woman!

I see

I see you are stirring up my daughter to rebel against her father's authority, and are dividing my own house against me, as much as that of detested Fitzorton's. Do not speak; I heard you promise your assistance to the young serpent, out of that nest of snakes, crawling to you on his knees. But these are my open enemies; they are, by comparison generous;—the most baneful vipers sprung from my loins, or are nourished in my bosom. My curses on you—yes, the curse of an husband repay your treachery! and for that young adder, whom you presented to me in the shape of a daughter, go bear to her an equal execration, and tell her an injured father sent it as his last legacy; go—and if a sentence, from either of you, reaches even the servants' hall, tremble for the consequence!"

This terrible menace he accompanied with action so fierce, his eyeballs rolling, and his lips covered with foam, from the torture of passion controuled, that lady Stuart had hardly strength enough left her to totter out of

of the room, and stagger up to Caroline's apartment, in the manner before described.

Fain would she have withdrawn to her own chamber, but was, on this fore occasion led, by an involuntary impulse, to her only comforter, her Caroline, who lost her own sorrows in those of her mother; but, pressed by a multitude of emotions, she sunk at her child's feet into the most violent convulsions; nor, in the intervals of sense, could say more than, "Oh! let me not see my husband. I cannot bear the sight of him again." She remained in this condition the whole night, and with little intermission until the night following—a troubled doze ensued, on awaking from which, she felt her senses, but not her frame, restored. The tender Caroline seldom left her arms, while her guilty husband diligently avoided both his wife and child.

Once, however, when he found his lady had not been able to quit his daughter's apartments, he heard the voice of his wife, exclaiming, "my dearest Caroline, grieve not,

not, all will be well soon ;” on which he took himself down stairs, muttering, “ this is no time for me ; I suppose she is in one of her damned fits again, and I have had enough of them already.

Her disorder was on the third day augmented by a fever, in the beginning of which she intreated she might be conveyed to her own chamber—Caroline opposed this with strong, but tender controul. “ More than my life depends upon it,” said lady Stuart ; “ but do you, my Caroline, and your own woman be my conductors.” Finding her fixed on that measure, Caroline obeyed in the evening of that day, and assuming a strength, which on every other occasion would have been wanting, and was even now incredible, for she was delicate in the extreme, she folded her sick parent in her arms, and with scarcely any assistance from the attendant, bore her to her own bed ; nor did the pious son, the filial example of ancient days, when he carried Anchises, his aged father, from the flames of Troy, exhibit a sight so touching, as did this fair and duteous daughter, bending under

the weight of an agonized and tender mother, kissing her burning cheek at every step, and protesting, that if the breath with which she cooled her feverish lip, could inspire into her the spirit of returning health, she would die with transport.

Two long months did the uncomplaining victim endure this bitter visitation of heaven, during which, amidst the scorchings of her fever, the silence of her swoons, and the ravings of her delirium, when she would call with piercing screams of terror upon her child, her life-preserving child, to save her from the imagined fury of her husband—during all these was that angelic child, her constant nurse and attendant. Often did she steal from her mother's pillow, wet with her tears, and bathe her father's hand with the still dropping tears of filial misery, to intreat he would come and speak comfort to his distracted wife. But the thought that lady Stuart had betrayed his secret to Henry and Charles, and the consequent vengeance he had to expect, with the idea that Caroline had assisted in the plot, made him not only deaf

deaf to all her intercessions, but induced him often to spurn her from him with the most bitter denunciations, and brutal violence.—Dennison, also, exerted his utmost power, and would secretly have called in the assistance of his young master and Henry, had not Caroline, apprehensive of the fatal consequences that might ensue, enjoined him to keep his lady's illness, as long as possible, from her brother, and every other person.

Luckily the ensign was, at this time, in winter quarters, which he could not again quit as well on account of his late frequent trips to the abbey and castle, as a reprimand from his Colonel; and Henry Fitzorton, who lived within a very few short miles of this house of misery, and who, indeed, resided in the constant view of it, having appropriated an apartment in the castle, as did Caroline in the abbey, parallel to that which held the object of his affections, was daily more and more abridged of the power of communicating his griefs even to Charles, by the cruel injunctions, as he then conceived them to be, of the once-complying Caroline;

again

but notwithstanding all these lets and hindrances he never suffered a day to pass without taking his solitary circuit round the precincts of the abbey, wandering through its woods, or even brooding in its caverns.

At the sight of Sir Guise, or any of the family, when he rushed from his haunts, though his heart yearned to make enquiries, he would again plunge into the middle of the forest. How did he wish to present the packet which he was still augmenting, and still carried about with him, yet without daring to profit, even of opportunity ! Alas ! twice since his banishment had he attempted to gain admittance for his letters, by the medium of Dennison, and twice received them back unopened.

If after this he met the faithful Steward, he would still run to him, as to an assured friend, and ease his afflicted soul by hasty interrogations, which, since the unfortunate delivery of the letters, the poor old man could only answer with sorrowful looks, that sent the wretched wanderer away more miserable. Sometimes would he pass the darkest night,

night, stormy and bitter, beneath a clump of venerable oaks, mingled with cypress, that encircled her chamber; to the window of which he would direct his eyes, and address his prayers, listening every sound that came from within and without. Thus would he remain until the unwelcome light of the morning drove him again into his leafy concealments; in the most gloomy recesses of which, forgetful of his accustomed delights, forgetful even of his duties, so sore was the pressure of his despair, and so had it warped his soul—he would linger out the day, roaming from one entangled path to another, often throwing himself down in the most unfrequented places, and often climbing the highest tree to gaze a moment at the abbey, straining his eager view to discover that part which contained his Caroline; and then at night-fall would he steal out of the forest, like one of its fearful inhabitants, and return to his nocturnal abodes.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

AT the end of the third month of lady Stuart's sickness, in the course of which the merciless fever had nearly drunk her spirits, withered her heart, and dried her blood; and when incessant watchings and sympathizing griefs had reduced her still assiduous child almost to a like condition, the maternal martyr, feeling that the silver chord of life was almost broken, pointed to a little cabinet of silver, curiously inwrought, which stood at the edge of her dressing-table.— Being brought, she gave the key of it to Caroline, and pointed to a locket that hung to her bosom, desiring Caroline to touch the spring which would present her with another key. “And that key, my child,” said her ladyship, “will discover what the drawers in the cabinet contain.”

In a cover of pea-green silk tied, lady Stuart took from the innermost cabinet three small boxes enveloped in as many cases; her whole

whole frame was under visible agitation. Thrice she sunk down on her pillow, and rose to resume her labour; at length she produced from their coverings the miniatures of her own father and mother: she looked at them alternately for some time, pressing them by turns to her bosom, and then gave them to Caroline—"My dearest child, when these were first bestowed upon me, the oath of my secret soul was given to my God, never to part with them, but in the last hour of my life, nor even then, unless I could bequeath them to one whom I was assured would value them even, if that were possible, as I have done—else, it was part of my vow, to have them buried with me on my bosom, nearest to my heart. That hour is come."

Caroline's own heart appeared to wither at the words. "That hour is come," reiterated lady Stuart, with a smile, as if to soften the intelligence, "and my daughter will prize the legacy as tenderly as did her mother. Take them, my Caroline—Ere many moments more shall be numbered, I trust in the supreme I shall again behold the
L 4 originals,

originals, but until you, my child, join us in a better world, these faint copies shall give you the images of two of the best, noblest, wisest, dearest, of human beings."

Caroline received the miniatures in the eloquence of solemn sorrow, yet uttered not a word, nor shed a tear.

"They were the gift of my dear parents upon my bridal day. From that day was expected more happiness, perhaps, than I have ever deserved; but to whatever cause, alas! my bitter disappointment might be owing, I will not, cannot, call it a day accursed, since my child has been a recompence for a whole life of misery. Let me press once more the precious resemblances to these adoring lips, and then they are thine, my love, until it shall please Providence to bring thee also, to the bed of death. There shouldst thou find thyself parent of a child like thyself, and as worthy to be trusted with a pledge so inestimable, let them accompany thy parting benediction, even as they do mine; if not, let them repose upon thy filial bosom, whereon I now imprint the last maternal

ternal kiss—O, let them descend with thee into that tomb, where it is my latest charge, whosoever may go before thee, to take especial care thy remains are placed as near to those of thy mother, as thou art at this, her dying moment !”

The latter part of this speech she articulated with great difficulty, and with many interruptions for renovated power of utterance.

Caroline raised and reclined her by turns, but was still silent—hearing voices below, she appeared somewhat moved, and lady Stuart was agitated. The latter, however, recovering, gently said, “ if Sir Guise should chance to come, my love, let him be admitted, and if he should not, you will not forget to tell him, that more than one prayer for him has past my lips, and thousands have been offered up, in silence, from my soul.”

Here Caroline first found a voice—“ Un-
used to griefs of this nature, perhaps he is
now mourning apart—O, if any sensation re-
bukes him at a moment like this, his absence

is kind, and he is more to be commiserated than his child."

Lady Stuart rose with energy to embrace Caroline, and then taking up the silken case, which enclosed the third miniature, she said, "This too, thou frequent preserver of the life I am about to lay down, will be dear to thee. It is a likeness of what was once thy mother; alas! how changed."

As Caroline was placing it in her bosom, she looked at the similitude of the once blooming happy maid, now broken-hearted wife, and abruptly turned her head, to hide from her dying parent, the agony that rose out of the comparison.

After this, lady Stuart lay for near a quarter of an hour, as in death, during which, a gentle tapping was given at the door of her chamber, heard only by the female attendant; Caroline being absorbed, with her eyes fixed on those of her mother: and as she reclined her lips near those of lady Stuart, to catch the last aspiration of life, her woman passed softly, and unperceived, to the door.—

"Hush!"

“Hush!” said the person that entered, making at the same time signs of silence, and moving on tiptoe. The maid gently drew the curtain of the bed, on the door side, to its extent. A soft tread was again heard on the stairs, but the appearance of the physician, in the next instant, seemed to explain it. Caroline, delivering her mother’s hand into the physician’s, said, with trembling hope—“she has a pulse, sir, and I felt her breath this instant on my cheek.” “Yes, there is life,” replied the doctor, “but, alas! so little, that a few more imperfect pulsations, and probably”—“For pity’s sake,” interposed Caroline, “anticipate not her death—I fear, I fear I am not yet prepared to bear it.” Lady Stuart began to move her lips, and then, without opening her eyes, ejaculated faintly—“Help, Caroline, help me to bless your brother, my always good and tender Charles.” A whispered voice from the other side, scarcely more forcible than that of Lady Stuart, breathed forth—“she speaks!”

"And if departed souls," continued her ladyship, "are permitted to know, and to feel the concerns, of what was most dear to them in this mortal world"——

She made a second pause, to gain strength, for the tide of life had nearly ebbed away.

"My first prayer to the fountain of all good, shall be"——

A third time she wanted breath.

"Yes, my first prayer to the great disposer shall be, that Caroline and Henry"—

"Good God! can this be supported?" whispered a voice more faint than the former.

Caroline turned, as if she had indistinctly heard the sounds, but in the next moment a lengthened sigh from lady Stuart recalled her whole attention.

"That is her last!" said the physician—
"Last! O God! O God! my mother is dead," resumed the voice on the other side.

Caroline started.

"Your mother," rejoined the physician, addressing himself to that part of the room from whence the voice was heard, "is now

an angel in heaven." The opposite curtains were suddenly thrown aside, presenting to the astonished view of Caroline, her brother and Henry Fitzorton standing side by side, and holding the curtain in their hands to support them.

A shriek, which seemed to be the burst of her long accumulating, and long suppressed emotions, broke from Caroline, as she sunk to the floor, like one who has been stricken with sudden death. Henry ran round to the other side of the bed, and caught her in his arms, while Charles assisted to convey her to the air of the window, which the physician had thrown open for that purpose. Mean while, the terror-struck attendants ran down stairs for the usual restoratives, exclaiming, "my dear young mistress, and my lady, are dead! both dead!—where is Sir Guise? where is my master?"

The Baronet and Dennison were at this time together: the latter, not expecting his lady to be so near her end, was trying to keep his master in conversation till Charles and Henry, to whom he had opened the door,

door, had come down stairs. This sudden alarm, however, hurried him out of his recollection, and rather dragging than leading his master, who was himself bewildered, they got into the chamber before Caroline had recovered from her swoon, or any of the parties had altered their position, save that the cheek of Caroline, utterly unconscious of a pressure, was reposing upon that of Henry.

A new language must be invented, before a just description can be given of Sir Guise in this scene; his figure, attitude, and look, denoted ten thousand emotions, subordinate to one, however, which, like Aaron's serpent, swallowed up the rest.

The physician fearing that if Caroline, on the first return of her senses, should be presented with the view of her deceased mother, it might bring on some fatal relapse, had again drawn the bed curtains close round, so that the corpse was concealed from view. It was not, therefore, the condition of his breathless wife, nor was it the sight of his daughter, stretched like another corpse under his eye; nor yet was it the unexpected
sight

fight of the darling son, whom he supposed at the distance of some hundred miles, and whom, at any other time, his savage heart would have bounded to embrace ; but it was simply, and singly, the soul-staggering sight of that Henry Fitzorton, whom he thought never more to behold within the walls of the abbey, holding that daughter, who at his command had solemnly forbade him her presence, enfolded again in his arms ! and in his wife's bed-chamber ! and manifestly with the consent and concurrence of his son ! In confirmation of all which, one hand of this very son was tenderly clasped in Henry's, while he gently chafed the temples of his sister with the other. After surveying the parties for the space of a minute, almost suffocated for want of utterance, he shouted forth in a voice so little human, that it seemed the howl of a famished wolf in the wilderness on the first sight of its prey, after long despair to find it—" Hell ! and its chosen fiends ! what do I see ?"—

This savage exclamation, which might almost have raised the dead, and killed the dying,

dying, restored Caroline, in some measure, to herself, shuddering as if the icy hand of fate was on her; and not yet knowing where, and with whom she was. On seeing Sir Guise, she sunk from Henry's arms on her knees, and dropt, as if deprived of life, at her father's feet; yet nothing now seemed to have attraction for Sir Guise but Henry Fitzorton, on whom he still fixed his staring eye, until the almost idiot steadiness of his gaze drew, at length, the eyes of Caroline to the same object.

Amidst the distraction of confused sensations she sprung from him; but her brother perceiving a dreadful intent brooding in the fell soul of Sir Guise, then too violently agitated to attend to consequences, advanced towards him—"Forbear, destroyer, to add the broken heart of thy daughter, and the distraction of thy son, to the murder of thy wife." "Thy life," said Henry, approaching him, "depends solely upon thy child's! Beware!"—But Sir Guise, driven by his foaming rage out of every prudent passion, still cherished a desperate purpose, when
Caroline,

Caroline, with that presence of mind, which never but in the absence of sense wholly forsook her, undrew the curtain between Sir Guise and her mother's corpse, and then led her father towards the bed with one hand, while with the other she pointed to the body; but not a syllable escaped her lips. O weakness of human language! what form of words could have added energy to such a silence? The heart of the hardened quaked under it. "Unnatural! behold the work of thy hands," said the son, dropping on his knees, and pressing his mother's clay-cold hand fervently to his lips—Henry again whispered Sir Guise "to beware!" but Charles, now almost frantic with grief for the loss of a parent, whom he loved tenderly, and maddening with resentment against her destroyer, would certainly have completed the horrors of this chamber of despair and death, had not Henry, Denison, and Caroline, thrown themselves between the father and the son. Unable, however, for the moment, to separate the parent from the criminal, no opposing force could prevent the noble and indignant youth from dragging

dragging down Sir Guise on his knees, and swearing by the angel-spirit of his departed mother, that if he did not that instant beseech forgiveness of the murdered saint now stretched before him, no power on earth should make him endure the sight of him again, but he would brand him as the assassin of the innocent, until the habitable earth should not contain a corner to shield from scorn his opprobrious head.

Sir Guise, divided between the miscreant emotions of fear and shame, folded his hands together, and muttered something like a sorrow for what had happened; then being permitted to rise up, he slunk, like a detected robber, out of the room, attended by Dennison and the physician.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Thus died the excellent and gentle lady Stuart, and such were the events which happened immediately after she had expired.— Had she lived an hour longer, her last moments must have been disturbed by scenes which, in her firmest health, she had neither spirits nor strength to support.—

Should the untimely fate of this lady have drawn from the reader, therefore, a tear of grief, another of consolation will succeed; as he reflects that she was then dismissed to the realms of eternal rest, amidst the calm of innocence, the peace of virtue, and love of the good.

The next point we have to settle with the reader, is the unexpected appearance of Charles and Henry; to satisfy him on which head, he must be informed, that Henry having by letter acquainted his friend of the news that had been imparted to him, respecting lady Stuart's declining health: Charles communicated the tidings to his colonel,

colonel, observing at the same time, that though his duty, as an officer, was dear to him as his own life, the duty that he owed to, perhaps, a dying mother, was dearer still; and that he verily believed desertion would follow refusal of leave to attend her, unless at the time of such refusal, he was put under an arrest, which he intreated might be the case, as the only means to secure him from a breach of duty. His colonel, touched with an ardour like his own, and disdaining to attend to the literal traits of a threat, which was sanctioned by its motive, and which tried not by martial law, but in the courts of humanity, might have almost justified the offence itself, replied, "Take my hand, young foldier, and with it, take not my consent only, but my command, to remain with your mother as long as your society can administer to her one comfortable moment; and if you return from your post sooner, damn me, if I do not give my vote to have you broke—aye, and you would deserve to be shot more than any deserter upon earth, and that for disobedience as well of my
orders,

orders, as of those of my superior, the great god of nature himself. And as to your absence, were it even on the day of battle, my boy, by the god of war, I would fight with a sword in each hand, as your substitute; aye, and do you justice too upon the enemy: so march, my lad, and don't stay any longer here to parley—but here's a letter, I received from a brother officer, which came to me a few posts ago, and in which you are concerned; you may read it on the road; "time is now precious." Charles pressed his colonel's hand to his glowing cheek, bowed, and disappeared. Post-horses, and the travel of night and day, brought him with breathless haste in the twilight of the second day's journey, to the gate of the abbey, where being met by Henry, who was at that time taking his evening round of solitary sorrow—"My friend," said Charles, alighting from his horse, "do I behold Henry Fitzorton?"—"O, Charles!" replied Henry, "this has been my night's sojourn—these woods have
so

so long received me, that I now seem to be one of their natural inhabitants."

"Does my mother yet live?" demanded Charles, "and how is my poor sister?" then, without waiting a reply, he took Henry by the hand, and would have thundered for admittance at the abbey door, had not the thought of the sick lady Stuart intervened. He gave, therefore, a more gentle summons, which being luckily answered by Dennison, who was, at that moment, sitting pensive in the cloisters of the grand entrance, "Help me, good old man," said Charles, "to ascend the chamber of a dying mother, and of a sister, who, I fear, alas!"—"Sister!" said the terror-stricken Henry. He had neither time nor breath to utter more, for Charles trembled like himself, at every step, as he passed the cloisters. At remote distances lamps were hung on the pillars; their footsteps reverberated a sound that was portentous and sepulchral; the veteran, who accompanied them, whispered, "less noise! dear young master, less noise!" and when the impatient,

patient, but tender youth, and his friend, had gained the back stair-case, Dennison disappeared, and sought Sir Guise, for the purpose already related.

There remains but one circumstance more, therefore, to be settled with the reader, and that is, the letter that Charles Stuart's worthy colonel gave that heroic youth at parting. This will best explain itself, as well as the parties concerned.

‘ TO COLONEL FORBES.

‘ Dear Sir,

‘ A young officer of merit has the honour
‘ to be under your command, whose name
‘ is Charles Stuart. As it is possible, from
‘ a recent event, that his reputation may be
‘ involved in the disgrace that attaches to
‘ one who is but too much honoured in
‘ bearing the same name, and being of the
‘ same family, it is my bounden duty, as a
‘ party in the business, to apprise you, that
‘ the conduct of that young officer would
‘ entitle him, were it known, to the con-
‘ gratulations of the whole army. If any
‘ whispers,

‘ whispers, to Mr. Stuart’s disadvantage,
 ‘ should reach his regiment, I shall be ready
 ‘ to give in such evidence, on the honour
 ‘ of a soldier, as will fix him in the highest
 ‘ rank of consideration. To this end, should
 ‘ my personal attendance, should my sword,
 ‘ should even my life be necessary, I would
 ‘ attend your summons.

‘ Meanwhile, I rejoice to know that he is
 ‘ in protection of Colonel Forbes.

‘ I have the honour to be,

‘ Sir, your obedient servant,

Fitzorton-Castle.

‘ JOHN FITZORTON.’

Sir Guise, from want of honour and good faith in himself, suspecting every body else, supposed Caroline had betrayed him to Henry, that Henry had of course imparted it to Charles ; and that he had the just resentment of both ;—he took refuge in the most obscure and remote part of the old buildings, separated from the tenanted part of the abbey, and could he, by any means whatever, have shaken off old Dennison, he would have gone alone : although it was now some hours

hours before break of day, and he was both timid and superstitious.

CHAPTER XXXV.

INDEED his hiding place was well fitted to the darkness of his spirit, the dastardy of his guilt, and the fears that are natural to both. It was situate in a part of the abbey, which, from being long untenanted, had fallen into decay, insomuch, that the chatter of the daw, the croak of the toad, and the heavy wing of the raven, and of other birds that seem to delight in the ruin of human grandeur and ambition, were heard through the broken apertures, which time, that great dissimulant of all the laboured towers of vanity, had made in the walls. A number of subterraneous passages yawned, like cavern mouths, in different parts: gaps also were opened in its sides, through which the wind emitted an hollow sound, which was hoarsely repeated by the affrighted echo—In ancient days, this gloomy recess had been, as records testified, a place of sepulture; more-

over, it was damp and desolate to such an extreme, that a chill like that of death ran through the blood as you entered it; in short, it was the last recess that Sir Guise, of all men, would have entered in the hours of darkness, had he not been driven into it by those overwhelming terrors, which now seized upon him.

Often did he look behind, as he traversed the long ailes that led to this Golgotha: and finding neither force nor flattery could get rid of the vigilant Dennison, he submitted to his entering, after drawing across the door, which was knotted with enormous studs of iron, the rusty bolts, that terrified him.

Dennison, whose heart would have done honour to the most exalted, even as it dignified the most humble, station, began to feel towards his master a degree of pity; and, indeed, there is not, perhaps, in the whole world a more complete object of commiseration, than an unhappy wretch, trembling under a thorough conviction of his own unworthiness, and flying from the man he has injured.

The

The good Dennison on perceiving Sir Guise in great terror, and rightly judging it must be of his son and Henry Fitzorton, assured him, in a voice that even guilt itself, with all its train of suspicions, must have believed, that he might make himself quite easy, as he had left both the young squires in his poor dead lady's chamber;—"As for her," observed Dennison, "she is now a saint above all of us; so all is for the best, and as she could get no happiness in life, I am glad she is gone where she is sure to find it. I am crying, to be sure, because I shall not see her any more; and I used to love to see her:—she was a perfect beauty, you know, when you married her, Sir, and she was handsome to the last; nay, her sweet good soul went out of the world with a smile on her; and you might have seen it after she was dead, while you were all taken up about Miss Caroline, who is as good as her mother, and that is saying every thing:—I say, Sir, while you were all busy about poor young lady, who seemed to have a mind to follow her mother to heaven, and, for aught I can tell,

may die yet, for she has had but a wearisome time of it, and has but weakly health ; well—while you were bringing her out of her fit, poor soul, I stole round to my dear lady, and got within the curtains, and stood looking at the smile she died with, until my heart was ready to burst. I could have kissed it, but thought I should not be so bold when she was dead, seeing I should as soon die myself, as think of such a thing when she was alive ; and as my boldness would have been seen—what, does not God and his angels see, you know, Sir?—every thing, Sir ; aye, just as well in this dark hole, as in full day time ; and, if they did not, a man cannot run from his own wicked heart—so I only made free to kneel down by her bed-side, and take my lady's hand ; O, 'twas just like a lump of snow, only colder and fairer, all to nothing !—you know she always had such a hand and arm as you shall not see, except Miss Caroline's—and I could not help saying—' Well, God bless you ! you are out of your troubles at last—I am not sorry ; you were too good for this world, and the best always go first :
you

you have been a good lady to me, as you was to every body else ; and, for a mother and wife, I think, I never looked on your like ;' — which your honour knows was no more than the truth, though you used to be so hard with her at times ; but, lost goods are most prized ; and, I dare say, your honour would be shut without light until Whitsuntide, in this desperate hole to have her back again. But all this is no matter, she is in heaven, and you are here skulking in this dirty corner—there's the difference ; so we have nothing to do but make the best of a bad matter ; but as it would not be pleasant to sleep in this old charnel, amongst owls, toads, and dead men's skulls—what I have to say is, if you are afraid to meet young master, who, to be sure, is as brave as a lion ; so is Mr. Henry,—why, I will engage to get them out of the way, and then come and let your honour know : I would not betray you, even if your honour was a murderer, and man's blood on your hand, if I once said the word. If a man's word cannot be taken, there's an end of him. Thus, you may get to your comfortable
M 3 bed,

bed, and matters will be blown over by the morning."

Sir Guise, had not his tongue been chained by his fears, and every limb in subjection to the idea that devoured him, would have soon checked these effusions; but he now heard them without any interruption, and accepted the proposal. "I know," said he, "you are to be depended on, Dennison; and, as I do not choose to have any words with my son, and as you well know what reason I have to dislike the Fitzortons, though Henry, I own, is the best of them:—Why, my good Dennison, you may do as you mention; I am sure, you would die rather than betray your master. Yes, yes; I am not now to learn, Dennison is to be depended upon: I would trust him with my life."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

“So any man might, Sir,” quoth the Steward, “if I said it, even if a man ought to be hanged:” Dennison, however, had, on the present occasion, little left for the farther trial of his integrity, for he found his good-natured designs already anticipated by Caroline. This British daughter, whose filial virtues might well contend with those of the most celebrated one of older times, met Dennison just as he had regained the habitable part of the abbey;—“Where is my father?” she exclaimed; “I have sought him wherever I thought it possible he should take refuge, but all in vain, and I am in ten thousand terrors. Have you seen him? Is he safe? I am almost distracted. Good God! where can he be gone—why do not you speak?”

The rapidity and confusion with which she uttered this, made it impossible for Dennison to edge in any thing like a reply until she had done speaking, and then the honourable

struggle of a moment, betwixt the desire of his heart, to compose the fears of his young mistress, and the debate of his conscience, whether he ought to do so by a breach of his word, produced in Dennison a short hesitation, which Caroline interpreted the worst way; namely, his reluctance to tell what had happened to his master. This fear so agitated her that the taper dropped extinguished from her hands, and she herself would have followed it, had not the affrighted Dennison called out—“ He lives, dear my lady mistress, he lives, and I will conduct you to him—You would not harm a worm—he will not be afraid of such an angel as you; only we must not say any thing to young master and Mr. Fitzorton.”

“ They are safe,” replied Caroline, somewhat recovered, desiring Dennison to lead on and never to stand for light, but if any was wanted to fetch it afterwards.

“ Permit your servant then, my lady,” said Dennison; “ to be so bold to take your hand and be your guide; I dare say, I can make

make out the road, though I never took it above once or twice before in my life, and then in broad day, except just now, for the hall, you know, is haunted, not that, I think, there is a ghost on earth would choose such a fearfulsome place as that, and if he did I defy him;—for a guilty conscience is worse than he, if he were the devil himself; and a man cannot get out of the way of that, no not in a summer's-day, seeing he carries it about with him. Where that goes will he go; where that lodges will he lodge, as the scripture says. And for that matter, master is but a timmerfome bit of a gentleman, you know, and mayhap will wonder he came for to go to such a hobgoblin old nick of a—— But that's his affair; and as for lights, why we are going, where, on such a night as this—do but hear how the rain beats, and the wind roars, through these old piaches—a torch could not stand it; no, hardly; an' it were in an horn lantern.”

All this time Dennison, gently holding Caroline with one hand, and exploring his

way with the other, was retracing his former footsteps—and Caroline at the end of his speech, which though all in whisper, vibrated back upon them hollow responses, exclaimed—"I care not for light or darkness, so that you conduct me to my father!"

"Here then we have him, miss," said Dennison, "for we have but to get through this alley, so then into the court-yard, then pass the old tower, then into the back ruins, so then by the broken draw-bridge, and leave Monk's moat, as we call him, to the right, until we come to the Abbot's Basin, slipside which, is Deadmen's Corner, and there is master." "Deadmen's Corner! what! in the charnel-house in the old buildings?" exclaimed Caroline.—

"Yes, miss, my lady, there he is sure enough—and glad enough he will be, I warrant him, to get out by this time, for he had never a hat on his head, until, as I was coming out, I clapt mine on it: by the same token, it would not be amiss, before we creep through this hole, which brings us into the

the

the ruinations, to throw a bit of a covering over your shoulders."

These words he accompanied by the action suggested, and had his furtout, which he always wore summer and winter, in door and out, buttoned over her before she could guess what he was about.

"God save thee, good miss!" said Denison, as they gained the open area, "did you see that flash of lightning?—Well, that will light us on a bit; we shall have a fine clap of thunder roll after him, I warrant, presently. Aye, there he comes—I told you so—and how the wind whizzes the rain in one's face—stop a bit—Its clean, though coarse, miss, I took him out of lavender, of my own drying, this morning—sweet as a rose, an't he ——"

The Steward was all this time fastening his handkerchief over Caroline's head—"Pull it, my lady, a little more over your pretty face," continued he, "in the way of a hood like; or suppose now, you were to hold the two ends in your mouth in this-um fashion—by the same token, this is a terrible night at

sea; but there's one who can take care of those who travel by land or by water, you know; though I wish I had my hat upon your head, my lady miss, instead of where it is, too; for 'tis pity O' the world to wet such locks as these—um—alack! you are my ladyship now, more's the mis-hap, for my poor mistress, my lady that was, is all this time where no storms nor tempests can reach her: she is far enough away, thank God, from such things."

The last sentence is the only one in this harangue, or in its accompaniments, that appeared to divide the attention of Caroline from what she was in pursuit of:—neither thunder, lightning, the delay, length, or ruggedness of the way, nor the rain that fell upon her, notwithstanding all honest Dennison's precautions, were deemed worthy of her notice, but at the mention of her mother's situation, a long and heavy sigh, as if from the bottom of her soul, burst from her, and she exclaimed, "Oh! God, Oh! God, never till we join in heaven, Dennison, shall we behold such another woman!"—

"That's

“That’s a sure thing, miss, and God forgive me, I was going to say, nor then neither, except your ladyship’s self—yet, with reverence, I might have said it too—for were there more angels than a body could count, you and she shall be amongst the first of them—so don’t grieve, miss, any more. For she is better off than we a thousand to one, though instead of being thus pelted, we were in the midst of summer, on a sunshiny day.—But we have got to Abbot’s Bason, and—aye, here we have it—I now have got to the door—I have my hand on one of the nails—They are bigger, miss, than your little fist—so now for it.”

Saying this, Dennison tapped at the door, which Sir Guise, on recognizing the voice, opened, and Dennison entered, leading in Caroline.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

A CONTINUED flashing of the lightning, however, assisted by the faint approaches of the dawn, threw light enough upon them, to discover that the companion of Dennison was habited as a man; Sir Guise, therefore, assisted by his guilty fears, easily magnified the poor unoffending Caroline either into his angry son, Charles, or the vindictive Henry Fitzorton. Under this apprehension, he shrunk back to the farthest corner of the dismal cell, and in a voice more fearful than the thunder that rattled over the ruins, cried out, "Villain! you have betrayed me, and have brought either my hated enemy, or my own rebellious child, to assassinate me." "Your own child, sure enough she is," said Dennison, "but I do not think she would assassinate, as you call it, the gnat that stung her pretty face; it is, miss Caroline, buttoned up in my old weatherall, and by the same token, as the rain don't seem to give over, I shall make bold with

with my hat off your honour's head, seeing a man has a right to take his own wherever he can find it, and my old handkerchief that I have tied, you see, under madam's little chin, is handsomely soaked by this time."

While Dennison was saying this, Caroline had run to her father, and convinced him she came in her accustomed character, as the messenger of peace, and took the hat, which Dennison had transferred from father to daughter, and replaced it upon that head which less deserved protection, tenderly exclaiming, "For goodness sake, my dear Sir, let me conduct you from this dreadful place to your own apartment, and do you go before, Dennison, and fetch a light"—"As to light, madam, as I told you before, we can have none but that which God sends us, and must e'en go back as we came, and for that matter, it lightens so, you may see to pick a pin up, though between whiles, it is as dark as my hat."

Sir Guise exclaimed, "I'll not stir, I tell you, until Charles is in bed, and that fellow, to whom you, Caroline, have betrayed me,
and

and whom you brought into the abbey after you had forbidden him, is out of my house."

Caroline now perceiving the nature of his fears, and of his mistake, "assured him, that so far from being privy to Mr. Fitzorton's gaining entrance into the abbey, her surprize was equal to her father's, on seeing him in her poor mother's chamber.

"O, your honour, I can set that right," said Dennison. The good old man then related the circumstances of Henry's being brought in by Charles, in consequence of a letter sent by the former, respecting lady Stuart's dangerous sickness, and other particulars, with which the reader is already acquainted.

Cowardice itself, born, as it often is, of conscious crimes, though in the case of Sir Guise, it was a timid dastardy of constitution, aggravated by guilt, and, indeed, by every thing that pointed at personal danger, might have caught encouragement from such explanations, and such explainers. Sir Guise, therefore, suffered himself to be conducted out of the Golgotha by his daughter, and soon

soon regained the inhabited part of the abbey. Hearing from one of his servants, that Mr. Henry Fitzorton was gone home to the castle, but that the captain had returned, and was gone to bed, he stole up the back-stairs on tiptoe to his own apartment, like a thief in the night, leaving Dennison and his daughter to dispose of themselves as they thought proper.

“ If, my good Dennison, you are not too wet and weary,” said the gentle Caroline, as she descended the stairs from the apartment of her father, “ if, indeed, you are not quite worn out, I wish you would betake yourself to my brother’s chamber door, and wait there until you hear him stirring in the morning, then do not fail to let me know before he can possibly come down stairs.—You will find me in my poor mother’s apartment, which, alas ! I have quitted too long ; but you know, my good Dennison, it has been unavoidable.” — “ Wet, and weary !” answered Dennison, “ why if you will promise to put on something dry, and take a drop of something comfortable yourself, and a bit of
a nap,

a nap, I would stand up to the chin for half a day in one of our old moats ! I have got some rare stingo, miss, in my closet here hard-by, will keep the cold out of your stomach curiously, I warrant him a perfect cordial.”—“ I am glad you mentioned it,” said Caroline, “ a glass of it, may, perhaps, do my father good, after standing so long in that miserable place : I will take it to him directly ; and you know, Dennison, you may at the same time carry another to my brother, for he too has been exposing himself this shocking night,—alas, I wish this had been mentioned before his—his—his—friend went out of the house, for—though—Hen—Henry—Mr.—Henry Fitzorton has done something very much to displease me, I don’t bear him the least ill will, Dennison.”

“ Ill will, miss ! why you love him as well as you do the eyes in your head, and he the same ! and both of you know it,—and I hope you will both come together yet—for all this. Don’t you remember my poor lady’s dying words about it ?”

Dennison,

Dennison, who the reader remembers always held discourse, and did business at the same time, had now unlocked his closet, and produced a goodly stone bottle that promised comfort, and while Dennison was pouring some of its contents into a little glass that stood beside it, and was its constant companion, he cried, "Miss, if you don't take off this thimbleful to the poor young gentleman's health, neither my young nor my old master, saving your presence, shall have a drop of it, if it were to save their lives! I am sure," added he, holding it to Caroline's lips, "if Squire Henry did but know we were drinking his health, he would not mind the wet weather, no, not even if he had been drawn through an horse-pond.—I know what true love is, as well as either of you; but all this time you're in your damp cloaths, so warm the inside first with this, and then I promise to do as you desire."

While Caroline pressed her lip on the glass, he said, "now remember, miss, you are drinking the health of young Squire Fitzorton."

Caroline

Caroline sighed, gave the good old man a pressure of the hand, and begged him to pour out another glass for Sir Guise.—“Certainly, miss,” said he, “but not before I have done honour to your ladyship’s first toast in this kind of manner,” here he took off a bumper; and filling the glass a third time, Caroline took it to her father’s chamber door, where, unable to gain admittance, though she heard him move, and told her errand, she was obliged to bring it back to Dennison, who carried it to her brother, with charge, however, not to disturb him if he appeared to be asleep.

Thus they separated to their different occupations; Dennison, who in Caroline’s absence had thrown on some dry cloaths, to keep guard at his young master’s door, and Caroline to the corpse of her dead mother.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

WE must there leave them awhile, in their respective stations, to see what happened in lady Stuart's chamber, after it had been left in such disorder by Sir Guise, Caroline, Dennison, and the physician : for besides the interest which, we trust, the reader will now take in whatever concerns young Henry and his friend Charles, the amiable Caroline had concealed several matters which it is necessary, to the connection of the history, the reader should know.

For some time after the young friends were left together, Charles was so agitated by grief for the loss of his mother, and resentment against his father, whom he looked upon as the entire author of her death ; and the whole scene appeared to Henry so powerful an enchantment, that their eyes were, alternately, fastened upon the living and upon the dead, without speech or motion. At length the tender-hearted Charles, as if no longer able to support the view, flung his arms around
his

his friend, and, looking on the corpse, exclaimed,—“ O Henry ! one of the strongest ties of my life is there rent asunder ; yet shall not those which remain be the more precious ? but you must not consider this effusion of excessive sorrow for the untimely, I fear the unnatural, fate of that excellent parent, as my weakness.”

Henry, who was sufficiently touched before, now joined his sighs and tears in generous sympathy, but exhorted him to withdraw from the sight.—“ When I have pressed upon this cold maternal lip one kiss,” continued Charles, “ it shall be so ;” in stooping down to do which he discovered the little case out of which his sister had taken the miniatures which, as the reader already knows, she had safely deposited. The cabinet still remained ; and in the confusion of lady Stuart’s last moments, or perhaps from design, it had got between her face and her pillow, and in that situation was it found by Charles. And now a discovery was made, which threw Henry into a state impossible to describe ; for the miniatures of his beloved Caroline,

and of his friend Charles, were at the bottom of the cabinet; and as the excellent mother did not bequeath these to her daughter, or even mention them with that of herself, or those of her parents, she probably designed to have had them buried with her. Henry being unable to speak, looked those unutterable wishes, which Charles easily interpreted, exclaiming, "Yes, dearest of my friends! they shall be yours! both yours! does not the situation in which I found them, seem to whisper to us, that they received a mother's blessing with her latest breath?"

Henry took the miniatures with a trembling hand, and pressing them to his lips, put them hastily into his bosom, saying only, "this is their proper mansion, they are here at home." "But where," exclaimed Charles, "is the assassin of our peace? that inhuman, I will not outrage the sacred name by calling him father! where has his atrocious guilt hid itself from his desolated, his degraded son? He has murdered my mother, and is making my sister cruel as himself: perhaps she is
now

now protecting him from my just and pious indignation !”

“ If the memory of your deceased mother, whose spirit may, perhaps, be now disturbed in heaven itself, by the knowledge of our indecent ill-timed contentions, be dear my friend,” said Henry, “ do not attempt to find Sir Guise, whatever asylum he may have chosen, while the sacred corpse of your dear mother is yet in the chamber that gave you and Caroline birth ! rather, ah ! rather aid her, to perform the last sad offices with filial decency and christian resignation.”

Charles melted as he heard,—and embracing his friend, “ Well,” said the generous youth, “ it shall be so ; I will try to conduct myself in every thing at this awful crisis, as your piety suggests. Were it not for my sister’s sake,” continued the lieutenant, “ I would leave the house this moment, never to return ; and, indeed, it is not safe, my friend, for me to remain here any longer at present : should I meet with the author of all our miseries, I fear neither the living nor the dead will

will make me remember my promises." In this disposition Charles and Henry left the abbey.

Caroline re-entered her mother's apartment at midnight, when addressing the attendants who were sitting up with the body, she said she chose now to undertake that office herself, and desired they might go to rest. The reader is sufficiently acquainted with the mind of Caroline Stuart to know, that the dutiful opposition which was made to this, on the part of the servants, effected no change in her designs, though it received the kindest acknowledgment. One of the chambermaids intreated she might sit by the corpse of her dear lady, protesting she would lay down her life to restore her. "And if my young mistress will go to bed," exclaimed another, "I will engage not to have a wink of sleep get into my eyes for a month, if my mistress's precious remains could be preserved above ground."

When Caroline was left alone, she seated herself by the side of her bed, without any of the ordinary terrors on being in the room

with the dead. Various are the instances we have already given the reader, of her extraordinary strength of mind. It was that alone, which enabled her to support the fatigues and miseries of the past memorable scenes; and it now assisted her to perform other offices which her love suggested.

The pride of female youth, even as it was displayed in the redundant locks of Caroline, surpassed not those beautiful tresses which still adorned her mother. Caroline passed some time in adjusting these with as much care, though with the strictest homage to nature, as if her mother were alive. She parted them, spread them over the shoulders, disposed them into ringlets, talked to them, pressed them to her lips, and bathed them with her tears. Looking earnestly in her mother's face, she could sometimes fancy she was about to speak. She perceived the smile which Dennison had so artlessly celebrated, still impressed: at length, she confined the hair under a simple veil of white crape, as her mother had directed, and after a thousand other tenderesses,—which, if the reader has
not

not a heart to take an interest in, we can only condole with or congratulate him upon it, which he likes best—she felt herself weighed down by the different occurrences of the night, and taking her mother's cold hand in her own, she lay down by her side, and fell into a sounder sleep, than, it is probable, her guilty father had enjoyed during the night.

The sun and Charles Stuart rose together, and the trusty Dennison came to the door of his lady's apartment to announce,—saying, “My young master is stirring, madam, and on ringing his bell, I went myself to receive his orders, which were to get his horses ready, and send up his boots and spurs immediately; so, calling his own man to do these things, I came, as promised, to let you know it, miss;—and here you have never had your clothes off I see, and I suppose have been lying by the side of my poor lady all this time; aye, here is the length of ye; and I can see you have just let go that cold hand. For that matter, my young master had but a wearisome time of it any more than yourself; I heard him very restless, and taking on pitiously,

pitiously, for I did not budge an inch, and he called out by times upon his mother and yourself, miss, and Squire Henry; and once I heard him say, poor Dennison! More than all, he mentioned the name of Olivia, which, as I take it, is the name of the young lady now come down again to pass the summer with her father at the manor-house."

"Olivia!" said Caroline, "what Olivia Clare! since our infant days we have not met, alas! we then were tender friends; but I have heard she is——" "as pretty a creature, they tell me," interposed Dennison, "as yourself, miss. Yes, my young master mentioned her, and sighed so between whiles that, for my part, I believe—yet, for certain if it is so, its a secret, or else we should, some of us, have heard of it. I remember I myself was given to talk about my love before any body else knew any thing of the matter. By this you will say I must be a blabbing old fellow to tell you of it, and I should say so too, only I look upon you to be another himself, as I may say, and, mayhap, may stand his

his friend in this affair ; for, you know, if he should have taken a fancy to this miss Olivia, seeing our house and theirs do not set their horses' heads very well together, there will be a fine coil, speciously as we are papishes, and they are protestants, you know, miss."

Dennison, who though he had the garrulity of age, and loved a long story at his heart, had, also, the active diligence of youth. He contrived his narrations so as to recite them, and do other business at the same time ; in so much, that he would frequently carry on a debate, or continue a story for miles together ; and, according to the given distance, compress his facts and effusions so as to finish his harangue and his errand together, or rather, to end his harangue where his errand begun ; and when this could not be done, he would break his story off short, with a promise to give you the rest another time ; a promise which he would always sooner or later fulfil, taking it up at the very sentence, and sometimes with the very word which he left off, as if no interruption had happened, prefacing, it only, " and so as I was saying ;"

and would then proceed, either until he had done, or met with a second interruption.

The foregoing harangue was performed by Dennison, almost at full speed; for the instant Caroline was informed of her brother's preparing to ride out, at so early an hour, she hastened down stairs, followed by our orator, and met the lieutenant just as he was leaving his apartment. They saluted each other with all the tenderness of affection; soon after which, Charles desired to speak with his sister alone, and, dismissing Dennison, took her by the hand and walked into the garden, which separated the castle from the park. "I must leave the abbey, my dear Caroline," said Charles; "I feel there is no other way to observe those decorums which the present situation of the family require. I dare not trust myself with another sight of my poor mother's remains, much less assist at that ceremony which shall convey them to the cold grave; neither dare I, in the present disorder of my mind, hazard the presence of one to whose account I continue to set down not only the loss of a mother, but the misery which
my

my sister continues to inflict upon my bosom friend; but I feel also, that the present is no time for investigations of this sort; lady Stuart claims all your attention, the more especially, as, for the reasons I have mentioned, I must transfer to you my share of the last duties I owe to her, or rather include mine in yours. Alas! Caroline, there are other motives which make it expedient for me to quit this house, and this neighbourhood for a time, though never has it been more interesting or dear to me than at this moment. Do not ask for explanations until we meet again.”—“ But where are you going?” said Caroline. “ To my regiment,” answered Charles. “ Independent of other reasons, the duty I owe the kind-hearted colonel ought to hasten my return; the leave he granted me, extended only to the moment in which I could give comfort to my mother. That moment, alas! is expired with her, and I must never more behold!”—Charles was unable to proceed; and, tenderly embracing his sister, went hastily towards a gate

that led to the stables, and mounting his horse rode away.

Although the society of such a brother would, at so awful a period, have been in the highest degree acceptable to such a sister; although, likewise, the idea which Dennison had started, respecting his attachment to Olivia, and his own observation that there were "other motives" which made it expedient for him to quit the abbey, created a new interest for him in her heart; the reasons he urged, added to some others which her own mind suggested, reconciled her to his departure. As soon, therefore, as he was gone, she went back to Dennison, who anticipated the question she began to ask, by observing, that Sir Guise had rung his bell, to know whether his son was come down stairs, and if not, to get his own horse brought round to the green lane at the back of the abbey wall.

Without waiting any reply, Caroline made the best of her way to ask her father where he would be pleased to have breakfast, as her
brother

brother being under the necessity to return to his regiment, had set off early, leaving her to perform his duty where it was due.

Hereupon Sir Guise, who affected bravery when he thought himself out of danger, and whose imperious nature never knew restraint but from his fears, cried out with pretended anger, even though the tidings were just such as his pusillanimous soul could have wished, rather than have expected, "Gone! methinks he might have staid at least until his mother was in her grave, if he paid no respect to me! Is this your fine brother? but no matter, I see what you are all at: you may order breakfast in the library, and I will come down, and, do you hear, let the groom put up my horses, I shall not go out yet."—The truth is, this dastardly man, after quaking in his bed for some hours, and fancying he heard an enemy in every gust of wind that forced its passage into his room, rose up with an intention of escaping the still dreaded vengeance of Charles, by taking shelter in the chapel-house of father Ar-

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thur, of whom we shall presently make honourable mention.

The good priest was an universal peacemaker, and well deserved the blessedness promised to persons of that character, as will be more fully evinced in the course of this history. The Baronet intended to employ this worthy Monk, as he had done on former occasions, in a treaty betwixt father and son. The departure of the son, however, made, in the present case, intercessions of this kind unnecessary; and in due time, Sir Guise resumed his haughty character in the family, and dealt his commands about him with as little dismay as if nothing had happened.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

AFFAIRS at the abbey being now placed in as quiet a posture as circumstances would admit, we may leave it awhile to see what befel the family at the castle. The anxieties there augmented with those of Henry, whose very frequent separations, for whole nights together, and the absence or agitation of his mind upon his return, still evading explanation, yet still wishing to explain, alarmed his friends.

Mean time the health of Olivia fell a martyr to her apprehensions, which tortured her incessantly with the dread of a thousand evils, and amongst others, the total overthrow of Henry's senses; an opinion which his strange demeanour sufficiently justified. On the night of lady Stuart's death, Olivia could not be dissuaded from a presentiment that something fatal had happened to him; possessed of which notion, she refused taking any repose; and, terrible as was the night, ill as she was in her own health, she intreated

her father to suffer her to sit up and wait his coming home. Her father in vain offered to be himself her substitute, and to bring her an account the moment of his arrival. John and the rest of the family made the like offer, proposing that Mr. Clare, whose age and infirmities were daily increasing, should go to rest. This he peremptorily refused, saying, "a night's sleep was less to him than they supposed;" adding, "that since his child's illness, though he had gone to bed at his usual hour, he had seldom closed his eyes."—"I will retire this instant, Sir," replied Olivia, "if that will contribute to your rest."—"No, my dear," rejoined her father, "wrap yourself up warm, and I shall stand a better chance of sleeping in this arm-chair by the side of my Olly, than in the best bed in the world out of her company." The conclusion of the matter was, that none of the family went to bed, except Sir Armine, who had been for some time indisposed.

In despite of the best endeavours, however, to quiet the fears of Olivia, they
visibly

visibly increased with the delay. She ran to the door on the least noise. The thunder and lightning served only to confirm her apprehension that some accident had happened, still repeating, that if there had not, he certainly would have come. In this way, the time passed until his actual arrival. When he came into the apartment where the company were waiting,—orders being left with a servant who attended at the castle gate for that purpose,—the consternation both of Henry and Charles, who, the reader remembers, went out of the abbey with him, was not less at seeing the family still up, than was theirs at observing the condition in which they now appeared:—“I told you so,” said Olivia, running to Henry, “My fears were but too true. Good heavens! what has been the matter? tell me, Mr. Stuart, what has befallen your friend?”

Though Charles could not but feel that Olivia wholly overlooked his own situation, in her anxiety for that of her beloved Henry, he hastened to relieve her terrors, by telling her, that his blessed mother, lady Stuart, had died

died that night; that at his request, Henry had exerted his friendship to administer consolation to the family, under the distresses of that fatal event.

“Alas!” said Olivia, taking the hand of Charles, “I forget all that Henry has made me suffer from his absence, since it was in so righteous a cause: my little cares are lost in the contemplation of yours.” Fearing she should, by dwelling on the theme, augment his sorrows, she pressed his hand to her cheek, which was wet with her tears, and then ran to her own father, as to a treasure held on a tenure so precarious, that she trembled even as she possessed it. “You may now repose, my dearest father,” whispered she, casting a look of affection on Henry, and of pity on Charles, while, with unspeakable tenderness, she conducted her father out of the room.

The reasons assigned by his friend for Henry’s late absences, tended greatly not only to recover Olivia’s health, but to restore the family tranquillity; and when on his interview with Sir Armine the next day, he

he was commended for his care of his friend's family, but blamed for a neglect of his own. Olivia, who though ever the greatest sufferer by his absence, was always the first to excuse it, turned even this heavy charge to his advantage, by saying, "Dear sir, if we had all of us endured ten times more, his motive ought to sanctify his omission: he knew how much greater grief we should have undergone, had he told us he was so often at the abbey attending the sick, and under the roof of the mistaken Sir Guise Stuart, though you now see his friendship for Charles exacted his attendance; and for my own part, so far as I have been a loser by being deprived of his society, I declare I should have loved him a little the less if he had not attended:—though, I must own, if ever he is called again to assist at such severe and solemn duties, I should wish it were possible for Olivia to be so far in his confidence, that she might be his nurse and comforter while he is nursing and comforting others, and then you know I might contrive to make some little bird tell the rest of the family

family where he was, and what he was doing, in a sort of way that would prevent them from being under any apprehensions."

Thus did this innocent girl throw a lustre about the very mysteries of the man she loved;—thus furnish an apology, unconscious that it was against herself, out of the unsuspecting goodness of her own mind, and the almost unequalled tenderness of her own heart. It was, nevertheless, with secret anguish she beheld the effects which the late exertions had upon Henry's health and spirits; the muse and even herself neglected; and though she subscribed to the necessity of his obeying his friend Charles, respecting lady Stuart's funeral, she saw the day approach with an anxiety not to be described, well knowing how sincere a mourner Henry's gentle nature would make him on that occasion. Thinking, therefore, that her presence would serve two gracious purposes, that of dividing the office of her beloved Henry, and softening the grief of his friend's sister, in whose favour she ever retained an interest, founded not only on the memory of
early

early attachment, but on what she had heard of her filial piety, she watched her best opportunity to offer her services, which were tendered first to her own father, and then to Sir Armine, with a grace so irresistible, that had not an increase of her own indisposition, on the night preceding the ceremony intercepted her design, Olivia Clare would inevitably have met Caroline Stuart; and in so doing both would probably have returned home, in despite of the awful scene at which they would have assisted, with sensations of anguish never felt by either of them before.

Henry had scarce less difficulty to get rid of the importunity of John, who wishing, as he strongly expressed himself, "to make a proper distinction betwixt the amiable dead, and the infamous living," and thinking, moreover, it would be a fit occasion of paying a compliment to a brother officer in distress, declared his intention to accompany Henry on the morrow. From this dilemma, however, he was also relieved,

lieved by a message from his father, desiring John to inspect some family papers which required dispatch; and thus was he rescued from a discovery, which would have been scarce less fatal to his secret, than if it had been detected by Olivia. — James forbore to multiply her perplexity by an offer of himself in the place of John, because he saw plainly, though without at all knowing the reason, that Henry preferred going alone.

And well it is, perhaps, for all that he did go so unattended; for such circumstances past on the evening of the funeral, as even Henry himself was by no means prepared to encounter or expect.

CHAPTER XL.

THE ceremony was performed at a small Catholic chapel belonging to the abbey, but detached from that edifice about a quarter of a mile, in a recess of the forest. In times of old, there had been a subterraneous passage from the abbey to this little chapel, which had been the family burial-place for many ages. It was awefully picturesque. Within a few paces was a building, whose architecture denoted the same antiquity, and had been the residence of the family priests time immemorial. It was now the dwelling of father Arthur, a Monk of the order of St. Francis, and though he often made excursions to the metropolis, where his duty, as well as his affections called him, he would, sometimes, take refuge from the world in this sequestered spot, which he rented of Sir Guise, to whose family he administered whenever he was in the country. As this extraordinary personage will, as we have already announced, be frequently

quently under the view of the reader, we cannot take a better occasion than the present, of entering into a few particulars respecting his life, conversation, and character.

This distinguished Capuchin was descended from an ancient and once powerful family in the kingdom of Ireland; but, in the revolutions of that country, had long been deprived of hereditary property, in common with many other illustrious names.—The personal fortune, however, of his parents, enabled them to give their son a private education; and to send him into foreign countries to extend his knowledge, as the possibility of further improvement was denied him in his own, through the despotism of penal laws.

Having completed his studies, he discovered in his mind a strong bias to a religious life, and indulged it by entering into the communion of the holy order of Saint Francis. On his ordination, he was appointed chaplain to a regiment, but was removed, and forfeited a pension, because he would not comply with the requisition of a foreign sovereign, to enlist in his service the subjects
of

of the king of his own country : a practice which had continued since the formation of a code of statutes which prohibited them from the military service of their own monarch.

It has been recorded, that the deist, the enthusiast, the bigot, the tyrant who usurps the right to controul the consciences of free born men, and to punish them for their mental errors, flew ever at the approach of father Arthur : a Moliere, when he laughs ;—a Locke, when he reasons ;—a Tully, when he writes ;—a Tillotson, when he exhorts. And in regard to his religious tenets, his own language, so well calculated to adorn the energy of truth with the charms of eloquence, has told us, that he considered himself as an advocate pleading for the protestant in France, and for the Jew in Lisbon, as well as for the catholic in Ireland ; exhorting mankind, at the same time, to let religious distinctions be laid aside, since it was equal to the Israelite released from bondage, whether his temple was built by Solomon or by Cyrus, provided he had liberty to pray unmolested, and to sleep under his own vine.—

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Enforcing this with an apostrophe, which, for its benevolence and pure truth, ought to be engraven upon the tablet of every heart.

“ Let not the sacred name of religion, which even in the face of an enemy, discovers a brother, be any longer a wall of separation to keep us asunder! though it has been often perverted to the worst of purposes, yet it is easy to reconcile it to every social blessing.”

Father Arthur connected the wisdom of the world with the innocence of pastoral, and even of primitive manners. His benevolence was of the most unaffected kind; his piety fervid and sincere; his manners the most winning and artless; anticipating his good will and urbanity before he opened his lips; and when they were opened, his expressions did but ratify what those manners had before ensured. And you had a farther earnest of this in the benign and ineffable smile of a countenance so little practised in guile, that it at the same time invited to confidence, and denoted an impossibility of your being betrayed. But if his smile beckoned

the worthy to approach, his frown struck terror into the heart of the guilty, and made him dread to advance. Sir Guise had more than once felt its potency. His voice was sonorous, bold, and nervous, corresponding with the manly and sterling sense it imparted. He had studied with labour, and written with ease and energy. His reasoning was sound, and his love of liberty a steady light, rather than a transient blaze; rather the vital principle of an honest mind, conscious of its rights, than the ravings of a factious spirit, infected by popular frenzy. All he said and all he did was genuine, even to his most trifling sports. The reader will therefore pre-judge the zeal of his devotion. It was glowing, without papistic rage; and earnest, without catholic prejudice.

Our respectable Franciscan discovered the cloyster only in his dress and deportment; not that the first exhibited his gown of coarse serge, his cord, or his rosary, but, that his out-of-fashion suit of fables hung upon him somewhat monastically; and the latter was stately and inflexible enough to have characterised

characterised the fellow of one of our colleges. He was nearly six feet high ; a perfect perpendicular, with a kind of rigour in his muscles that seemed to suffer from bending. There was, of course, a formality in his bows ; and this, in some measure, extended to his address ; but an original vein of humour, and quaint jocularities, rendered him gay with the sprightly, in the same proportion that his more solid powers made him sedate with the grave ; it was scarcely possible to meet a person so universally acceptable to all ranks of people. His society was sought, and appreciated, by men and women of all persuasions ; and his life, in all its changes, from the Monk in his cell to the man of the world, from the social friend to the solitary recluse, had been so unspotted, and blameless, that to boast an acquaintance with pere Arthur was an honour ; and to possess that honour without love and veneration, impossible.

The little romantic scene in which this domestic chapel, and its neighbouring habitation were situate, with the professional

duties annexed, were amongst the first gratifications of his innocent heart; and such was his predilection for it, that he was wont to consider his migrations to the great city as his wanderings into the world, and the chapel-house as his home.

He had highly revered the character of lady Stuart and her daughter, to sooth the anxious hours of whom, he would often steal at twilight from his beloved chapel-house, and pass his evening at the abbey; taking care, however, even in the bosom of cheerfulness, never to outstay the twelfth hour; and if he could ever be prevailed on to remain in company after the clock had struck that prescribed period, which he used to say, was dividing the day from the morrow, it was only when, by such an infraction on his general rule, he could be of some service to the party that detained him.

CHAPTER XLI.

THE chapel-house consisted of four small apartments, a dormitory and scriptorium above; an eating room, and kitchen below. The windows were adorned with paintings from sacred history: every pane containing some figure or fragment of holy writ, of exquisite colouring and delineation. Within the chapel were carved with curious workmanship, various effigies and representations of our Saviour, and the blessed Virgin, all which as well as every other part of this dwelling, were kept by father Arthur, and that of his Indian associate,—to whom we promise the reader an introduction,—with a religious care, testifying that the good man believed and inculcated that text which pronounces cleanliness to be in alliance with holiness.

The chapel itself, though certainly erected at the time of the abbey, was compleat and in high preservation. The traditional history of
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of the place told us, that the chapel was intended for the private devotion of the principal abbot, and the chapel-house, if not for his constant residence, for his occasional religious retirement; and this, indeed, seemed the more likely, as the names of some of the chief monks were still legible in the carving about the dwelling; and the name of Stuart was yet to be seen on four of the most ancient tombs. The burial-place, however, appropriated to the late and present branches of the Stuart family, was separated from the rest of the building by a railing of iron, defending it round; upon your gaining the inside of which,—this railing being intended for no other purpose than to encircle the consecrated spot,—you descended a flight of marble steps until you came to the door of the grand mausoleum, in which were deposited the remains of the Stuarts for the three last generations, ranged according to the dates of their decease. All this was now laid open and every preparation made for the burial of lady Stuart, who had desired the ceremony might be performed

with the utmost privacy, none attending but such of her own family as chose to be present, in obedience to which her duteous daughter had given the necessary instructions, assembling all the domestics about an hour before the time appointed for the ceremony, and enjoining such as attended to give their assistance, to deport themselves with that decency and quiet which their mistress had required; but, as the choice of attending or not was left with themselves, it was a pleasing proof of that respect which was borne to the dead, to see that every servant of the family, from Dennison to the most menial attendant, had prepared to pay their last duty to one whose memory so well merited their veneration. And this instance of it was the more genuine, as the deceased had it not in her power to make such arrangements at her death, as her generous heart would have prompted. Indeed, it was not without some management, she left mourning to Dennison, and those others of the family whom she nominated as bearers. And even this would have been beyond her ability, so mercenary
was

was the wretch to whose affluent fortunes she had largely contributed, had it not been for Caroline, who, after mustering up all the forces of her own slender purse, and finding them insufficient, resorted to Dennison for a re-inforcement, insisting, at the same time, upon depositing some of her most valuable trinkets, as security against any accident to herself; “And then, my good Dennison,” said she, “I can truly say it came from my father, in whose service, you know, it was acquired. Sir Guise himself,” added she, “may not like, in this time of our affliction, to be vexed about money matters; and as I heard my mother express her wishes yesterday,—alas! yesterday, you know, she was alive!—that she could leave some little token of her good will to the servants, perhaps, she might like to extend the bounty to some others.”

All opposition on the part of Dennison, as to the deposit, was fruitless, although she knew that the gains of his past, and the servitude of his future life, would have been joyfully surrendered to her disposal. This

transaction happened before the arrival of Charles from his regiment ; but, no sooner did this generous youth make his appearance, or, more strictly speaking, no sooner was his mother dead, than he left to his sister's dutious care a sum, for which he drew on the agent of his regiment, sufficient to every purpose. Yet the supply of honest Dennison had its use ; for as that of Charles did not arrive until after the decease of his mother, the first fund was appropriated to the aforesaid purposes, and the second Caroline held in reserve, intending to return it to her brother, knowing the scanty profits of his profession, and how often he had forced upon her mother and herself those accommodations which ought to have been furnished from the coffers of Sir Guise.

Amongst the deposits from her own little treasury, we are to reckon all her new guineas, half-guineas, pocket-pieces, and, indeed, every thing that had but the aspect of currency, except a silver penny, which was the first keep-sake of Henry Fitzorton,
given

given in the flowery days of their mutual childhood.

Mean time, it would be a flagrant violation of what was due to Dennison, not to say that he carefully put his young lady's deposit in his strong box, sacred and apart, and superscribed, "These, placed here for safety, belong to Miss Stuart, with sundry other articles mentioned in my last will and testament, a copy whereof is within."

Previous to adjusting this little convention, due praise was bestowed on the conduct of lady Stuart's servants, in preparing themselves for the funeral. And this their behaviour was the more laudable, inasmuch as it was voluntary and disinterested; for although Caroline had, in obedience to her mother's injunctions, an intention to present some little memorial to them all, those afflicting events in which we have seen her involved, had hitherto prevented the distribution of any such memorial, except to Dennison. Unconscious, therefore, that Caroline had any thing in reserve for them, they had, out of the love and good will for their lady,

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at their own expence, put themselves into habiliments suitable to the solemnity, and would probably have thought an injunction to stay at home on the night their late beloved mistress was to be buried, the only severe duty they ever performed in her service. Caroline, therefore, had scarcely given them permission to follow their inclinations than they thronged about the coffin, as it was bringing down stairs, with a jealousy of gratitude, as if each envied the other a share of the melancholy burthen, accompanied by such lamentations as attend only virtue to the tomb.

They were met at the outward porch of the abbey, by the venerable Monk, with six assistants of his order, whom he had convened, bearing the holy crucifix and the lighted torches; and on their receiving the corpse, they began to chaunt their solemn anthems.

The abbey clock struck eleven as they entered the wood, through which the procession moved to the chapel, and from thence, after those ceremonies which the
Roman

Roman church has ordained, was conveyed to the vault ; upon the first sight of which, Caroline, who had sustained herself hitherto with a mournful fortitude, that served as an example to the rest, shrunk back and exclaimed, “ O God, support me ! ” Though she had taken a religious care to reserve a space for her own remains, she could not behold the place where she was to take leave of those of her mother, and at the same time see herself surrounded by the mouldering ruins of her ancestors, and more especially of those who had been the originals of the miniatures which were her mother’s death-bed legacy—all this she could not behold without a sense of anguish not to be controlled ; and that of the worthy Dennison was scarcely less. Upon the coffin being committed to the place where it was destined to repose, it was with difficulty the domestics could bear the sight. The venerable Arthur was himself deeply affected ; for though he had the firmness of a man, and the submissive virtues of a christian, his affections were warm, and his feelings tender. Caroline

approached the body as if to bid it a final farewell. The good man conducted her to the foot of the coffin, at which she kneeled, and the wailings of the attendants, at this awful moment, resounded through the vault.

Henry had been traversing that part of the wood which led to the chapel, some hours before the procession began. He joined it soon after it had passed the abbey gate; but was so shrouded by the night, the undistinguishing gleam of the tapers, and still more by the absorbing grief which fixed every eye and every heart to its object, as to pass in the train unseen. He was unwilling to obtrude himself upon his beloved Caroline, in this solemn moment of her duty and affliction: a sentiment which probably would have led him to pay silent respect to the living and to the dead, without discovering himself, had not events determined it otherwise.

Unable to support the last look, and the necessity of leaving the vault, Caroline was attempting to rise when she sunk upon her mother's coffin, over which she threw her

arms in that sort of dumb despair, which could be relieved only by a temporary deprivation of every sense.

A sight like this was insupportable to Henry, who, running to the object of his soul, exclaimed, "O Caroline! if Charles be dear, be comforted!"—"Charles!" cried Caroline faintly; "and has his grief and duty brought him to this sad spot? Alas, my brother!"—Here, without lifting up her eyes, she clasped her arm around his neck, and wept aloud.—"No," rejoined Henry, "not Charles, but his friend, his representative, appointed by himself; of this, if you are not apprised, the occasion surely justifies the trespass, and will urge you to forgive it."—"Forgive it," answered Caroline, withdrawing herself from his embrace, yet casting on him a look of penetrating tenderness,—"*Are you* my brother's representative? O! wherefore am I deprived the power of offering the pure incense of my heart for such disinterested——this generous!"—She could not connect these unfinished sentences, and at

the end of the last, she dropped, rather than reclined, on Henry's shoulder.

The widower, we will not call him mourner, willing to avoid the odium of those reports which he foresaw would go forth against him, and dreading to be left at the abbey in no better company than his own reflections,—now when he thought the ceremony was nearly over, entered the vault with all those mockeries of woe which he so well knew how to assume, when it served his purpose.

But these counterfeit griefs were changed to the most undissembled paroxysms of rage, the moment he beheld Caroline Stuart supported by Henry Fitzorton; and without reflecting on time, place or circumstance, and before his constitutional fear had checked his constitutional impetuosity, he asseverated, in a voice that might affright the echoes of the vault, “perdition on you both! again! and in sight of your mother's very grave! And thou, infamous accomplice,” added he, turning to Arthur, “to permit such things!

at such a season! But it belongs to your trade."—Arthur, though the gentlest of human beings, brooked not the smallest irreverence either against his character or office;—"In performing the commission of my immortal God," said he, "I am not to be interrupted by mortal man!"

"Sir," said Henry, delivering the sinking Caroline to her father, "I am here, you are to be informed, as the substitute of your son, and at his strong injunction: why this sacred duty was to be performed by proxy you best can tell."—"I know not of it," said Caroline, recovering; but Sir Guise, with unmanly violence, thrust her from him, and she would have fallen again, had not Arthur sprung to receive her, exclaiming, "I, madam, will be your protector, in a place and in a cause like this, against a thousand cruel fathers!—Sacrilegious! bring not your destructive passions into the tombs of your family! let those at least be privileged. You know not how soon you may be numbered with their cold inhabitants; and your
unprepared

unprepared soul summoned to answer for the outrage here committed."

Hearing this, the assembly, and more especially his own domestics, began to be tumultuous. The words "unnatural father! vile husband! and tyrant master!" were heard from one to the other, till it spread beyond the vault, even to the chapel, which was now filled with the multitude. The priests and the people, who had attended the funeral, rushed in disorder out of the cemetery. The indignation became general, and every one seeming glad of an opportunity to express their sense of the unhallowed violence which Sir Guise had perpetrated, and their detestation of his character, gave a loose to their sensations in a way that would probably have put an end to the iniquities of the object of their fury, had not Caroline implored the assistance of Dennison, Henry, and Arthur, to save her father; and, almost at the hazard of their own lives, they conducted him home amidst the groans and hisses of the populace.

CHAPTER XLII.

CAROLINE, meanwhile, was left by Henry and father Arthur in the charge of two servants, with directions to lead her to the chapel-house; but no persuasions nor any considerations of herself, could prevent her from following her father, whose life she thought in danger. The rest of the servants were assisting to lead her to the abbey, and such of the populace as her pitiable situation had attracted round her, took her in their arms, and, placing her in a chair which they brought from the chapel-house, they carried her in triumph upon their shoulders, huzzaing and calling down blessings upon her at every step.—In this condition she was met by father Arthur and Henry; commanding the still clamorous people to keep silence, to venerate the dead, and so far respect the living, as not to commit farther violence. Henry reinforced these arguments with all his eloquence, and declared, he would defend the father of Caroline Stuart, on such
an

an occasion, with the last drop of his blood. "Is he safe?" exclaimed Caroline. Being satisfied on which head, she so movingly assisted Henry and Arthur by a speech which might almost have touched Sir Guise himself, that the multitude, after crying out, as with one voice, "Long live miss Caroline!—blessed be miss Caroline!"—quietly and respectfully departing to their habitations.

At the abbey gate, Henry, also, took his leave, for which he was repaid by a look from Caroline that almost atoned for the loss of her society. He took father Arthur aside to request that modern patriarch would remain at the abbey until the break of day, lest any fresh tumult should happen, which his authority might quell; observing, that there were particular reasons why he himself could not tarry; adding at the same time, that he would one day probably be made acquainted with them. Possibly Arthur had been struck with some of the expressions, that had dropped from Caroline in the foregoing scene, but he had not an atom of impertinent curiosity in his disposition;—

as he, therefore, bade him farewell, he assured him if he thought it too early in the morning to repair to the castle, and would accept of a Franciscan's coarse and humble, but clean, and wholesome bed, the chapel-house was at his devotion: "And this, sir," said he, presenting him with a small key, "will open a closet that holds a cordial worth being taken off in a bumper, even to the health of the good young lady whose cause you have so nobly defended."

To the abhorrent poison brooding in the mind of Sir Guise Stuart, were now added his disgraces at the chapel-house. He collected the scattered points of his growing antipathies, and the focus presented to him Henry, Arthur, and Caroline in a conspiracy.—The country was up in arms against him—the multitude had made him their mark.—Execrations had been poured in torrents in the middle of the night—and that, the night of the funeral of his wife, whom his tyranny, they said, had brought to an untimely end—nay, there were not wanting some who believed, or feigned to believe, that she had
been

been privately murdered ; some that he was himself the murderer ; while others, very gravely asserted that the barbarous monster had made her lay violent hands on herself, and that Caroline was about to follow her example, but was found just in time to be saved by her brother and Henry Fitzorton. There are always those who exceed the truth, or diminish it, on the opposite principles of candour and malevolence. The co-operations of these reports, in their natural progress from bad to worse, all tended to feed in his breast that serpent which brooded there as in its congenial nest, waiting, like its wilely progenitor, a secure opportunity to eject its gathered poisons upon the innocent and unsuspecting.

But however singular it may appear to such of our readers as are unpractised in a knowledge of those frauds of life, which teach men of the world to dissemble their hate ; others, who are more deeply read in the history of human nature, will find, alas ! nothing very extraordinary, when they are told that Sir Guise Stuart concealed his aims
and

and purposes with a circumspection proportioned to the increase of the detestation from whence they sprung; and when such detestation was at its height, so that even *his* bosom, fitted as it was for the nourishment of evil passions, could hold no more, the rude and sudden storms, which shook his frame on former occasions, were all hushed; his turbulent nature seemed to repose as in a dead calm, over the face of which was frequently seen a smile, as if the tempestuous part of his disposition had spent its force, and nothing remained but the spirit of peace. This wonderful revolution took place on the morning of his being hooted from the chapel to the abbey. From that epoch, we are to date the last possible excess of his inveteracy to the whole house of Fitzorton, and to the whole of his own family, except Charles, for whom he still felt, at it were against his will, an unaccountable predilection.

Henry, on the other hand, had made some discoveries at the funeral scene, melancholy as it was, which returned upon his mind the beams of hope. He saw he was still in possession

sion of Caroline's love, and that her concealment of that love did not proceed from her own caprice, or from any displeasure against him, but from her father, who, he concluded, had imposed on her a cruel obedience. This discovery, endeared the daughter in the degree that it rendered the parent odious. Yet his anger abated whenever he reflected that its object was the father of his dearest friend, and of his beloved mistress: and the parting look which Caroline bestowed, although it gleamed on him—only from the light of funeral tapers, afforded him a ray far more cheering than had the noon-tide sun, when he trod that very path, on the day that Caroline dismissed him from her presence.

The turret clock struck three in the morning, as Henry arrived at the castle, where he had the misfortune to hear that Olivia was much worse than when he left home. It seems that the disorder which had prevailed at the funeral, had communicated part of its confusion to the castle, from whence

whence two of the servants ran to see the ceremony. The name of one of these was George Trewe, commonly called, by way of characterising his worth, True George, who went out of pure good will to his young master; the other servant, out of curiosity, having never seen the catholick ceremonies of burial. The services of this youth had been divided between John and Henry: for some time past he had wholly attached himself to the latter, and had been on all occasions the shadow of his master; though in his nightly expeditions, less seen than that shadow. Whenever he feared that his attending would not be acceptable, or that they would appear obtrusive, impertinent, or unnecessary, he was, from motives yet undivulged, still his invisible associate; and when his presence might be useful, he would appear in the twinkling of an eye, and impute such appearance to accident. Thus, George was among the most active in hooting Sir Guise, while Henry seemed to declare against him; and the most vigorous in his defence the moment he heard his master assert, that he
would

would protect the father of Caroline, even with his blood. George too, was the centre pillar of support to Caroline, when she was carried in the chair, which he fixed upon his head, while the rest assisted only with their hands and shoulders; and thus was George hid from his master, while he rendered him the most welcome service in the world. George also it was, who, after the affray, made some short cuts through the wood at full speed, that he might reach home before his master, and have, what the poor fellow used to call the "little comforts" prepared; more particularly since Henry was become, as George aptly enough called him, "a night walker;" in which character, though George always took care to keep aloof, he was, when it was either bitter weather, or he suspected any danger, his master's invisible companion; but simply to do him service, and to take care of him without the least desire to entrap his secrets. Thus was the honest adherent, privy to Henry's most retired soliloquies; and he it was, who placed in the forest, which Henry
so

so frequently haunted, those accommodations, which the heated brain of his master sometimes attributed to magic: and well he might! for sometimes a peach would ripen upon a barren thorn, a pine-apple enrich a bramble, and bunches of the grape be twisted with the May-bush. Hence also, George was as well acquainted with his master's passion as he was himself, and from just as unquestionable an authority,—namely, from his master's confessions, uttered by his own lips; from all which the poor fellow had drawn an inference, which led him one dark night to kneel down in a wood, they were then haunting, even on the wet ground,—being at a considerable distance from his master,—and swore, “he would he might be d****d if ever he left him alone again, if he could help it, after eight o'clock.”

The other servant, however, had been before-hand with George, having retreated from the chapel as soon as the mob began to be riotous: for though this man had much curiosity he had little enterprise, and, on
the

the most distant prospect of danger, always took the worst that could happen for granted, anticipating murder before a blow was struck. Upon this system, therefore, concluding that when the rabble began to hustle the baronet, there would be much havoc, he made the best of his way home, and told Olivia and John, whom he first encountered, not only what he saw, but what he did not see, and what in fact did not happen, except in the wild regions of his own terrified fancy. He related, with suitable marks of consternation, “as how the daughter fell into fits upon her mother’s grave, and how his young master picked her up, and with the help of the papish parson,”—as he called father Arthur—“had almost brought her to herself, when her father coming in, and seeing her held up by Mr. Henry, doubled both his fists and knocked her down again, for letting one of the castle family touch the hem of her garment; and as how then the *papisht* gave a knock to Sir Guise, who returned it on Mr. Henry; whereupon the whole place was in an uproar; tumbling over the coffins, and getting

getting out of the chapel as well as they could; and how, when they got into the chapel-yard they were met by all the country with sticks and staves, trying to part Sir Guise and Mr. Henry, who fought like two lions; and as how, after this, many cried out murder; upon which," continued the fellow, "I ran home to get some more hands to help my master, who seeing the grudge Sir Guise bears him, may, perhaps, be dead by this time."

True George no sooner heard this, than he execrated his fellow-servant both for his babbling and cowardice; and upon being further informed that Olivia had been carried to her chamber in *hystericals*, as the fellow called them;—"I'll tell you what," said George, "that being the case, if you stay until my young master, who is safe, God bless him, comes in, and he is just behind; it will be worse for you, that's all: I should not wonder if he was to murder you on the spot; and if it was not for the law I would do it myself!"—As he pro-

nounced these words a rap was given at the door, when the affrighted author of all this mischief, already half-killed with George's menace, disappeared.

Upon the entrance, however, of Henry, it was necessary for him to be apprized of what had happened, and accordingly George was beginning to recapitulate, when John Fitzorton came down, and, superior to enquiry, insisted that nothing ought to satisfy Olivia of his having escaped with life, but his going up stairs that instant to convince her of it in person. This he accordingly did, but had some difficulty in persuading her he was not hurt; he assured her that the fellow, in his fears, had overcharged the facts, which were no more than that miss Stuart, overborne by her distress, was supported, mutually, between himself and father Arthur; that Sir Guise Stuart having exasperated the rabble, it was partly to prevent worse consequences that he had remained as his absent friend's representative. This was nothing but the truth, though it was by no means the whole truth, and, perhaps, Henry

finessed a little more than usual on the occasion; like modern politicians, he sunk all such articles as would have made against his cause, and preserved such only as set off what he really did unfold, to the best advantage: a saving kind of knowledge, well known to generals and statesmen, and by them practised in their official recitals of more bloody affrays than that which happened at the funeral of lady Stuart.

Now if such suffrages cannot justify Henry's adoption of this military and ministerial manœuvering, we must give him up to the reader's censure. Our history records the actions of men, and not of angels, and it is our province to describe human nature such as it is, rather than such as it should be.

Henry's account was, however, the best that he could have chosen to answer his present purpose, and, perhaps, much better than he intended, for his principal desire obviously was, to silence the alarms of Olivia: and, indeed, his statements had not only effected this, but also satisfied the rest of the family.

family. John, in his decisive way, pronounced it proper to defend even an infamous individual against the oppressions of many, though he owned it would have been for the good of society had they devoured him.—“Yes,” said Olivia, “and how much more generous is the conduct of your brother, when you consider who that individual is—an hated enemy.”—“It is all very fine and heroic,” said Olivia’s father;—“but, in the mean time, these great exploits of one sort or another happen so often, that our young hero generally contrives to disturb us once or twice a week in the middle of the night; and after he has kept us from our beds, and frightened us out of our wits, the business finishes with a history, in which the said hero has acted so distinguished a part, that the more he terrifies us, the more we find we ought to return him our thanks. I wish,” added the old gentleman, “we could confine him to one great action a month, or that, at least, he would take day-light for his magnanimous exploits, as these nocturnal marches and counter-marches by no means
fuit

suit either with my age or my Olivia's youth ; to prevent any new adventure befalling our amiable Quixote, let us to bed."

The proposal was universally agreed to.—
" George," said Henry, as he was undressing, " I find that bungling blockhead has made a pretty piece of work about nothing ; but as no harm has arisen from it, and as the poor devil hardly knew what he said, I think we may as well let him live this time : yet it was a tremendous scene ; you are a spirited fellow, and had *you* been present, I do not know what would have been the consequence."

" Me, your honour !" said George, not to be thrown from his guard, having more than once suffered thereby, " what should I do there, unless your honour was in danger, and my poor services could do any thing for you ? but as to my fellow-servant, since 'tis your honour's pleasure, I'll not be hanged for him yet, which I certainly shall be one day or another ; for to tell your honour the truth, I do not think it right to let a fellow's

head remain upon his shoulders any longer than he can keep the tongue in it from blabbing :—if a fellow can't keep a secret, why there's an end of a fellow—there's an end of him, your honour.” Henry smiled, and desired True George to betake himself to rest.

CHAPTER XLIII.

WE fear there will appear to the reader, as there did to True George, who was no less in the secret, that these fallies of Henry were inconsistent with the character which he had before supported; for though nothing could be more amiable than his deportment at the funeral, and at the affray, his forgetfulness of what had passed at home, and his sudden oblivion of what he had seen, nay had made, Olivia suffer, cannot, perhaps, be readily excused. If the reader, however, recurs to the discovery he presumed he had made of Caroline's unaltered love, those who happen to be of the same sanguine disposition, or who, being thoroughly in love, may have experienced similar sensations, will find nothing unnatural in this part of his conduct; in truth, a kind look, a soft sigh, an affectionate word, when that affection was before doubtful, will put all the pride of reason and philosophy, and, it is to be feared, every consideration that does not connect with

that look, sigh, or word, to flight ; and although upon a full survey of the matter, not one of the numberless impediments that stood between Henry and Caroline were removed by the discovery which he had made, yet, it animated his spirits, and chased from his heart every image of despair.

Olivia soon recovered from her indisposition ; the more she saw of her beloved Henry, the greater was her tenderness. " There are points in his disposition," she would say, " which appear to make him sometimes prefer solitude even to my society ; and with these, I am apt to quarrel, but this is selfish. To that solitude I owe the effusions of his charming genius. He engages in scenes which make me tremble for his safety, it is true, but that proceeds from the weakness of my fears, or the strength of my affection ; on his return to me, I always find him good, affectionate, and kind ; and have reason to congratulate myself. Even the absence which I so often mourn, produces from his bounteous heart some relief to the unfortunate, or a more perfect joy to the happy.

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It is, indeed, hard to say whether the mirth or melancholy of my dearest Henry is most seducing; or which ought most to endear him to me. He never finds his nature yielding to the felicities of the first, that he does not hasten to share it with those who are dear to him; but when, perceiving his mind under the involuntary dominion of the pensive part of his nature, solitude is sweet to him, not only because he is too generous to cast a gloom over the happiness of his friends, but, perhaps, because pensiveness, and the sequestration it usually seeks, is a source of his happiness. It is true, there are times when the melancholy power comes upon him, even in our society; the sight of sorrow, a tear, a sigh, a thought that but leads to sadness will strike the nerve to which his affections tremble.—But ought this to be brought against him, when I have seen him rush from the society most precious to him,—from friends, brothers, parents, and his Olivia,—lest he should communicate sadness?”

With such arguments would she soothe her spirits, and account for the wanderings of Henry. It was after a soliloquy of this kind, when she had, in like manner, settled the most irreconcilable parts of his behaviour to his credit, and her content,—what cannot the tender love of woman effect!—that he entered the room where she had been reasoning. It was the morning after these nocturnal disturbances, and when his vivacity had been called forth by the lucky construction which had been given to the late events, that he joined Olivia, with whom imagination had been playing as many vagaries, and, in this mutual delusion, they deceived each other without designing, or, it is probable, being conscious of it; for every word they said, was at first, the mere effect of good spirits on both sides, created by what to them appeared good prospects; though they were never farther than at this moment from looking on the same objects, in the same point of view.

“I have been chiding myself, Henry,” said Olivia.

“Then

“Then you have been very wicked,” he answered; “for therein you accused the innocent; but, as I believe, it is your first fault, I think I must intercede with my good friend, father Arthur, to give you absolution.”

“The first fault! by no means!” replied Olivia; “I have done it a thousand times; but, if it be a sin, you are generally the cause of it, and ought, of course, to share the punishment; and yet, methinks, could it be proved that you partook the guilt, I would exempt you from the penalty, and suffer for us both.”

“That would not be fair,” said Henry; “but how have I been the cause, pray?”

“Why you are too good, and I am always finding fault with you for it,” replied she.

“I rather think the faults are mine, the goodness yours,” cried Henry. “Indeed, I think you so good, that I have feared, until very lately, there could not be found a mortal man who truly deserved you; and yet, I am almost bold enough to say,

such a man, I think, I have found too, aye, and you know him."

"I am sure I do," says she, smiling. "O, that a woman could be found worthy of Henry Fitzorton!" exclaimed Olivia.

"And yet there is," interrupted Henry, with ardour, "such a woman to be found worthy of a man, were he ten thousand times—were he as much my superior in every thing—as she is herself."

"Then it is impossible," answered Olivia, colouring highly, "that I should have the smallest acquaintance with this paragon."

"And yet—and yet, she is not in any one grace or virtue superior to Olivia; but for the man who can merit an alliance with this all-accomplished! I verily believe, after all, he is yet to be born."

"Poh, you are in love with her, and are besides a poet, you know," answered Olivia, blushing a deeper carnation; "for my part, I really think there are fifty men deserve a much better woman than Olivia."

"And yet there is but one man in the
creation

creation I would give my consent she should marry," returned Henry.

"Would to heaven!" said Olivia, "that your choice may make you as happy as it will your Olivia."

Here the very names of Caroline and Charles, and all the history thereunto belonging, were hovering on the edge of Henry's lips, when Olivia sent them back again to the recesses of his bosom, by answering with an ardour, that matched his own, giving her hand at the same time;—
"Ah, you know that it is so—you know, that poor and humble as are my pretensions, inferior in all things, but in affection, to that one being you allude to, I have long been, and shall be for ever, devoted to him! The terrors that invade me, when I behold a gloom upon his brow, a tear upon his cheek, or hear a sigh burst from his bosom, and all the griefs I experience in his absence, arise only from the certainty, that were I more near to him in the virtues which first made me love him, all would be well. I tell my heart, he then could not look sad, or
sigh

sigh or weep, because my power over him would be no less than his over Olivia, whose worst evils flee at his bidding, and vanish even at his sight: inasmuch, that as his absence is her sickness, so is his presence her recovery. Yes, Henry! those perfections in me would render you as happy in the company of Olivia, as she ever is in yours: and it is this inequality on my part, that is the source of those reproaches, with which I load myself, until, in my anger, I utter a prayer that you were less amiable, or I more worthy."

Olivia poured forth these confessions of her heart,—confessions which seemed to be called for,—into the bosom of a youth with whom, one eventful year excepted, she had been bred, educated, and taught by duty and inclination, judgment and passion—by all she loved, and all she honoured, to appreciate;—and of whose love she never for a moment doubted, though the reader is aware, he never once mentioned that word to her. She delivered herself with a rapidity and unrestrained fervour, accompanied by endearments,

at

at once so delicate and kind, which their long intimacy, and the supposed near approach of that day which was to unite them in the holiest of all human ties, strictly warranted, that Henry must have had a very different heart from that he carried in his bosom, if he had not been somewhat more than passive to so much innocence, beauty, and tenderness, cherishing a sweet delusion, upon which depended the hope not only of *her* happiness, but that of the authors of both their beings, and, indeed, every individual of both their families.

“ Sweet Olivia !” exclaimed he, gazing earnestly upon her, “ I do not deserve this,— and yet from my inmost soul I wish ——”

He continued his gaze, and while he was so doing, softly approaching her, a tear dropped on her lovely face, which she no sooner felt, than lifting her eyes towards him, as if to read the history of his countenance, she said, in accents no words can paint,—
“ There are tears to relieve, and express an heart overburthened with its joy, are there not, my Henry ? I hope these are such : I do
not

not weep myself; yet when have I been so happy!"

"Long be you so," replied Henry; "and, Oh! that it was decreed as long for me to make you so!"

"We are very young," answered Olivia, with inexpressible simplicity, "and may reckon upon many many years like this blest moment! I am sure you will never be less beloved!"

Henry was labouring to smother a heart-fick sigh; he gently kissed off the tears he had let fall on her cheek, when both their fathers came in and surprised them: "Proofs rose on proofs, and still the last seemed strongest!"

CHAPTER XLIV.

THOSE of our readers who are parents, and have their darling children circumstanced like these, or at least as these were supposed to be, can decide on the emotions that now took full possession of these venerable men. How unlike to what Sir Guise experienced when he discovered Henry and Caroline in nearly a similar situation!

Through a glass door, shaded only by a curtain of slight silk that was easily drawn aside, the happy parents had stood some moments delighting themselves with the view, and on their entrance could only say, "Dearest, dearest children, we have been concerting measures for the happiness of Henry and Olivia!" and they both wept.

Lady Fitzorton entered, and was made happy by the relation of what had so sensibly affected the rest of the party.

In the mean time, John Fitzorton, leaving the company who had walked into the garden, betook himself to his chamber, his usual

usual sanctuary under any sudden pressure of thought, or of emotion: but he soon rallied, and rejoined his friends, then catching Henry's arm he said, as he turned with him into a private path, "You have often hinted, your friend Charles regretted that his military station was inconvenient to him. It must be more so since the death of his mother; as his sister is now wholly in the power of her execrable father. I have thought about this, and had it often in recollection since my return from the campaign, to refer myself to you for those particulars which your intimacy with the family might have afforded."—Henry trembled—"But you have of late been so shut up within yourself, that I have not had an opportunity to mention either that, or some intelligence out of the family respecting yourself."—Henry's agitation increased.—"I understand," continued John, "that interest is still paying for the money which Charles borrowed of an usurer to purchase his lieutenancy."

Henry was in the state of him who is
told

told of his reprieve, with the halter about his neck. "Suppose," resumed John, "your friend were to dispose of that commission, and apply the profits of it in discharge of that loan, and then come into our regiment, where, by the loss of a brave youth who fell fighting by my side, I can introduce him without cost."

The generous reader must himself supply the sensations of Henry on this proposal.

"But," observed John, "though there are no impediments in the way of the gift itself, there are some in that of giving. The recent meeting I have had with his scoundrel father makes it impossible for me to be seen in a transaction of this nature. It would appear like parading a service which I knew the brave youth would not receive. What I would not accept I will not offer. But you are the friend of his heart. He cannot, or ought not, to have any hesitation with you; for if there be yet any of this sort of *sentimentizing* between you, both are yet to learn the truth of a friendship

friendship, which if it does not level all distinction of mere property, making obligation impossible on either side, and render a refusal to receive from the one what may be necessary to the accommodation of the other, a breach of union, it amounts to nothing.—I do not think very highly of human professions, or of human practices; for I have felt the fallacy of both!”—He sighed—“ But as a brother I demand your acceptance of the powers with which these papers will invest you.”—He gave a packet.—“ I have, from this moment, nothing to do with it: instructions as to the formalities will be found enclosed. There is a blank space, and your heart, without my instruction, will tell you how to fill it up.”

John perceived Henry getting into what he was wont to call his enthusiasticks. The emotion of his full heart had for some time coloured his cheek, his eye flamed with more than poetic lustre, and the ecstasy was just bursting from his tremulous lips, when his tongue refused to give it

it voice, and, after the struggle of a moment, he fell upon his brother's neck and wept.

John was by no means unmoved. Even to his firm soul it had been a trying day. James, who had been absent during the above discourse, now entered. "My dear Henry," said John, "we live in a world in which it is our duty to correct rather than to indulge sensibility. Your affections, my Henry, are too general."—Here John pressed his brother's hand to his bosom.—"They magnify objects beyond what they can bear; they give to actions which are, in truth, no more than the results of common honesty, and just thinking, an importance which they are by no means entitled to. Brother, I love you, but you often grieve, and sometimes displease me. Few of the greatest events in human life would justify the feeling excited in your mind by the most trifling; and this excess of sensation confounds the distinction which should be made betwixt what is small and what is great. There is, my brother, in the construction

fracture of this poor panting heart of yours enough of irritation to make up half a dozen feverish young ladies, who reckon an hectic of the heart amongst their charms. In them it is usually affectation; in you, I know, it is nature, and therefore to be deplored.

"It is too true," said James, taking part in the conversation—"you have no sobriety, no temperance in your emotions, my dear Henry: your pains or pleasures are all excessive: you want moderation."

"—Apathy, apathy! would have been your better word, brother," said Henry; "This, I confess to you, I do want, and of which I hope for ever to be destitute: I cannot be indifferent; there is no cold medium in my nature.—Countless are the objects, which, by the majority of mankind, thought important, pass by me unnoticed, or noted, only to be despised. Power, place, grandeur, titles, and all the pursuits to which they lead, the authority which they give in society when they are successful, and the disgrace which attends their disappointment, I hold of so little account in the estimate of my

my happiness, or misery, that truly I never had a smile or sigh to bestow upon them, and herein only consists my apathy."

"I return you my best thanks," said John, bowing ironically, "for your having added a new hypothesis to the old, and before imperfect system of ethics. Nothing short of a genius like yours, could have rendered a total disregard of those causes, which are acknowledged to work the weal or woe of the majority of mankind, compatible with the social principle, on which I have so frequently heard you expatiate, or with the character of one, who is ambitious of being thought a philanthropist. You will have the candour to impute it to the true cause, my ignorance in the refinements of morality; and I own that I knew not, until so great a master instructed me, the art of uniting in the same character the apathist and the lover of mankind."

"The thrust," returned Henry, "discovers more vigilance than skill. I must repeat, that I am an apathist—only, in most
of

of those things which stir the affections of many other men, and on which depend all their glory, and all their shame. But is this avowing an indifference to the happy or fatal effects, in which so many thousands of human beings around me are involved? Does it imply, that I behold with total disregard the meteors of ambition as they rise or fall? the man of power raised in one day to the summit of popular favour, and on another, sunk to the centre with public disgrace? Does it insinuate, that I can observe the turns of life, which, whether sudden and resistless, or by slow and subtle gradations, level with the dust those fabricks of happiness, fame or fortune, which promised to the artificers a shelter from every storm? or, does it render me insensible to those transitions, from hope to despair, from health to sickness, from life to death,—transitions, which in the whirl of pursuit, often stop the great and powerful in their mid-career? surely, not! It implies only, that there are other griefs into which my affections enter with more interest,

interest, and more concern. To detail these would be as endless as are the varieties of misery by which they are induced.—The now joyful wife, for instance, exulting in her progeny, but reduced by one disastrous stroke to a mourning widow: her children deprived, in a moment, of their only stay, and made orphans. The wicked man invested with the spoils of the virtuous: those sons and daughters of misery, whose tears are shed, and whose struggles are made for life in its most humble vale, where whole families are crowded together, far removed from the path of ambition, and are only likely to be found—for I speak not of loud and querulous misery,—by him who has leisure to explore the haunts of the needy and the afflicted. My wandering disposition, or, if you will, my insensibility of what has resistless charms for the generality of mankind, often conducts me to such recesses, where I have not seldom discovered a kind of distress, for which the benevolence of my country, large and liberal as it is, has made no provision; a

VOL. I. Q distress

distress not known by the ordinary symptoms; trust me, my brother, there be wants and sorrows which have no display, which fly to the deepest shades of the country, or most unobserved nooks and corners of a great city, not to conceal guilt, but to escape 'the whips and scorns o' th' time.' Misfortune has her victims, which yet the world 'know not of.'—Where is the asylum for the heart-broken being, who is sinking under the accumulation of indigence and wrongs—a starving progeny around him?—or for the man of high birth and proud feelings, who has solicited, but cannot be importunate, and who is mouldering in his ruins? Or, again; for the martyr of generosity, who, too tender for resentment, and too delicate for strife, has been constrained to quit the seats of hospitality, where all were welcome, and where all resorted, for the desolate hut of famine, which has the solitude of the tomb? Or for the hapless female who has sacrificed to her credulity, perhaps, to an excessive virtue in her heart, but lost nothing of that nice sense
of

of shame, which is sharper than a serpent's tooth? Can the hospitals or magdalen houses of our country 'medicine to minds *thus* diseased?' To such, those houses would be insult, disgrace, and worse than death. The hiding places of such unfortunates must be sought, even with the zeal with which you, my brother, have sought and penetrated them; — sought sometimes amongst the abodes of the captive, but much oftener in those retirements less accommodated than a prison, but far more sacred. Dear is liberty, and dreadful its loss; but the degrees of human sufferance can only be determined by the nature and constitution of the sufferer; and it may possibly happen, that the only remaining blessing which freedom has to bestow on the wretched, is the power of choosing its cell."

"I am proud," rejoined James, "to claim alliance with the heart from whence such sentiments proceed. I feel a sort of triumph to think that the blood, which grows warmer in my veins at the consciousness, flows from the same source; but I must still regret, that

extreme sensibility, like yours, has, if I may so express it, my Henry, a natural bias rather to woe than joy; that where a temper disposed, or, to continue the phrase, blessed with a natural promptitude to cheerfulness rather than to gloom, will extract the honey, yours will distil the poison of life!"

"Say rather," exclaimed John, "this flying in the hour of distress from man, who is the proper protector of man; this getting into holes and corners to weep and to wail, is rarely warranted by the unfortunate; and such places are oftener the receptacles of fugitive guilt, than of retiring virtue in distress; besides this, more real good, I am persuaded, is to be done by the philanthropist, and more advantage to be received by the unhappy, be the cause of distress what it may, in the open paths of life, than by skulking into its lanes and alleys. Of virtuous distress no man ought to be ashamed; and misfortune never can be contemptible but by the consciousness of deserving it. In adversity, the mind of the sufferer is always the first to degrade itself; and the world, my
dear

dear Henry, the world is the proper sphere, not only for benevolence, but for its objects."—

"Generally, no doubt," said Henry, "but in the particular cases I have described, and in numberless others, men of the world could never *know* many of these objects. They shun discovery, and can be explored only by such roving dispositions as my own; and to find them is, perhaps, the highest delight—melancholy, indeed, as sweet—of such dispositions. I will confess to you, that public ambition never felt a joy from the attainment of its favourite aim more sincere, than that which I experience, when my rambles bring me within view of the misery, which may be removed with less cost than would purchase one of the trappings of ambition—even its feathers;—yet, were I a man of the world, I might not be disposed, perhaps, to divest myself of one of those feathers."

"Notwithstanding all this, dear youth," resumed John, affectionately, but fervently, "this but half acquits you; it is performing

but part of the duty of a social being : it is not enough that you weep with those that weep."

" I had but half acquitted myself," said Henry, warmly, " but you are always, my brother, in arms against me : Ever on-guard with your sword drawn, and your eye on the watch for an opening where you may strike : On the same principle, that I feel for the unhappy, or, borrowing the sacred language you have quoted—' as I weep with those that weep, I rejoice with those that rejoice : ' The felicity of others is, by vibration, my own ; I feel their good fortune or good success, though brought about by means, I should never, in my own case, even had I been driven from all my own congenial supports, have taken, nay, which I certainly should, in any extremity, have rejected ; or, to speak yet more close, which, being uncongenial, never would have presented themselves to *me* as means of this success, and not being adapted to my taste and temper could have afforded me no happiness ; consequently,

sequently, their miscarriage not being in my list of evils, could inflict upon me no misery: in short, cause or effect would be alike matter of indifference. Yet, I am not surprised that minds of another conformation should consider *that* as their chief good, or ill, which would thus be lost upon me; and therefore, I am never displeased when my own pains and pleasures, except on principles of general consideration, should be to them objects of no import. When I declare, for instance, that the most minute, and to others, perhaps, imperceptible slight, or reserve, from a friend into whose bosom I have been used to pour my confidence; when I avow that a look, a word, or even a silence, that has but the semblance of coldness or unkindness;—when I confess, these are amongst my scarcely-supportable grievances; and that the reverse of these, in all their nice distinctions, are amongst my highest joys: when I furthermore confess”——

“Brother, brother!” exclaimed John, impatiently, “you have already confessed too much; it is by nursing this sickly kind

behold, such is the history of your self-devoted men of fine feeling and exquisite sensibility !”

“ And I, you think, am one of that description ?” questioned Henry.—“ Decidedly,” replied John, with firmness, yet with feeling ; “ can you believe that your character, your happiness, and your consequence in life, my amiable brother, nay more, your value to the community, would not have all been gainers had you employed those talents, which God has intrusted to you, in a different way from the busy idleness to which they have been dedicated ? Genius, and integrity, like yours, had they been engaged in any of these must have made you long ere this as eminent as estimable ; and this, believe me, might, in your case, have been done without becoming the slave of that senseless ambition, or frivolous grandeur, on which, perhaps, somewhat too much, in the common cant of ordinary moralists, you have declaimed. In the scenes of honourable action you would have had no time to lie in wait for opportunities of misconstruction ; your eye

would have been fixed on nobler objects, your fancy would have been under the controul of your judgment; it would then have been an auxiliary to reason herself; it would have given to the force of your eloquence an amiable fire that would, at the same time, have warmed and illumined your subjects: those subjects too, would have been worthy of your powers; your genius would have expanded; your mind would have acquired a fortitude not to have been carried into sudden excesses, so fatally cherished by your present train of studies and habits: I beg pardon, it is this moment only that a ray of Henry's brighter genius has enabled me to see, James, that we are both in an error:—how can we have lived so long in the blunder of believing that the pride of talents was independent of adventitious aids; and that such independence consisted in firmness of mind, decision of thought, and actions formed upon these? No such thing! genius, I find, subjects its possessor to the caprice of every trifling casualty, renders him a minute interpreter of looks, makes him dissect words,
and

and analyze silence itself; drives him from the cheerful abodes of men, into an alliance with subordinate beings; makes him fly from friends and relations, his proper comforters, to beg the fellowship of birds and beasts; throws him on the alms even of inanimate nature; takes him out of all dependence, and reverence for himself; and places him wholly in the power of others. Proud and blessed Independence! that reduces soul and body to the most abject slavery! how I regret that my stubborn nature cannot stoop to such happy servility!"—

"Alas, my brothers!" exclaimed Henry, striking his bosom, "I rather stand in need of consolation than censure,—of your pity, than your rigour, or your ridicule."

"Dearest Henry," answered John, much moved, "let not what I found, long since, a scorpion in my bosom, be a viper in yours. Fable has not given to the ungrateful snake so fell a tooth as the smiling mischief which you cherish in your bosom, and call sensibility. Let me conjure you then, to cir-

cumscribe its power, and if it is one of the tyrants in your blood, consider it like the 'lurking principle of death,' which, one of your poets has told us, is mixed up in our frame, sooner or later to consume what it feeds on: or, if you love the delusion of still thinking it your friend,—for, alas! like all favourites, it has but too many powers of recommending itself,—teach it only to glow at what is really great or good: and let it not prompt you to the injustice of conferring on the mean, the honours that belong only to the illustrious.—I do not chide, my dear Henry, I only counsel," added John; "but if you think I have too much rebuked the power, which I see is the favourite denizen of this bosom,"—laying his hand on Henry's heart,—“if you think I have been too hard on this sensibility, let me atone for my censure by a just applause.”

James, being summoned on business, had withdrawn.

“One object there is on which this sensibility may employ all its blandishments:—When it seduces my brother from himself—
when

when it makes him forget that a parent's and a brother's life is intrusted to his charge ; when it

‘Wastes its sweetness on the desert air,’— you see I have caught the spirit of your muse, though, by the bye, she sometimes leads you into errors;—then I must quarrel with it:— but, when it leads your bounding heart to pay to Olivia what is so abundantly her due;— when it urges you to do homage to the beauty, innocence and love, she has in store for you, I am reconciled to its full dominion over you: I blame not even the tears it makes you shed, nor the enthusiasm it excites, even if it draws from my own eyes, or exacts from my own feelings, such sympathies as give me the suffering without the recompence, the wound without the balm ; though, whatever may be the wounds of John, they can never want a balm while Henry and Olivia are happy !”

CHAPTER XLV.

JOHN, in the course of his philippic against sensibility, exhibited many signs that, while he was reasoning as a philosopher, he felt as a man. James had only followed the even tenor of his reflections.

Towards the close, John appeared to be seized with one of those sudden and strong contentions within, which sometimes secluded him from his family and friends. More than one dire cause contributed to this; but the greatest was impenetrably closed from every eye but that which searches the heart.

An ebullition of this kind in the mind of John Fitorzton, was frequently attended by that bilious misery which so often turns the whole mass of blood; and in him would produce a confinement of some days, during which he would admit no witness of its effects; nor, till the confinement was past, would he reunite himself to society. Then he would come forth, an obvious

obvious victim of the ravage that had been made. The extremes of pleasure or of pain would produce more or less this bosom contention. The study of his whole life had been to manage himself in these excesses, to which he was but too conscious his disposition was prone; and when, as was in some instances the case, his best endeavours failed, he fervently offered up a prayer that to human efforts might be added divine aids for the government of his nature.

His resentment was rarely implacable: for although no earthly power could make him return his hand to any from whom he had withdrawn it, on conviction of unprincipled offences; it was not unusual with him to serve those, on impulses of general compassion, with whom he would never more associate. His immitigability was indeed chiefly confined to himself. It was there principally he inverted the ordinary laws of self-love, by severely, though silently, becoming a self-accuser; and some sensations which accompanied the delivery of
of

of the sentiments that concluded his address to his brother, returned on him such accusation.

Henry, on the contrary, though on the first receipt of an injury, he was tumultuous, vehement, and sudden, if, after those impulses had subsided, any palliative presented itself, by which the cause of his wrongs, even by a little strain upon candour, could be imputable to misfortune, to the pressure of hurrying events, or indeed to any thing but cold and meditated baseness, he would forget how far the effect had operated against his own feeling or interest, and be the first to seek accommodation.

So touched was the ingenuous youth by the affecting and affectionate *manner*, as well as *matter*, of his brother, in this admonitory discourse, that though he was unable to speak from a certain mixture of awe, respect, and attention, he looked all that could denote at once a grateful and an afflicted heart. But collecting himself a little towards the conclusion, and when John had, by degrees,
7 opened

opened his arms to give to his last words the impression of an embrace.—“O my brother!” exclaimed Henry, “that you could descend into this overburthened heart!—that you could see, or that I could tell you—that it were permitted me—that I dare to disclose.”—

“Dare!” cried John, resisting a sudden indisposition that had nearly sunk him at Henry’s feet:—“Does that heart then contain any thing it dares not unfold? A Fitzorton can fear nothing—but himself!”—The death-like paleness which had the moment before usurped the cheeks of John, now seemed transposed to those of Henry.—“That expression would almost justify me, in the belief of a tale which has been poured into my ear,” resumed John, “respecting Henry Fitzorton; a tale of so incredible a nature, that I renounced it as a vile aspersion; nay, concluding it such, I stopt its progress.”

“A tale!” questioned his brother, with confusion too mighty to be concealed,
“surely

"surely I have a right to know the accusation, and the accuser."

"The accuser," replied John, throwing his examining eye over Henry, "is the terror of the person accused."

"That terror is of John's creation. It is not the first time we have seen innocence abashed, and misfortune appalled in the presence of John Fitzorton:"—here the roses began to revisit Henry's cheek.—"Yet have I beheld even John himself struggling with emotions which, to any one unacquainted with the purity of his heart, might have subjected him to the censure of men who, like himself, are disposed to judge hardly.—I have seen him wrought into agony, his very spirit on the rack; he has thrown into every countenance, and sunk into every bosom, a sadness like his own. In the midst of this painful sympathy he has left friends, brothers, parents, without explanation: has resisted the softness of one, the authority of another, and the wishes of all; and when has *his* silence been imputed to guilt? when have

have the effects been attributed to his not daring to discover the cause?"

It is, indeed, true, that it would be impossible for an aggressor, or for any person he conceived to be such, to stand in the presence of John Fitzorton, without feeling more terror in his silence than in the most rending climaxes of Henry's indignation. It was an awful dumbness, which dismayed the very soul, and when, at the end of this tremendous pause, he at last spoke, the sentence which he past upon the action, was bitter, and commonly brief; as if the sudden death of the offender were to be pronounced and executed in the same moment. Yet, how shall we find censure for emotions which, whether excited against others or himself, were emotions of a mind zealous in the cause of honesty? and if we admit that the paroxysms which attended them were the vices of his blood, we must allow also that they arose from the virtues of his heart.

Sometimes however, before he had done speaking to Henry, the agitated, yet then
empassioned

empathioned John, began to droop: his ingenuous soul felt the force of his brother's remarks: and, self-condemned, he advanced to Henry, from whom he had receded, and presenting his hand, he said, with a voice humbled even to penitence, "It is but just I should offer what perhaps it is no less right you should refuse: Henry forgive me! I have thrown your tender disposition into confusion, and punished you for my own fault. My nature and my habits are stern. I will try to mend them. How came so harsh a being to be a brother of yours, my Henry? I have my softness too—sometimes: I have not always been the knotted oak; I have even been weaker than the bending reed; and it is indeed true that you have never chid me for it; nor have you even supposed, as I did, that my want of confidence has been the want of honour: I am unworthy of your pardon!"

As he was withdrawing his hand, Henry caught it with all the eagerness of fraternal love, and pressed it to his lips; then spreading his arms he exclaimed, "O my dear,
dear

dear brother! you are worthy of every thing: this—ah, how long has it been desired!—this is the moment—this is the situation,”—drawing John still more closely to his embrace—“when I am to convince my beloved John, if I have not dared to”——

At this crisis, Olivia came into the garden. Powerful, indeed, must be the pencil that could colour her feelings at this joyful sight! While the brothers were yet enfolded in each others arms, she softly encircled her own around them both; and with accents that might, indeed, melt

“Contending nations into brotherhood,”

She reiterated the expression which had before ended an affectionate strife*, “bless! bless ye together!”

“I protest,” said Olivia, “I had forgot my errand, which was to inform you dinner waited, but this richer banquet for my heart had obliterated every other.”——“To dinner then with what appetite we may,” said John smiling

* On the celebration of her birth-day.

smiling, but not without an half suppressed sigh, as he resigned the hand of Olivia to Henry. "Nay, cried Olivia, placing herself between the brothers, and presenting a hand to each, "are we not all united? I must," added she, playfully, "on this happy occasion go in all the state of my proud heart—supported by the family arms!" In this manner they entered the castle. But as True George opened the dining hall door: "We must separate here," observed John, "only two can go in at a time, and those must of course be Henry and Olivia." As soon as they had entered, John ordered George to close the door; then traversing with hurried steps the antechamber, George took it for granted that the "older young 'squire," as he sometimes called him, was more agreeably employed than if he were seated at a good dinner, so letting himself into the dining room to wait at table, left him with as little noise as possible, whispering, "Hush! hush! hang the door, how it creaks!"

At

At length, having made his exit, the honest domestic hinted to the family, that his honour, the philosopher, was suddenly taken with one of his *coggibundusses*, and he could see that his honour thought as little about dinner as if there was no such amusement as eating and drinking in the world.

CHAPTER XLVI.

JOHN's soliloquy was brief and pointed. —“ It must be done—and immediately. I am a fool to my own heart, and a knave to my brother's. I have been in misery. Decision is happiness. I am decided.”

Each of these short sentences was spoken walking, and each was performed in a long stride. The word “ decision ” brought him to the dining room door, which he opened with the firmness and energy of a man, who, after various debate of thought, and irresolution of conduct, had determined.

In the evening, the family as was customary, assembled in the library, where they frequently passed the evening in literary conversations. John had recovered the hue of his countenance; and even his sarcastic sportiveness returned to the general joy of the company; and, clouded as had been the day, it was an evening of family happiness, in which even Henry was beguiled from the immediate memory of his disappointments and perplexities.

In order to force his mind from other thoughts, which he felt would disqualify him for that calm separation on which he was resolved, John again opened his unexhausted artillery upon what he called the monstrosities of Poesy and Romance; in reply to all which Sir Armine, taking part with Henry, pleasantly exclaimed, "Your profling brother has again assailed us unprovokedly, my Harry; it is now a common cause. I like you, have *romanced* and *poetised*, and am invaded; and depend upon it, under the auspices of insulted Phœbus, we shall rout

rout this furious Drawcansir, 'Thou nature art our goddess.'—

"Inspired by her," interposed Henry, taking up the theme as he always did, zealously, "I insist that a play, a poem, or romance, though so incessantly the objects of my brother's ridicule, possibly of his envy and despair, I maintain that either of these may become as useful to the interests of virtue as the most laboured disquisition in the proud circle of philosophy; and on this subject I must own, I have long wished to obtain my dear father's more decided and circumstantial opinion; because, whether discouraging or favourable to my own, I should hear it with great deference; conscious it would be founded on true judgment, tempered by candour, which I take to be true criticism."

"A critic, my Henry," said Sir Armine, "should be the guardian of the public taste, the public virtue, and the public happiness; on all which public literature has an important influence."

“No doubt, sir,” cried John, “but those effusions of a boiling head and feverish heart, denominated novels, of all silly books, usually the most silly, the very names of which are become disgusting, will not, I trust, be allowed by my father to constitute a part of public literature, although I have my fears, they may have contributed not a little to vitiate the public taste.”

“We have not time, nor is it necessary to go back to the origin of romance; nor to trace its progress from the early ages to the present century, when it took the name of novel,” said Sir Armine, resisting his son’s ludicrous images with some gravity: “under all titles, however, and in all ages, from its epocha, this species of composition has been considered as one of the most agreeable parts of literature: and although rigid moralists, mistaken zealots, and indiscriminate satirists,”—Here Olivia and Henry looked full at John—“Affected ignorance,” continued Sir Armine, “or more affected learning, have fulminated against it,

still does it remain a source of great delight, not seldom of as great utility."

"It appears to me, sir," observed Henry, kindling, "that compositions of science may be compared to the aspiring oak, and the works of fancy to the flowerets of the valley."

"Very true, brother," cried John,— "creeping like the latter amongst the hedges, or flinking into the bottom of the ditches; or, perhaps, timorously peeping from the banks, as conscious of their insignificance."

"No, brother," retorted Henry, rising, and elevating his hands to illustrate the image,— "not creeping amongst hedges, but blooming full in view;—a bloom immortal as the proudest growth of the forests, and carrying their odours even to the mountain top."

"A literary composition," resumed Sir Armine, "like a military operation, should be considered, whatever be its nature, in its constructions, its progress, and its consummation. Both should be contemplated in

the felicity of the idea, the unity of the design, and the energy of the execution. My Henry is supported by the united wisdom of our ancestors, who all concur in the most favourable sentiment of a well-contrived work of the imagination; and the most illustrious amongst the moderns have given the suffrage of their names to a defence of the very books, which senseless wittings, affected coxcombs, or too rigid critics,—pardon me, dear John,”—Sir Armine had thrown a glance on his eldest son, as he pronounced the two last words,—“too rigid critics presume to condemn. One of the most learned and elegant of those moderns, indeed,—a dignitary* of the church too, John,—has observed, that, in spite of philosophy and fashion, Faery Spencer still ranks highest amongst the poets; earth-born critics may blaspheme, says he,

‘But all the Gods are ravish’d with delight
‘Of his celestial song, and music’s wond’rous
might.’

“I be-

* Dr. Hurd.

“ I believe, however,” interposed John, “ that the high and reverend authority you have quoted, sir, allows, that all these lying wonders of the Gothic magicians, these grisly spectres raised out of their own horror-creating fancies, when men loved to astonish and affright themselves, when every village had a ghost, the church-yards were all haunted, and every large common had a circle of fairies belonging to it, were at the dawn of reason, but that her growing splendour put them all to flight.”

“ True,” returned Sir Armine, “ there wanted a reform in the world of fiction, and the revolution of letters effected this by compelling fancy to league at least with probability :—in the end she became more obedient to the laws of nature ; and, thus allied, the wildness and extravagance of the fable is chastened, and, as his lordship has expressed it, the excellence of the moral, and the ingenuity of the contrivance, remained, after the magic of the old romances was perfectly dissolved.—But he adds, what we

have got by this revolution is a great deal of good sense : what we have lost is a world of fine fabling—the illusion of which is so grateful to the charmed spirit.”

“ Surely,” said Olivia, who had been extremely attentive, as indeed had the whole party, “ surely, that charmed spirit, in its chastened state, walks the world at this day, and can no longer be called unnatural or romantic. Takes it not a shape to reform, while it alarms, in many an antique dome and awful forest?—In these, it is, methinks, a spirit raised by genius in the cause of virtue. It comes like a benign angel to guard and warn the good, or like a threatening demon to terrify and punish the wicked. It is conscience personified : I consider it with a fond and sacred pleasure, mixed with a religious dread ; but, at the same time, I hold in contempt those unnecessary and wanton, as well as impertinent apparitions, which the vulgar novelist conjures up merely to terrify his readers ; to set before their eyes a literary maukin to scare and surprise—
avaunt

avaunt such childish visions!—vanish such useless spectres!—What are the pages in which they are said to groan and stalk, but fables of disgusting monsters, like the repositories of wild beasts, where curiosity is at once attracted and terrified by frightful deformities? But I cannot endure that these should have the honour to be classed with the productions I have described before.”

John had several times looked towards Olivia while she was speaking, with approving eyes: and Henry had as frequently taken her hand. Mr. Clare, and the rest of the families, were always pleased whenever her modest talents could be brought into display.

Sir Armine and Henry intreated her to proceed. “Alas” said she, blushing, “from my own scanty stores I have nothing worth offering, but in the sensible Euphrasia* I have found the most convincing arguments, drawn up in the most agreeable language.

* Clara Reeve.

She informs me, that romances were the delight of barbarous ages, and that they have always kept their ground amongst the multiplied amusements of more refined and cultivated periods; containing, like every other branch of human literature, both good and evil things. These, as nearly as I can remember, are her own words. You will easily believe," continued Olivia, speaking to Sir Armine, and looking at his youngest son with eyes that told her satisfaction, "that I was charmed to find the instructive Euphrasia expressing an astonishment, I have so often felt myself, that men of sense and learning, who relish the beauties of the old classic poets, and dwell on them with such fond admiration, should be indifferent to, or speak contemptuously of the romance; for its stories are not more wild and incredible than the most admired epic."

"Surely," said Henry, with emotion, "surely it is to a moral purpose the awful scenery of times long past is displayed; we cannot look back upon them, even in these
enlightened

enlightened days, without something of a conscience-born emotion: vice reads with terror and dismay, as if she saw the menacing phantom; virtue peruses them with that holy fear which is the best guard of firm, yet unpresuming innocence."

"It appears to me," said Olivia, diffidently, "that to remove the grossness of superstition, and the blind or wilful violation of nature, were the great points of reform most wanted in the ancient romance, preserving and *meliorating* the sacred effects of the holy fear my Henry has mentioned."

Olivia then went to that side of the library which she and Henry had arranged and appropriated, and where might be seen every truly ingenious production of the species in question, as well of olden times as of these our days, and in all languages; but more especially those of her own country and sex.* The latter she enumerated with a conqueror's

* Had Olivia brought down her eulogy nearer the date of this publication, she would inevitably have assign-

conqueror's ardour, and with a champion's liberality, as the volumes shone before her.

ed a distinguished place in her library to an illustrious train of English women, the literary magi of the present day. Amongst these would have been found "Sir Bertram's Patroness;" and the fair advocate who, supported by her OLD BARON, so well illustrated the cause she has ably defended: and the enchantress of Udolpho, potent alike to terrify as to transport; the magician of the MANOR-HOUSE, honoured and loved by the muse. COWLEY, conferring fresh honours on a name which genius had before appreciated. The elegant parent of EVELINA too. And she, also, in whose genius we have found the strokes of another PERU. The painter of 'Art and Nature' likewise, with the soft yet sublime defender of woman's rights, and she who told so well a "Tale of other Times." These would all have been subjects of our heroine's eulogy. And thou, consoler and arbiter of the heart! generous enthusiast, and advocate of genius, even to a romantic chivalry! yes, thou LAURA MARIA, who hast ennobled thyself by "the unperishable lustre of mental pre-eminence!" would have enriched the castle with the varied offspring of an enlightened mind, associating the magic of the wand, with the enchantments of the lyre.

CHAPTER XLVII.

WHILE Henry and Olivia were engaged in their panegyric, and the rest of the company listening to, or surrounding them, John concealed some powerful emotions, and irregular movements and gestures, by leaving the room; and when he returned, he found his father, at the repeated urgency of his poetical brother, proceeding in the conversation: John again sat down, and while he was a silent auditor, had opportunity to recover himself.

“ Whosoever proposes to make amusement the ‘minister of instruction,’ resumed Sir Armine, “ is like a mariner between two tremendous rocks. On this side he hath to encounter the pomps of learning, on that the affectations of vanity: both these pretending, with equal contumacy, to hold romances and novels in scorn. But there are few compositions which are not better

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than

than the conversation of that ignorance which affects wisdom, or of that learning which despises knowledge, through whatever channels it may flow. Nevertheless, I have observed these sagacious persons are so wonderfully gifted, as to anticipate every thing a book of this kind contains on the first glimpse of the title, and not, forsooth, having time to waste on trifles, throw aside the said book; which appears to me just as fair a proceeding as if a physiognomist, pretending to see fool or knave written on a man's features, should look in his face, express his suspicion, and knock him down."

"Alas, my father! there is no justice in this," cried James; "while the being that speculates, like the being which is speculated upon, remains human, many of his first-sight judgments must be questionable, whether he be a physiognomist of men or of books. The countenances of both are sometimes, indeed, copious indexes, but sometimes mere title-pages, insomuch, that the most profound observer must often be at fault: a very promising

promising title, may, like a prepossessing set of features, cover a great deal of nonsense or of villany, in the same manner as a crooked nose, bleared eyes, jutting lips, and shagged brows, curved against all rule for sense and honesty, may be the rugged casquets to conceal a direct understanding, an upright heart, and principles in the symmetry of perfect moral beauty."

"But my son James," rejoined Sir Armine, "forgets that vanity has her votaries, both amongst the wise as well as the fair, the learned as the unlearned. As the former of these would blush to be caught with a book they wish the world to believe below their understanding, the latter often contrive to be seen at studies above their capacity; and it is pleasant enough to observe, both of them labouring to maintain a character, which neither can reasonably hope to establish."

"It is well known," continued James, "I am a determined foe to all extremes, and that because almost every good—moral and
natural,

natural,—lies between them. Too wise, too foolish, too erudite, too illiterate, too dull, too brilliant, are excesses I equally tremble at. I never cease to wish my dear brothers had more of my unaspiring, and yet neither unprofitable nor unhappy mediocrity in all things."

"In poesy, brother! O Phœbus!"—ejaculated Henry, firing—"You, surely, are not an advocate for intellectual mediocrity—Save, save me from that, O God of inspiration!"

"A middling philosopher, a middling lawyer, are not characters much to be commended either," cried John.

"Yet," said Sir Armine, smiling on all his sons, "let me not be misunderstood.—If by silly books are meant those miserable and meagre productions, which resemble every thing more than the humanity they profess to paint, I will as strongly dispute the sovereignty of my contempt for such as John Fitzorton; but I should as soon think of confounding the extremes of light and darkness

in the physical and natural, as in the intellectual world. For which reason, methinks, some mark of separation should be made betwixt the authors who correctly imitate the works of nature, and those who produce monstrous compositions with which nature hath nothing to do: compositions that are run up with the speed, but not with the ingenuity of the spider's web,—as easily swept away, and as soon forgotten. But far apart, and honourably distinct from these, are the accurate delineations of very many romance writers of the last and present age, whose reputation shall endure with that of any historian, philosopher, or poet. Indeed, if 'the proper study of mankind be man,' the author who best describes the human character and conduct, unfolds most skilfully the various mazes of life, and enters most minutely into that which produces, and that which destroys, domestic happiness, is the most useful author. Abstract reasonings, philosophical discussions, such as John cultivates, and the sublimer soarings of the muse, which are so dear to

Henry,

Henry, have genuine charms only for a few, and of these, some affect to admire what they neither can relish nor understand; but the historian of private life, for to that name he should aspire, paints scenes and characters which are familiar to every man. To say the truth, what are the domestic annals of the whole world, my sons, but so many histories of this kind, abounding with character, incident, and adventure? Every day affords matter for a new chapter, and every year swells the work into another, merry or melancholy, volume; or rather a miscellany compounded of both.

“ And, in point of that knowledge which equips us for the world, and opens, as it were, upon the understanding a window through which we may see the secret workings of the heart, I will oppose a well-drawn copy of life, in a series of natural adventures, to the proudest speculations of any of those profound thinkers, the *worst* of whom might imagine himself disgraced, were he compared with the *best* writers of that class.

“ In

“ In conclusion of the subject, which, except in a family party, might be deemed by the fastidious to have employed too much time, and by the ordinary novel-devourer to have been provokingly interruptive, I will borrow the words which I remember to have been used by a public critic in his review of the work of the Defender of Romance, whom our Olivia has justly commended.—If Hurd, Beattie, Wharton, and Percy, says he, whose names reflect the highest lustre on modern literature, did not regard the subject of Euphrasia as unworthy of their research, no one need to blush at devoting some portion of his time to the same enquiry; nor can that be deemed undeserving the notice and protection of the public, to which the practice of a Sydney hath given sanction, and which hath received the approbation of a Milton.”

CHAPTER XLVIII.

THE conquest which our young poetic enamorado seemed to have gained by the favourite sentiments of his father, was now so complete, that he could not help drawing John and his father into that compartment of the library which had been sacred to poesy and romance, and which John had altered from 'Poets' to 'Trumpery corner,' and provokingly pasted those words on the edge of the shelves with a caricature figure of Folly, laughing with her cap and bells, and boys on each side of her crying over them—"Victoria! victoria!" exclaimed he; "I hope now trumpery may be expunged—judgment, judgment, brother James! I trust the dispute betwixt these men of snow, who call themselves philosophers, and the children of the sun, who feel themselves to be poets, is now settled:—what says the family Ballancer,—what says my judicial brother to this?"

"I have

"I have wondered at nothing more," replied James, "than at the unfair dealings of readers with authors."

"Authors with readers I believe you mean," quoth John.

"Rather," continued James, "it is matter of surprise to me, that considering the injustice of readers there should be any authors at all."

"Now you have mended it!" cried John.

"James has reason on his side, notwithstanding," said Sir Armine.

"It appears to me, Sir," answered James, respectfully, "that the *golden mean* finds as few friends amongst books as among men;—a certain extravagance pervades all things.—Every reader, more or less, exercises the tyranny of a critic, if the work happens to be adapted to the degree of his capacity and modes of feeling, no panegyric seems warm enough; if it be written above or below that capacity, those modes, or different from his general idea, or particular experience, or the temper of the moment, there

there is not any censure deemed strong enough to condemn it."

"A morning I once passed in a London circulating library, illustrates this whimsically enough," observed Mr. Clare, taking his pipe. "I do not often enter into these matters, you know; but I will endeavour to describe what I heard, and saw, at one of those repositories of sense and nonsense. 'Have you read such a performance?' cried one to his friend—coming in, arm in arm.—'I have dipped into it,' replied the friend, affecting the scholar—'dull, Sir, very dull!'"

"Thus is the wrong idea," continued James, "spread abroad to the extent of that man's connections; the book is avoided, and its very name becomes contagious. On the other hand, it may, with as little reason, by the extravagance of ill-deserved praise, become epidemical another way—too many sweets are as nauseating as excessive bit-
ters."

"Were I to be desperate enough to write another book," said Sir Armine, "methinks I would try a new experiment. I would
write

write up to the capacity and feeling of half a dozen persons, with whose different dispositions I had acquaintance : for argument's sake, we will suppose the characters to stand thus—a philosopher, a poet, a divine, a humourist, a politician, and a man of the world ; for each of whom I would prepare some essay, treatise, or poem, suitable to their respective genius. But, agreeably to the design I had in view, I would so arrange these, that, presuming each to be excellent in its kind, two very contrary effects should be produced by that arrangement. The book being ready, I would take care that the six persons for whom it was intended, should be summoned to a private recital, in a more finished and select way than before. I would commence my experiments on the humourist, delineating that singularity, whim, or weakness in mind or manners, in which he would most delight, but which my man of the world would pronounce ‘ execrable stuff ;’ the philosopher,—‘ beneath the dignity of the human understanding ;’ — the poet, ‘ despicable ;’ — the divine, ‘ frivolous ;’ — the politician, ‘ absurd.’

I

furd.'—I would then make an attempt upon the rest indiscriminately, and should certainly find that the pleasure of one, while his favourite subject was before him, would have a nearly contrary effect on the others ; until in the end, each man would depart with a favourable impression of the work, not because it might be *generally* excellent, but because the particular taste, and, perhaps, predominant passion of each had been gratified.—Were you the next day," continued Sir Armine, "to hear the philosopher passing his opinion on the performance to any friends of his own description, he would tell you there was one essay worth all the rest :—The bard would recommend it to his brethren of the laurel, purely for the poem : The politician, for its happy strokes at ministry or the opposition : The divine, for its polemics : The man of fashion, for its elegance in trifling ; and the humourist, for that display of character, which, though seen every hour in life, is always welcome to men of his disposition, when found in books. Thus, if every book could be ushered into the world

with

with such an experiment, the reading of it would be general; but my complaint is, that were such book to be placed in the way of six such readers *separately*, without a table of contents to anticipate the subjects, and should it happen that the order in which the book was opened, presented the philosophy to the humourist,—the divinity to the man of fashion, the airy pleasantries to the divine, the politics to the bard, and the poetry to the politician, my poor book would call forth more vengeance against it, than was ever fulminated at a miserable culprit from that book of pious curses—the Romish excommunication.”

“Your quarrel with readers then, sir,” said James, quietly, “is for their want of candour, and of patience. You would wish them to begin dispassionately, to sit down to their author with a mind disposed to be pleased, and proceed to the end before they passed judgment. Just as we do in legal affairs. And there ought to be courts of justice, no doubt, in literature, as well as in law.”

“Read

“ Read books to the end, hey ! ” said Mr. Clare, having now filled and lighted his pipe : “ I wish you could see the circulators at my friend Page’s shop, and hear Page describe his customers. ‘ Five changes a day, ‘ sir,’ he has said to me—you know his quaint humour, and shrewd brevity,—‘ aye, and come ‘ for the sixth at night. — I say read a book ‘ to the end, indeed ! they begin with end, ‘ return to the title, skip preface, jump to ‘ middle, dash again to end, and away for ‘ another vol ! and as to folio men ; ’ quoth Page, ‘ as to my folio and quarto gentry, ‘ Master Dugdale, Domine Chillingworth, ‘ Gaffer Clarendon, and such like old grecians, ‘ they don’t come home for half a year ; ‘ great bodies move slow. In the name of ‘ nonsense, says one customer, why, Page, ‘ do you send me such trumpery as this ? ‘ Buffon’s history, Harris’s Hermes, Hume’s ‘ sketches, British Zoology ! I wonder you ‘ don’t load me at once with Chambers’s ‘ Dictionary, the Statutes at Large, and the ‘ State Trials : here bring them in if you ‘ can, Thomas, they have almost broke
down

‘ down my coach. Beg pardon for my mis-
‘ take, replied I, was told you were one of
‘ our learned ladies, and wished for something
‘ to shew off a little : can change them in a
‘ twinkle — heavy old boys these, to be
‘ sure — only mention your taste — hit you off to
‘ a nicety ! ” — The last plays and novels to be
‘ sure said she. — “ Really, Mr. Page,” ex-
‘ claimed another customer, sailing stately into
‘ the shop, two lazy livery-men behind, all
‘ be-book’d — “ really, Mr. Page, it is insult-
‘ ing, your people will be troubling me with
‘ these contemptible things ; “ Children of
‘ Nature,” Filial Piety,” “ Misfortunes of
‘ Love,” “ Man of Feeling,” and “ Man
‘ of the World ! ” — all this time her servants
‘ were unloading — ‘ how often must I tell
‘ you there never were more than three or
‘ four of these things written since the be-
‘ ginning of the world, worth a rational
‘ woman’s reading, and they are now as old
‘ as Poles ; and if you will persist in vexing
‘ my nature with such trumpery, I positively
‘ must take my name out of your book ;
‘ you know I study only metaphysics.” —

‘ Sorry, my lady—blunder of shopman—
‘ will make amends—there, ma’am, have you
‘ down for physics in future—“ Well, let me
‘ have “ Priestly on Necessity,” “ Mandeville’s
‘ fable of the Bees,” “ Hutchenfon’s En-
‘ quiry,” and the “ Philosophical Arrange-
‘ ments,” for the present; and you may
‘ throw in some nonsense for the servants—
‘ (exit frowning,—servants smiling to each
‘ other, and winking.)—“ Pray, dear Mr.
‘ Page,” cries a pretty lisper, who had been
‘ looking over the catalogue, “ is not that lady
‘ Sarah Dingey? she who makes your books
‘ smell so horridly of spirits, and is so generous
‘ with her snuff?—I declare my sister Bab
‘ and a whole party of us were the other
‘ evening almost poisoned, in the first vo-
‘ lume of “ Delicate Distresses;” and sweet
‘ Jane Hectic was quite overcome before
‘ she had half got through “ Excessive Sen-
‘ sibility”—Mum, miss, whispered I, a word
‘ to the wife—sat : sap.—“ I thought so,” said
‘ the lisper,—well let me have that dear
‘ “ Man of Feeling” I have so long waited
‘ for; and though I have it coming from
‘ the

' the hands of that inveterate snuffler, and I
 ' know it ought to perform a month's qua-
 ' rantine, I will even hazard suffocation for
 ' any of that writer's books,—O, why don't
 ' he write again?—Well, this will do for
 ' one—I'll take No. 1889, "Cruel disap-
 ' pointment," for another, "Reuben, or
 ' Suicide, heigho! No. 4746," I suppose
 ' he killed himself for love—"Seduction,"
 ' yes, I want that more than any thing,
 "Unguarded moment," ah! we all have
 ' our unguarded moments, Mr. Page.—
 ' True delicacy, No. 2," that must be a
 ' silly thing by the title; "School of Vir-
 ' tue," heaven knows, mamma gives me
 ' enough of that: "Test of Filial Duty," at
 ' any rate she puts me to that test pretty
 ' often: "Mental Pleasures," worse and
 ' worse! I'll look no longer—Oh! stay a
 ' moment: "Mutual Attachment"—"Affig-
 ' nation, Frederick, or the Libertine"—just
 ' add these, Mr. Page, and I shall not have
 ' to come again until the day after to-mor-
 ' row!—and then I hope to bring three new
 ' customers—all annuals, the Diggey, Rake,

‘ and Rifle families, great readers—just come
‘ into our neighbourhood—Immense acqui-
‘ sitions!’ Then fluttered out of their car-
‘ riage a bevy of young things. These, Page
‘ told me after they were gone, only read
‘ a volume or two a week: toilette-students,
‘ who just run over a letter or chapter at
‘ hair-dressing time: my books come home,’
cried Page, ‘ so powdered, so pomatumed,
‘ so perfumed, my old dons and ladies de-
‘ clare, they are worse than the strong
‘ waters, snuff-blots and brandy-stains
‘ of my metaphysicianess. O! but, I
‘ must not forget to mention my *whif-*
‘ *perers*, most of whom send confidentials;—
‘ or, such as venture themselves, hem,
‘ cough, blush, stammer, and so forth—
‘ have I got this? could I get that? for—
‘ for—for—“a friend in the country?”
‘ others desire me to make up parcel to
‘ penny-post list—ready-money—own price
‘ —no questions asked—to be called for,—
‘ cash in hand—and all in the way of *snug*.
‘ Thus I dispose of my good things,’ quoth
Page;—‘ sometimes tucked between mus-
‘ lins,

‘ lins, cambrics, silks, sattins, and the like,
‘ or rolled into a bundle, then thrown into
‘ a coach by some of my fair smugglers;
‘ the old ones meanwhile, Mams and Dads,
‘ never the wiser—Last enter, what I call
‘ my *consumers*—lasses, young and old, who
‘ run over a novel of three, four or five
‘ volumes faster than book-men can put them
‘ into boards: three sets a day; morning
‘ vols, noon vols, and night vols; pretty
‘ caterpillars, as I call them, because they
‘ devour my leaves. Devilish troublesome
‘ though; but write as much as they read, cor-
‘ responding misses, and so make it up to me
‘ in stationary.’ But you have said nothing as
yet, said I to Page, of your *rational* readers
and writers. ‘ O yes, there must be a sprink-
‘ ling of your high-prizers, you know; but
‘ they don’t go much out—I keep most of
‘ my wise ones to myself, such as Master
‘ Gibbon, Domine Robertson, Old Verulum,
‘ and bold Sir Isaac. ‘ Perhaps,’ continu-
ed Page, ‘ you would like to hear some-
‘ thing about my *spinners*, as I call them;

‘ my dear Web, spins me a couple of vols.
‘ off hand—Gay or grave, Mr. Page ?”—
‘ Tears, tears, Mr. Web, misses must cry,
‘ or its nothing : write for the white hand-
‘ kerchief, dear Web, ’an you love me.—
“ I will wash it in the water from their
‘ own lovely eyes,” quoth Web, flourishing
his pen. ‘ After this we smoked a pipe, and
‘ drank success to literary spinning in a glass
‘ of cherry-brandy.’ “ Such,” concluded
Mr. Clare, “ were the descriptions my friend
Page used to give me ; and I fancy pretty
faithful ones, of some of his readers.”

Much amusement had been produced by
Mr. Clare’s report of Page’s shrewd account
of his customers.—John closed the conver-
sation by pressing his brother Henry’s hand,
while he assured him, that with whatever
asperity he might, sometimes, have attacked
his art, it had never been with design to
despoil him of his laurel, or depreciate its
value ; but to separate it from the florid
weeds with which it is too often surrounded,
and to make it, indeed, an immortal plant
worthy to grace his brows.

The

The triumph which Henry had before begun to feel from his father's sanction, was compleated in his brother's generous confessions.

But John Fitzorton had yet another theme to adjust before the company withdrew, and the parting moment being at hand, he announced his intention of joining his regiment on the morrow. "There is, indeed," said he, "an indecency, an ingratitude in being appointed to fill the place of the ever-lamented Lacelles, without endeavouring, at least, to make myself acceptable to the soldiers, who have lost the commander they so justly honoured and loved."

"We will here take leave, therefore, of one another, wishing, by way of toast to this brimmer of claret,—filling his glass,—that whatever alterations may take place, during my absence, in the castle of Fitzorton,—looking earnestly at Olivia and Henry—may be for the better!"

After the company had quitted the supper-room, John accompanied Henry up stairs,

when taking his hand with great cordiality, he addressed him thus: — “ My brother, farewell! — cultivate your family; it loves you: cultivate your genius; cultivate; ” — he hesitated, — turned pale, — attempted speech, but failed. — “ We will correspond, ” said he, faintly, and pressing his brother’s hand while his own shook; “ yes, we will communicate by letter. I leave you in the fairest prospect of unbounded happiness, — I see how you are beloved, honoured, adored, and am still shocked to think I have ever admitted a doubt. ” — Saying this, he embraced Henry; repeated his farewell, and expressing a wish to be alone, he gently closed Henry’s apartment, went hastily into his own, and locked the door.

Thus was Henry deprived of another opportunity to unfold himself; for he knew it would be a vain attempt to desire an audience with John, after he had expressed a wish of privacy.

It was, however, a severe disappointment. He had even anchored his best hopes upon it,

it; and though he had been dexterously seduced into his second subject, the instant he reverted to himself he had anticipated the certainty of conversing with John as a point of infinite importance, and yet his anticipation was a mixture of fear and hope. But when the moment so anxiously expected, and so hard to be attained,—on account of John's frequent absence from the castle—arrived, his brother's emotions, and resolute tones, destroyed his hope. "It is plain," said he, "he knows my cruel secret, and is displeased, but unwilling to part in altercation, has tried by every way to avoid a rupture, and will disclose himself by letter."

After passing several uneasy hours, he composed himself a little, on reflecting, that he should still have the opportunity of which he had thus again been deprived, by catching John in the morning before he set off. But here again he was prevented by, perhaps, the last impediment he would have thought could have been placed in his way. He fell into a doze which continued to hold him fast locked in the arms of Morpheus, not only

till the hour was past at which John had risen, but till True George rapt at his chamber door, to acquaint him that the family waited breakfast for him. Yes, reader, wearied with turning his arguments, and oppressed with the vigour with which he supplied the ideal fire, against whatever artillery he supposed John would bring into the field, in the instant that our luckless youth had brought his forces to the highest degree of order and perfection, sleep overtook him, and the day was lost.

CHAPTER XLIX.

JOHN Fitzorton's journey was not pleasant. He rode with unusual haste, as if to leave behind him the reflection that spurred him on. But what human power can outstrip the velocity of thought? or escape the mind that gives it wing? Alas! he travelled with more than one arrow in his bosom. "And wherefore," said he, "this scrutiny into Henry Fitzorton's mysteries? have I none of my own? and what if his should proceed

proceed from an unfortunate passion? Is there no allowance to be made for involuntary feeling? and shall not secret contention, and sacred reserve in such an affliction, be accounted to him as virtue? yet into Henry's apology am I not insinuating my own? Futile sophistry!"—

John broke from his subject; and, changing the attack, levelled his artillery against one whom he most dreaded to offend. This self-displeasure was an anathema, fixing the immitigable curse. "For Henry," said he, "there are palliatives, for me, there can be none. Fool! idiot! hypocrite! and have I forgot my warning?"

Amidst such rebuking thoughts, he rode on, till, midway betwixt Fitzorton castle and the place of his destination, he came within view of a village spire. He approached it in silence, and on arriving at a little inn near the church, he put up his horse. While he is there indulging meditation, we will relate, briefly, the history of his youth.

The elder brother derived from his seniority only an earlier acquaintance with sorrow.

Not an easy or a vulgar prize, he yielded up his heart, in his sixteenth year, to a lady, who, within a few weeks of the appointed nuptials, disposed of herself to a more adulating and gaudy lover. In the first effusion of resentment, he predicted the destiny which afterwards befel her; and on her being disgraced and abandoned, he paid her a visit solely to express his joy, that the aims of ambition and of falsehood had been disappointed. But while he was about to clothe this sentiment in language that might aggravate its import, news arrived that the pretended husband was dead, and that the imaginary widow had no lawful claim even to the name of the man who had ensnared her. John came to reprove; but the victim being already overwhelmed he departed, observing, that the prophecy was fulfilled somewhat sooner than he expected!

Scarcely had he closed the door ere his heart urged him to knock for re-admittance. In shame, disappointment, and despair, Maria sunk on the floor the moment he re-entered. Unable to meet his eye, she covered her

face with her hands, and withdrew to her chamber. He remained some time, contending with himself, and again left the house. "She is in ruins," said John, "she has survived my affections, and I blush at the simplicity that trusted them to her possession; but shall the simplicity of a child influence the conduct of a man? I will see her no more, because I could not behold her without reproach. But she has lived in affluence, and shall not die in poverty.

The day succeeding these reflections, he addressed the following letter to Sir Armine Fitzorton.

‘ MY FATHER AND FRIEND !

‘ You would have indulged me, some years
‘ since, in a childish inclination : luckily it was
‘ not gratified. Treachery interposed, and was,
‘ in that instance, the means of saving me :
‘ the traitor has, therefore, to a certain extent,
‘ a claim upon my gratitude. But the traitor
‘ now is herself betrayed ! she is without a
‘ single shilling to continue the life, which,
‘ though it has lost all use and lustre, should
‘ be

‘ be preserved, till she can have better hope
‘ in death. Of that fortune, therefore, which
‘ you generously designed me, I will employ
‘ such a sum as may be necessary to the
‘ decent purposes of a woman’s life, for the
‘ space of one year; a year of experiment.
‘ The rest I intreat may remain with my
‘ parental benefactor. I am honoured in
‘ subscribing myself,

‘ Sir,

‘ Your grateful son,

‘ JOHN FITZORTON.’

The infidelity of Maria was connected with no common artifice. Village-bred, as was the maiden, she might have taught lessons of coquetry to the most practised lady of the metropolis. Within one month of the appointed mock nuptials, she urged her new lover to a secrecy, founded, she said, on the fear of Mr. John Fitzorton, who tormented her with his addresses. Her lover was pleased at the proposal of secrecy; for it favoured his own plan of deception. But she was sometimes embarrassed how to divide herself
between

between them. John, she knew, was not a man to be trifled with; nor her earl, for such he was, a man to trifle till his point was gained. Some objections mingled in the lady's family history; and she would not have herself been the elected of John, had not a well-imitated sentiment of tender sorrow, terminating in as well-feigned a sickness, found their way to his generous heart. Indeed, to imagine we have wounded, and to be told we can heal, are, in themselves, decisive motives with a noble mind. He so long believed himself beloved, that in the end, if he did not love, his affections were interested to restore the happiness which he supposed he had destroyed, and he generously resolved to complete the felicity which he believed it was in his power to bestow, by an immediate visit.

Maria resided with an aunt, who having arrived at the age of cards, and living in a card-loving parish, was a very proper aunt for a niece addicted to lovers. The good old lady happened to be at a party in the neighbourhood,

neighbourhood, when John called at her house to communicate the joyful news he had in store.

His rap at the door denoted that something animated his heart. It could not be the rap of John,—thought the young lady—for two sturdy knocks, with a pause between, foretold the coming of that gentleman. It could not be the well-bred violence of a modish visitor; for no such were in the list of her acquaintance. It could not possibly proceed from her aunt; for that good lady had not ordered Mrs. Betty and the glass lanthorn, and the warm night-cloak, till half past nine, and the curfew had not yet tolled its appropriate hour. Neither could it be the noble lord; for, besides that he seldom availed himself of his privilege when conducting an intrigue, he was at that very moment in *tete-a-tete* with Maria. Whose knock then could it be? Mrs. Betty having surveyed the announcer from a chamber window, which had, for some time, been the observatory, ran down in a violent hurry, and

and answered the question by first practising the celebrated poetical signal:

“Just three soft strokes upon the *parlour* door,”

and then let in John Fitzorton. John always frowned on denials, and laughed at apologies; so made his way directly into the parlour. Maria was alone, but in strange disorder. This he imputed to the sight of the man she loved.—“I have often read about rosy terrors, and my little brother Harry is much addicted to them. The boy is a susceptible lipser, and I used to smile at him; but since my own heart has been a flutterer also, I only smile when he is in his rosy terrors, pat the lad on the cheek, or stroke his head. But,” continued John, seeing Maria’s tremblings augment, “I now come with an assurance that the period destined to make us blest, will bless my parents also.” John expressed himself in a voice that bespoke the honest feeling of his heart, and pressed Maria to a bosom which might truly be called the mansion of sincerity.

While

While she was yet in his embrace, a movement of feet, as if in fear to tread, and a sound of voices, as if afraid of betraying a secret, were heard in the passage. Presently a blundering against the door, was followed by an oath extorted by pain; "Damnation! I have broke my thins!" exclaimed some one. Maria's terrors increased. John, rather from surprise than suspicion, ran to the door.—"For heaven's sake! dear John, do not attempt to—to"—and she placed her back against the door, that the blunderers might have time to get off. While John listened, another voice yet louder than the former, roared out, "By G—d! unless we get a candle we may grope about this d—d entry all night, and still not find the cursed key."—Nay, but there's mischief at work!" cried John.

He opened the door, all was in darkness; he took one of the parlour candles, and then saw huddled into a corner two terror-stricken beings; their faces folded in their coats. John caught hold of both, and declared he would immediately have them carried to his father,

father, Sir Armine, if they did not restore whatever they might have taken out of the house. How condescending is guilt!—Instead of replying to this stern accusation, the gentle earl, who now unhooded, milkily said, “You are mistaken, young gentleman. I have the honour to visit in this family.” Maria had ventured to the parlour door. “These persons boast the honour of being on terms of intimacy here,” said John, indignantly dragging his captives. “Good heaven!” exclaimed Maria, “Is it possible *you* should be here, Mr. Durfey! I am afraid, in the confusion this pair of *true lovers*”—pointing to the servants—“were thrown into, by your presence, that they were suffering you to go away without speaking to us. I am sure my aunt would never forgive me if you were to leave us in that manner.”

John did not interrupt their conversation, which, though a little disjointed, he looked upon as entirely doing away the charge of petty larceny, so he let go his hold.

“This,” resumed Maria, “is the poor sick gentleman who is down here for the recovery

recovery of his health, and sometimes drops in to pass an hour at picquet with my good aunt; and this is Mr. Thomas his valet, who is an humble servant, you must know, of our Betty's." Mr. Thomas, unveiling, bowed affirmatively. Mrs. Betty declared with rapture she had found the key. "How came it lost?" questioned John. While the ingenious handmaid was looking about for an answer, Mr. Durfey very smoothly expressed his sincere acknowledgments for the young lady's goodness; but he had merely called *en passant*, seeing the servants sweet-hearting at the door; and though he was labouring under a cough which would have made it impossible for him to stop for more than a few moments, he could not be guilty of even the appearance of neglect, where he had received so many civilities. He begged his best compliments to the young lady's good aunt, and heartily wished them a good night.

There was one circumstance in this story, which very rarely happened to any of the narratives of this right honourable historian: one expression in it was *true*. He actually was
under

the influence of so severe a cough, that the imperious necessity of suppressing it, while he remained where his mistress suddenly conveyed him, had almost suffocated him; and after he had tried the different modes of stifling this traitor to all family secrets, by holding in his breath, and cramming his cambric handkerchief into his mouth, he was obliged to lift up the sash of the closet window, and take a lover's leap into the garden, making his way from thence into the kitchen, where he found Betty and his valet warmly engaged in another *tête-à-tête*. "Bless me! there's somebody coming!" said the fair Abigail.—"Only my lord," replied the valet, with the familiarity which is sanctioned by associated vice,—advancing with easy bows as he spoke: "Mrs. Betty and your humble servant, my lord, having agreed to make a match of it, we were settling a few preliminaries."—"Hush! this is no time for sport: don't make any noise; shew a light to the door softly."—The man and master stole on tip-toe along the passage, attended by the light-footed Mrs. Betty; but as the latter perceived

ceived the key was not in the lock, she stooped down to see if it had not fallen, when the wind that issued from under the door, blew out the light, and brought on the several events with which the reader has been made acquainted.

CHAPTER L.

"**M**ARIA," said John, I dare say your aunt's motive for receiving that Mr. Durfey, is pity; your's, of course, is obedience: but, take my word for it, he will some way abuse the goodness of you both." "O no," replied Maria, "he's a poor sick gentleman!"

"But why," questioned John, did he try to tuck himself out of sight? a creeper into holes and corners is always a worthless fellow!"

"Consider his state of health, his nerves; he seems in a deep decline; were it not for this idea I should never forgive him for interrupting the delightful tidings brought by my dearest, dearest John."

Maria contrived, in something less than sixty moments, to make even her half-suspi-

cious lover forget every thing but what she thought it convenient he should remember. She had now only to clear away the little roughnesses which the adventure had left behind it. To effect this, she called into action all her witchery, and lo! every contraction was taken from the brow of her lover. Never did Mrs. Betty herself with her best smoothing iron bring her own apron or handkerchief, after romping with Mr. Thomas, more dexterously out of its tell-tale rumples.

But this was *not* to be a very lucky hour either to the mistress or maid. In the midst of these sweetly oblivious moments, while the hand of Maria was tenderly pressing that of John; while her cheeks, and even her lips, invited and received the conciliatory kiss, Mrs. Betty's well-known turn of the key, made it proper for the lovers to resume their seats; in doing which, Maria was so overcome with joy that it was necessary, she thought, to apply a handkerchief to her lovely, but unweeping eyes: and while she held it up to her fair face, John perceived a letter which had been whisked out of her pocket, in a very
discomposed

discomposed state. As it lay on the floor, John was struck by the words, "Fear not tall boy John, that great oaf shall be beat hollow." The rest of the sentence was lost in the folds.

John trembled as if he had been visited by a palsy in every joint. His teeth partly gnashed, and partly chattered: he felt a tear in his eye, which burning rage soon dried up; then he resumed his seat, and while the letter was in his hand, the good aunt came in. John attempted in vain to speak; "Good heaven!" said the old lady, "what is the matter?" The changes in the countenance of the abigail were only less rueful than in those of her young lady. The innocent aunt took out her smelling-bottle, ordered Betty to get a cordial from the corner cupboard, and spoke with sincere sympathy.

John rose, and seemed ashamed to have been wrought on. "I fancy, madam, I have the cue of my disorder, here is my hand: your niece dropt this letter in the state you now see it, and I perceived my own name most villainously coupled with words that demand

demand instant explanation; but, as the letter is not my property, I can only throw it within reach of the woman to whom it is addressed, thus!—If she is disposed to do herself, her correspondent, and the man to whom she is contracted, justice, she will account for all this.”

John again sat down.

“You must have mistaken names,” said the aunt: “yours could never be joined to any disrespectful words. Child, read the letter directly, and there will be an end of it.”

“There will so,” said John.

“Only my cousin Charlotte, who is always saying some foolish nonsense or other for sport against Mr. Fitzorton, to vex me: you know her way, aunt.”

“Then your niece, madam, can have no difficulty in reading it,” said John.

“But that I cannot do, you ill-tempered creature! Charlotte would never forgive me if she thought I shewed her letters; besides you ought to know, I had rather die, than hear a syllable against you seriously.”

Here she felt again for her handkerchief, and probably found it, but fearing, perhaps, another accident, did not draw it forth.

"I require only to look at the direction of that letter," exclaimed John.

"Hold up the letter and let Mr. Fitzorton see the superscription instantly, niece."

"There then, you cross thing!" holding it at arm's-length, and affecting to pout.

"Nearer," said John; "in your hand it is in perpetual motion; confide it to mine."

"Aye, aye, let Mr. Fitzorton have it," said the aunt; "you have been at girl and boy's play long enough."

Maria shook with apprehension, and as a last effort to prevent the dreaded discovery, she made a feint as if to snuff the candles that John might see better, when disguising her terror in a trick, to which she gave the air of a frolick, she extinguished one light, and blew out another; and then bursting into a well-imitated laugh, hurried towards the door, and would, doubtless, have taken
good

good care of the letter, had not John arrested her progress.—“Nay then, instead of girl’s play, I perceive your niece, madam, has been, and still is, very hard at work. I must now insist on having the matter instantly cleared up.”

“I must insist on it too,” rejoined the good aunt. She went blindfold to the bell, and rang it violently.

The young lady now at her last stake, first squeezing the letter into a twist, began to thrust it between her ruby lips, and would have incontinently torn it to pieces with her ivory teeth, had not John wrenched it from her, swearing “that were the author before him, attempting, as Maria had attempted, to elude his inspection, he would pursue its contents to the centre of his heart.”

In this situation of the parties the conscious Mrs. Betty entered. It was a desperate moment. Maria, coming up close to John, whispered him to beware—he might repent it—she would advise him not to proceed too far—he did not perhaps know of what she was capable.

Disdaining reply, John secured the key of the parlour door, and ordering the terrified abigail to light the candles, he took one of those "flaming instruments" to the poor aunt, and with a voice and manner that, in every tone and movement, separated the innocent from the criminals, observed, "that although he felt himself warranted, considering the predicament in which he stood, to read a letter wherein the writer had dared to insult him, he had such faith in what he had heard and seen of *her* integrity, that if she assured him it was written by a woman, he would require a far less important sacrifice than he should otherwise exact."

Maria now sat herself down in a kind of sorrowful desperation. Yet she conceived a gleam of hope, and but a gleam, that her aunt would make a little free with her usual probity, to save a niece whose fame and fortune she might thereby clear up or cast into utter darkness.

"Sir," said the aged lady, "though it would be with poignant misery I should find my niece capable of what you have
laid

laid to her charge, depend on my veracity!"

All hopes were over with Maria, so the faithful Betty walked off. The aunt put on her spectacles, and rubbed them with the corner of her handkerchief that she might see the clearer. John held the candle. She opened the fatal scroll, from which, on an impulse of honour, John turned away his head.—A pause!—The paper soon began to tremble in the aunt's hand. John darted a look at Maria. "Please, madam, to make report."—A second and yet longer pause.—The good old lady exhibited every mark of consternation; her tears dropped on her spectacles.—"Alas! alas! there was left only this girl's supposed truth and goodness to sustain me, sir; the hope and confidence of many years is overturned in a moment; yet, to bring her to this, surely, surely some heinous arts must have been practised against my niece, by this Mr. Durfey."

"Durfey!" ejaculated John:—"Yes, sir, Mr. Durfey, whom I supposed a poor, inoffensive, sick gentleman."

“Madam,” interposed John, “I release you from the trouble of any further perusal; and I grieve that a necessary explanation has caused you pain. The justice of possessing myself of that letter you will not refuse me, since the honour of both our families is involved in it.”

She suffered him to draw the letter out of her hand, and, bowing respectfully to *her*, he left the house.

CHAPTER LI.

AT the date of these events, John was on a visit to Mr. Clare, who then resided, part of the year, at a seat about three miles from Maria's village.

He walked to his friend's house so intensely thinking on what had past, that the space was in a manner annihilated. On his arrival he resisted all entreaty, and avoided all explanation, though his disordered appearance excited inquiry. The instant he reached

reached his chamber, he opened Durfey's letter, and read as follows :

‘ Dearest as loveliest !

‘ All things are nearly arranged.
‘ Apartments secured for us in town. My
‘ chaplain will meet to bless us on the way.
‘ Fear not Tall-boy John ; that great oaf
‘ shall be beat hollow. Such a treasure as
‘ Maria is not fit to be trusted to his keep-
‘ ing. Family affairs make it prudent to
‘ keep our nuptials, titles, &c. for a season
‘ concealed. What has grandeur to do with
‘ happiness ? I recollect to-morrow afternoon
‘ is aunt's card-club night ; the poor sick
‘ gentleman, therefore, will consecrate the
‘ hours to his charming nurse ; until when
‘ adieu !

‘ The doating, devoted,

‘ DURFEY.’

To attempt any description of the state into which John was thrown by this letter would be presumption. The emotion, which,

by its magnitude, suspended every power of speech, is too mighty for written language. Not words only, but the capacity of action was, for some time, so entirely taken away, that he sat fixed in his chair, pale, motionless, and cold; as if some new and peculiar fate had hardened his body into a petrefaction; and when the power of changing posture, in any degree, returned, he caught at the bell, but wanting force to ring, he sunk on the bed, where he remained some hours, weaker than infancy or age.

He recovered, only to find himself the make-game of an intriguing girl, the ridicule of an unprincipled impostor, and, on all hands, circumvented in his generous designs, in return for an unpractised and unfulfilled heart, that had softened to pity, ere it glowed with love. He meditated terrible punishments. They went not to the honourable death, but extended to the assassination of the impostor. "His blood," said John, "shall answer it! openly, and in the face of day, will I massacre him. It will be a deed of philanthropy, and

and of public good to put an end to his crimes.—Yet—shall the son of Armine Fitzorton turn common stabber? No. I must submit to the custom of the times, and give to a rogue the chance of killing an honest man.”

All his sensations pointed to Durfey; not a thought deviated to his associate. Maria was not more defended from his vengeance by her sex, than by the contempt which had sunk her in his esteem. She now wanted importance in his mind, to entitle her to the dignity of his anger:—she had fallen from the eminence of his highest confidence to the profoundest insignificance. But the audacity of a man, who had dared to mingle the name of Fitzorton with the ribald sallies of a gallant, was an object of correction, and he rose before the sun to chastise him. But the hurry of his spirits, and of his reflections, still intercepted his purpose. In raising himself from the bed, and in getting down stairs, his strength was nearly exhausted; and while he was attempting to remove the fastnings of

the outward door, every corporeal power again forsook him, and he dropped senseless on the threshold. Such was the condition in which he was, at length, found by the servants, whom he had alarmed, and who conveyed him back to his chamber. This debility was followed by an accession of fever so intense, that life became at hazard. In a short interval, however, that the disorder afforded, he thus wrote to Durfey.

“ Villain!—This appellation explains itself, when you learn that I am in possession of your infamous letter to Maria. I will be prepared to receive you here any time before the close of the present day, to settle with you for the liberties you have taken with

JOHN FITZGERTON.”

The writer's malady was not abated by having penned this letter; yet the thought of having written it, and of having found a trusty domestic, no less than True George, then a boy, but a boy of honour, seemed to give him spirits. His friends looked upon these

these as omens of returning health. His doctor imputed them to the operation of well-prepared medicines; John to the real cause, the hope of exterminating from society one of its monsters. He gave out that he expected to see a person, with whom he had the greatest wish in the world to converse; and he forced a smile, which led Mr. and Mrs. Clare to suppose he had planned a *tête-à-tête* with his Maria, more especially when it was found that little George had taken the road to the village where the young lady resided.

“As that is the case, friend John,” said the good Mr. Clare, adopting the idea, “you will want all your force to say pretty things to the damsel of your affections, and must be kept quiet until she comes.” John believing it might facilitate his design, did not discourage this notion; and Mr. Clare gave orders to admit into Mr. Fitzorton’s room, whoever might require conversation with him.

John remembered to have seen a pair of pistols hang in the adjoining room. These

he conveyed into his apartment, unperceived, and placed them behind his pillow; then made some slight alterations in his dress, and waited the arrival of the counterfeit Durfey with extreme solicitude. The hour of his fever returned; yet he now thought himself better; mistaking the fire raging in his veins for the genial exhilaration of renovating health. At length, a rap was given at his chamber-door, and he sprang to open it, assured of seeing little George and Maria's paramour. The former, always faithful, appeared to his wish; but the latter, profiting by Maria's information of what had passed at her aunt's, after he had made his well-bred bow, had taken himself off at the dead of the night following, in company with his "charming nurse," who had condescended, like himself, to resign all bridal pomps for the comfortable obscurity of a secure elopement. She was attended only by the ductile Betty, who, in the same hour, at the same place, became, by virtue of ties almost as sacred, the espoused of Mr. Thomas, who had given away his hand yet oftener than his lord.

CHAPTER LII.

TO this early piece of treachery, we are to attribute some of those rigorous judgments and suspicions which gave force to the natural acumen of some parts of John Fitzorton's disposition; and, indeed, it was treachery of the worst kind, and falling out at the worst period of life. The mere disappointment passed away; nay, he soon looked on it as an escape from the temerity of boyish pursuits; and it had the effect of leading his thoughts to profound and manly contemplations, to the soul-expanding study of philosophy and reason, of nature and of God. The heavy sense of the deception, however, entered his bosom, and engraved there an image of perfidy that had taken the form of beauty and love: a fiend in the angel semblance of Maria. "But out of evil there cometh good," cried John—"I am armed for ever against woman!"

There

There would, indeed, have been some danger that a mind like his, working under such an influence, might have brooded over its suspicions until they grew into misanthropy. But the example of a benevolent family continually before his eyes, whenever he visited Fitzorton castle, kept alive the principles of human kindness in his heart; and served as a counterpoise to the unsocial check it had thus received in early life; even as the flower whose bud the chilling breath of one inauspicious morn had begun to nip, is recovered by the sun: another ungenial gale might have blighted it for ever; but a succession of vivifying beams restores it; and though it may long shew the injury which it received in the season of the tender leaf, it shall still be numbered amongst the proudest blooms of the garden. Notwithstanding this, John felt it necessary soon after to add the active to contemplative employments; and on a mixed principle of policy and passion he became a soldier.

And now, reader, we are hastening to the
point

point from which we set out. The juvenile history of John is drawing to a close. We have seen his young heart, under the influences of pity and gratitude, and of a love grafted only upon these. We have observed him under the emotions of resentment, rage, and despair. The supplementary parts are few, but potent.

Maria's aunt fell a martyr to grief soon after these transactions; and Maria herself survived her deceiver but eighteen months, during which she remained the object of John's bounty, solely for the reasons assigned in his letter; nor did she know the source, even in her expiring moments.

In those moments, however, she earnestly supplicated an interview with John. Whether he would have resisted the appeal, had it reached him in time, cannot be known, for the petitioner died the evening of the day on which the request was made.

"It is too late," said the person who brought the news; "the soul of Maria is now soliciting the pardon of its maker!"

“ May he grant it !” sighed John.—“ Is she in her grave ?” added he. On being told that she would not be buried until the night following, he observed, “ that his vow renounced the sight of her, only while living ;” he then ordered his horse.

Maria’s remains had been removed out of the hearse into the house of her late aunt, when John reached the memorable village.

It was amongst the wishes of the deceased, that her body might be suffered to remain awhile in the apartment where she had won, and lost, the heart of John Fitzorton. And this indulgence was, by the interest of the person whom John had employed, and who brought the tidings of her decease, procured of the tenant who then occupied it. And thus he found himself once more with Maria, in the very room where she had gained his affection, and incurr’d its forfeit.

“ Is the coffin soldered ?” demanded John. Before any one could reply, he had felt the lid, and found it fast. “ Better as it is, perhaps,

haps, added he.—“ Sir,” said the principal attendant of the hearse, “ if it is your pleasure it can easily be opened.—Indeed, I had before my doubts, whether all is quite as it should be within; so I have only tacked down the head-piece.”

John making no reply, and his anxious looks being taken for assent, the lid was lifted up, and the dead Maria presented to his view. The hearse-driver asked, whether that which the lady had got in her right hand ought to go into the ground with her?—“ To my thoughts, Sir,” continued the man, “ it is too good to be thrown into the earth; but it seems his honour, your father, would have it so, because the lady, when dying, desired it:—but dying people have strange fancies.”

John, looking into the coffin, perceived within the grasp of Maria's clay-cold hand, a miniature of himself, given to her in the day of his confidence. But while he was yet surveying the miniature, another object assailed his attention: a female, whose face was

was covered with a veil, and who appeared to be the chief mourner, now unfolded a sable covering that wrapped up an infant, which, being lifted to the height of the coffin was bade, by the person holding it, to take, since the coffin was again unclosed, another look of her poor mother. John started. The unconscious babe put in its little arms, and began to play with the flowers that were strewed over the corpse.—“Whose is this?” questioned John.—“Maria’s,” answered a trembling voice.—“And that villain Durfey’s?” said John.—“Alas, yes, sir!” replied the female.—“No matter,” said John, taking it gently in his arms: “It has a likeness of the mother,—such as once I saw her—And is this the only fruit of—” “It is, your honour.”—“Poor little wretch!” said John, returning it to the woman, whom he found to be the very servant who had been so active in the plot against him; but was no sooner recognized than she dropped her double-folded veil, and shrunk from the humid eyes of John.

The

The hearse-driver put his hand into the coffin, and would have taken out the miniature from the dead hand.—“Let it alone, fellow!” said John, sternly. Then looking in Maria’s face, “Thou hast not deserved it,” said he, “but ’twas a gift; and the dead shall not be plundered.”

He insisted on the folding being done in his presence; and had his eye on the coffin until it was deposited in the grave. As he moved slowly from the reliques he said, “Alas! after all, misfortune is not the less to be pitied, when resulting from vices by which the offender is robbed of every energy, human and divine, to bear it with fortitude. Ill-fated Maria! I pity thee.”

From this æra, whenever John felt his ideas opening to the possibility of a second attachment, against which the deception he met with in the first had, in a manner, cased his heart in armour, he would recal to his memory the danger he had escaped; and in order to bring that deception more immediately under his eye, he would betake himself

self to the burial-place of the first faithless object of his confidence.—Even from the tomb of the trait'ers seemed to proceed the counsels of a friend. Amidst the stillness of night and the shadows of the moon, he would gaze on the grassy hillock that covered the remains of Maria, till a voice—a warning voice,—appeared to rise from the ground, conjuring him to beware.

And this warning was more than usually necessary at the time he stopped at the gate of the church-yard, where we recently left him. “True,” said he, advancing to the grave, “I live not in resentment of the dead, but something stronger than my own reason, or experience, admonishes me to stand, once more, guarded against the living!—O, had ever falsehood, predetermined falsehood, a form more beautiful, a voice more sweet than thine, Maria? I trusted thee! wert thou not my faith, my hope, my conviction?—Could malice, envy, hatred,—could ought but thyself have destroyed thyself?—Yet even in the moment that I
thought

thought thy faith most entire, was it not most broken? Continue then to harden my heart! and peace to thy shade! But, alas!" continued he, after a pause of several minutes, "what defence can the memory of a thousand false and wicked beings, afford against the virtues of one innocent woman? and that I have found one good being, even of womankind, it would be willful blindness against the light of heaven to deny. Shall he who constantly sees and feels the sun's blessed beams, dispute his power? shall he hesitate to confess it is a spark from God, because he has been once misled by a shining vapour of the air, or an exhalation of the earth?—Adieu, Maria!—thy grave can no longer avail! farewell to it for ever!—Yes, unless thou canst teach me to forget worth, and beauty, and fraternal love, and filial honour,—all that is due to myself, my family, and my god,—farewell to the spot that encloses thy dust! But if thou canst teach me to remember all these, yet subdue the rebel powers that agonize my soul with vain wishes, that the affections of the lovely being
who

who winds round my heart, had fallen to the lot of John, instead of Henry Fitzorton;—then will I consider this thy place of burial, as the spot most holy, most beneficent,—then will I repair to it with more than pilgrim veneration, and it shall be my sanctuary.”

In a word, John found out a truth important to the heart—that the affection produced only by gratitude, or pity, is not love.

CHAPTER LIII.

BEFORE any tender sentiment had been strongly excited by Henry in the breast of Olivia Clare, John had witnessed her attractive powers. He saw that no being within her reach could suffer without calling forth her compassion, which, during his own sickness and sorrows, while at her father's house, was displayed in so many artless ways, that while her own person was yet the care of a nursery, she was able herself to nurse the wounded mind.

She would sometimes steal into John's chamber, during his illness, and try all her powers

powers of consolation. Then knowing little of the pleasures, and less of the pains of love, she had heard they made the heart more happy, or more miserable, than any other joy or grief in the world; and she had collected enough from the family below, to understand that the poor youth above, suffered from the falsehood of one he had loved. Hence, whenever the little Olivia detected, in spite of his efforts, a tear gush from his eye, she would ascend his knee, to wipe, or to kiss it away. John often noticed this, when he overlooked every thing else. It was little less than a cherub's pity, and came in a moment, when whatever had been long enough in the world to have been polluted by its practices, would have rendered it suspected.—“Yes,” would he frequently, and sighingly say, while Olivia attempted to soothe him,—“yes, sweet girl, at present it is nature. Ah, how do I lament the impossibility of thy remaining thus genuine!” Gazing earnestly, he proceeded,—“Once that very being who has thus basely deceived me,

me,

me, was such as thou art. O, if thou art to grow up, like her, into frauds, and to array thyself in fascinations, manifold and mighty enough to cover the worst deceit; 'twere better, far better, for thyself, thy parents, all whom thou art to ensnare, and for thy own soul, that thou wert taken to heaven, while thy purity may render thee acceptable."

In the midst of these expressions he would caress her on his lap, or fold her in his arms, and, as he raised her to his lips, would exclaim, with an emotion, and emphasis that startled her, "Surely it is not decreed for thee to be another traitor!—another Maria!"—The child assured him she should always be a very good girl, and very truly love those who loved her.

At the end of John's sickness, which was not until the end of his long visit, he saw little more of Olivia for some time, except when he repaired to the grave of Maria, or when the Clare family were down at the manor-house, in the parish of Fitzorton; yet, even in these casual glances, the unfolding

ing graces of her mind and person, served as antidotes to the poison which the conduct of Maria had infused into his heart.

But on the Clares' coming after the death of Olivia's mother to reside in London, John had yet more opportunity to see the beauty of Olivia's form and heart yet in their bud, and more keenly to deplore what, he supposed, must happen to the blossom.

He would vigilantly watch every action, as if he expected to discover some female artifice beginning to spring. The innocent creature seemed to suppose an idea of this kind was working in his mind; for one day after John had been examining her looks, then employed on something that appeared much to interest her, she exclaimed,—“ You may look ! but I mean just what I say, Mr. John, and am a very good little girl still, I assure you ; am I not, papa ? so pray don't fix your eyes on me so ; for though I mean, as I told you at Clare-place, to be a good girl as long as I live, you make me afraid of you, Mr. John ! ”

This was, indeed, the truth; perhaps, for John, a fatal truth: since it is certain there grew up in this lovely girl's mind towards him a certain awe, which, though it arose from a veneration for his virtues, and a gratitude for his guardian care, was the most unfavourable sentiment for his latent affection, that he could possibly inspire.

Hence, although John had exactly the opportunities with Olivia in London, of the very twelve months which Henry had partaken with Caroline in the country; and though, with respect to these two brothers, both then received the indelible impressions of love;—that love, so often at cross purposes, contrived to reserve for Henry the heart, which, coming into his possession by that important year too late, was destined to render the one inexpressibly miserable, and would have made the other exquisitely happy.

Not that the latter then considered Olivia at an age to be the proper object of a declaration, had she sufficiently obliterated his former disappointment, which was by no means

means the case ; but he experienced a sentiment so extremely anxious, about her future sincerity, and felt so uneasy at the persuasion that her present integrity could not last, that a man who secretly knew of a hidden treasure, and had an almost constant foreboding that it would sooner or later be explored and taken from him, or, by some strange power, turn to dross, could not be more disquieted in the intermediate time.

This led Olivia now and then to complain to her father, that she feared she had, unknowingly, said, or done, something to offend Mr. John Fitzorton, which, she declared, she would not do for the world, as she believed him to be a very good, though a terrifying young gentleman. — “ Two things,” said she, once in a whisper to Henry, “ have always astonished me ; first, how any young woman should dare to love John Fitzorton : or, how, having so dared, she should dare to be false to him !—For my part, had I been ever so much inclined to be bad, I should have been absolutely afraid.”

It was about the time Mr. Clare quitted the metropolis to reside constantly at the manor-house, that John entered into the military profession, in the hope, as we have seen, of deriving consolation from more active scenes.

On parting with Olivia he desired her “to remember her promise of being a good little girl;” observing, “that if favourable report should be made of her on his return, he would be her knight-errant, and should she ever be in distress or danger, her quarrel should be his; and he would lay the caitiff, who should wrong her, dead at her feet. But that, if she turned out a ‘whitened sepulchre,’ a golden idol, a demon masqued, he would, in pity to her father, and in justice to mankind, move her to the darkest tower of some castle he should take in war, and there keep her from the sight of injured friends and betrayed lovers, for the rest of her life!—using the very arms which should fight her cause while it was just, against those who should dare to attempt her rescue! On

On this I pledge my faith : so have a care, Olivia, honour or shame !” — Hereupon, John took her trembling hand, and pressed it to his lips, kneeling down at the same time, with chivalric homage, to confirm the treaty. He spoke between jest and earnest ; but there was something in the air and form of words that quickened the motion of her heart, and made it palpitate with apprehension. “ Is it a compact ?” said John, rising solemnly. “ It is,” answered Olivia ; “ but on my life, you are a very proper soldier ; for so formidable a friend, must needs be a most terrible enemy ! However,” added she, “ I believe you would neither be friend or foe, but on just grounds ; so the god of armies be your guard, and return you to us a conqueror !” Alas, the victory was hers ; and John Fitzorton was wounded, and a captive, before he entered the field.”

Yet, whatever were his duties, or however he multiplied them, they were performed. Neither the softness, nor the disappointment, of his heart diminished its natural energy.

Had love returned, animated his arm, and Olivia been the expected reward, he could not have deported himself with more manly ardour.

Henry meantime,—so involved in mazes is the heart,—displayed to Olivia the very mind and adornments, that by a comparison with those of John, perhaps more powerfully attracted her than they might have done, if they had been separately viewed: but thus forced into a contrast between the two brothers, the awe in which she had always held the one, found even a relief in the softness with which she contemplated the inviting address of the other.

Very soon after the young warrior's return from his first campaign, to Fitzorton castle, he perceived, that whatever victories he had obtained abroad, he could still hope for none at home. He found Henry in full possession of the citadel. Olivia herself acknowledged her commander; and the sacred lips of his parents ratified the avowal. There was an end of enquiry, and of hope. From that moment

moment he looked on his own partiality as a rebel in his breast ; and invariably used every mode he could devise to prosper their passion, and subdue his own. He lived in eternal warfare with his generous heart ; taxed it most severely ; inflicted on it a weight of reproof it could never deserve ; and when military duty did not summon, he broke from the castle, leaving all he loved, and all he honoured, the moment he felt his heart too tender to bear—what, indeed, is the most insupportable thing in the world, to a man who has any heart at all,—the perpetual conversation of the family, about the disposal of the only woman he ever truly loved ; nay, frequently to hear from the enraptured lips, or see in the flushing cheeks, of that very woman, every sentiment and sensation, which, in a less elevated and disciplined character, would inflame jealousy, and put in motion every act of vengeance or supplantation. John, alas ! only drooped and disappeared.

On the first day, however, of his return

from the field, he took occasion to ask Olivia, in the presence of both the families, assembled to greet him, whether, before he laid down his arms he was to cover her with his laurels, or convey her to the dark tower? Had she kept, or had she violated her word? was she still the honoured, or the degraded Olivia?

Olivia blushed and trembled; "I see," continued John, "the bud has unfolded into more decided blooms. Its colours have gained strength without losing softness; but are there not some flowers that shrink from a too near approach; and others that advance to meet it with congenial warmth? I am no poet, Henry, and know not, therefore, how to manage this image. Prith'ee, finish it for me."

"I will take upon me," said James, the moderator, "to answer that question. Whenever John Fitzorton stalks with a giant's force towards this amiable girl of ours, whom we are all in love with, she is the sensitive plant, and trembles, over-awed, at his powers;
but

but when, laying aside his terroures, he makes her the object of his guardian enquiries, or confers on her mind, or person, those praises which, it is known, he never lavishes on the undeserving, the warmth of her gratified heart, like the sunflower, springs to meet him, and sends a glow into her cheek that shews she is enamoured of such praises, and is proud to have deserved them."

"Hey day!" exclaimed the hero, rallying, "I am afraid our balancer has lost his equilibrium. Runs the tide even still, James," added John, laying his hand on his brother's heart.

"I protest," cried Olivia, after some confusion, "I know not what to say to any of you. If I am still not at least the vainest of women, I am certainly not without some claims; for every one of you has said enough to spoil me, and as to our warrior brother—if trembling, and blushing, receding, and advancing, be proofs of merit, whenever I am in his presence, I certainly must be one of the most deserving girls in the world. I

do certainly, always did, and believe ever shall tremble, like an aspin, whenever Mr. John Fitzorton speaks to me, and I cannot possibly help it. But if, before he has done speaking, I perceive, or feel, that any part of my conduct could be reported to his satisfaction, if I then blush, it is with pleasure, to think myself still worthy the notice of so inestimable a friend."

The hero was disarmed; he paused; felt his own cheek burn, and his own heart tremble.

"No dark tower, son John," said lady Fitzorton, "but some gorgeous palace fit for one who is the boast of both our houses, and likely to be the glory of our posterity!"

A certain consciousness of his own situation, and the reliance he had on Sir Armine and Lady Fitzorton's representations, added to those of Mr. Clare, and the confirming testimonies of undisguised predilection on the part of Olivia, kept John from any particular conference with Henry on the subject.

There

There had never been any means of his knowing, that though Henry was most fondly loved by Olivia, Olivia never had been, nor ever could be, the choice of Henry. Alas! Olivia had never suspected it herself; and thus, by a strange concurrence, the one giving form, colour, and countenance, to the other, John and Henry Fitzorton, Charles and Caroline Stuart, and Olivia Clare, were all entangled in a web, out of which there appeared no hope of extrication.

CHAPTER LIV.

JOHN Fitzorton had no sooner left the grave of Maria, than he continued his way to the village, and passed the house where his heart's first confidence had been given and betrayed.

"Those walls," said he, "enclosed a beautiful deceiver! true, yet even the mansions of the blest, we are told, had their demoniac spirits;—but did a few degenerate angels make heaven less the abode of the good?—And in the vicinity of this polluted dwelling,

dwelling, had not, at the very moment of its foulest stain, the unsullied Olivia Clare a residence?—did Maria's contaminating breath ever reach it? Ah no!—trembling, almost despairing, to see female integrity pass beyond the impotent purity of childhood, have I not recently parted from one, whom with a jealous, an almost malicious eye, I have watched to the estate of womanhood, without finding any affectation strong enough for remonstrance, or any error deserving a woman hater's reprobation? Alas! I can discover in her nothing but my own faults!—She is enriched," continued he, "with more virtue, and that virtue is graced with more beauty, than I can endure the association of, without selfish and often tormenting thoughts. I can no longer bear such society!—Ah, how often have the same feelings driven me from it!—and how often have I returned to prove my weakness—my wickedness!—Wretch that I am! is she not betrothed? had she not long ere this been my brother's wife, but for imperious circumstances that postponed the nuptials?—Has not every hour, every moment,

ment, shewn me that she has not one beating of her heart which does not vibrate to Henry?—yet, incorrigible John, in despite of all this, can only save himself from shameful detection by inglorious flight!”

He shuddered at himself, as he pursued his train of thought; and with hurried steps sought a person a few miles farther on the road, with whom he had particular business: for alas! more secrets yet connect with John.

The name of the person he now visited was Herbert. She was at home.

“You see,” said John, bowing to her with the utmost respect, and even trembling as he spoke, “you see I am returned alive, and am come to pay you my sincere acknowledgments, and to settle accounts, and to make enquiry after the object of our mutual care. And how fares she? ah, how fares the little unfortunate confided with you?—does she grow in person, and in mind?—has she talents?—has she beauty?—or gives she the promises of either?—more than all, has she all comforts?—and offers she yet any symptoms

toms of a heart that may one day deserve them?—and is your own heart as firm as I wish it? and your happiness?—alas, Mrs. Herbert, how is your happiness?”

She sighed, and was silent, then after a pause.

“We are well, my best friend—well in health—nor is either of us unhappy:—can we be otherwise under the protection of such a friend?”

“Call me your foe, your bitterest enemy: call me what alas, I am; neither war nor peace can make me forget.”

“My dearest patron, my dearest friend, such have you been, such you are; for pity’s sake, shift to other subjects.”

“I always love, yet dread to see you, Amelia.”

“I will ring for our Johanna,” said Mrs. Herbert. “O how good she is: how true in mind, how fair in person! so sprightly, yet so timid; so simple, yet so acute. How delighted will she be to see you!”

“Me,” cried John, agitated, “how so?”

Mrs. Herbert left the room hastily, and returned leading in a beautiful young creature;

at

at the sight of John, she stood rapt in astonishment, then exclaimed, "Good heaven! yes, it must be he, the original of my bosomed treasure!"

John startled, then recovering, "The power of a few years over that girl, is extraordinary," said he: "don't be alarmed, my dear; I am a rough young foldier: we are perhaps both wondering at one another. You say she is good, Amelia; is she good enough to hear a - a - well-wisher tell her she is beautiful? for that is being good indeed! But I would have that which spoils older women, only stimulate this girl to merit your report. Yes, you are very beautiful; but you may nevertheless, be more deformed in mind than the most ugly creature in the world."

Johanna was abashed. She found herself in the presence of John Fitzorton! wondrous stories of whom she had heard since last she saw him: and remembering these, she felt awed; and John was, as the reader is aware, an awful man. But, in making an obeisance never taught in the schools, she answered,

"Yes,

"Yes, honoured Sir, all my books tell me, beauty may be nothing worth; of beauty I know nothing; yet presume I must possess some traits of what is usually esteemed such, or it would not have been imputed to me by my protector."

"Protector!" exclaimed John.

"And of one thing I am convinced, that I had rather be the most ugly young woman in the world—such honoured sir, you mentioned—with a heart sensible of, and grateful for, the thousand goodnesses I receive from my governess and my guardian, than that world's most admired beauty, without the sacred delight I now feel in this unexpected but long desired opportunity of paying my duty to the best of benefactors."

"Benefactors!" reiterated John; "what means that expression?"

Tears filled, even to overflowing, the eyes of Johanna, and, attempting to speak, she fell at his feet, clasped his knees, and called him her "more than father."

"I have been betrayed," cried John.

"Oh!" exclaimed Johanna, disdain not the

the effusions of a heart, that lifted from the dust, glories in acknowledging the hand that raised it. Do not, ah, do not, honoured Sir, call it infamy to have that known to me which the God of pity who gave me to your care, must look upon with sacred pleasure."

"What you know cannot be helped, child," said John, raising the suppliant: "I have not time to talk of these matters at present, having business with your friend here. Continue to surprise me as you have done this day, whenever I may happen to see you, and you shall call me what you will."

After a suitable reply, Johanna withdrew, directing to John, at parting, a look of tenderness and veneration.

The man to whom this look was addressed, had an eye to see, and a heart to feel such acknowledgments; but it had been obtained for him, by some means, to which even the end, gracious as it was, could not be reconciled to his peculiar way of thinking.

"Madam," said he, to Mrs. Herbert, "it is true I merit from you every wound; as you deserve from me all the balms I can bestow.—"

bestow.—I have to thank you for the care which you have evidently taken of the child's person. I owe you on another account, alas, more than I can ever settle,—but I must remove Johanna.”

“Heaven forbid!” exclaimed Mrs. Herbert.

“I knew you wise, and thought you honourable. I knew you was unhappy: I knew I had made you so; I wished fervently to offer some reparation. I gave to you the society of an innocent being, who knew not the misfortune of her birth;—and you have rashly and officiously made her, I see, acquainted with her mother's infamy, her own wretchedness, and my dishonour.”

“You are yourself the cause of what your generous heart wished to have concealed, being known to Johanna,” returned Mrs. Herbert. “You could not separate her from the person in whose arms you first saw her.”

“The jade!” cried John, “and she has, woman-like, repaid me, for attending to the supplication, with treachery! My own fault indeed! I admit it: for she deluded me once before,

before, and I was fool enough to trust her again. I hope, madam, you have turned her out of your house."

"Alas! she has quitted it more than four months."

"Run away!—I am glad of it!"

Mrs. Herbert shook her head.

"Robbed you too, I suppose—good! but you shall not be a sufferer. An infamous thief as well as trait'ers!"

"Alas, no!"

"Some way done wrong. You are not a woman to turn a domestic out of your door, while fit to stay within it, Mrs. Herbert."

"I turned her not away, sir."

"I hope she will not get into place again, till she has fully repented."

"Be not so impetuous: I trust in God that she has repented, and in a much better place now, sir."

Mrs. Herbert now told him, that the attendant he had recommended to her was dead; that till her dying moments, she kept the secret confided to her; but that in those moments,

moments, the attachment which Johanna had conceived for her, made her an almost constant attendant in her chamber, and particularly when the servant was near her end; because she had said she should die more composedly if Johanna was near her. Our dear charge was in an adjoining cabinet when the last prayers were offered to the dying person, and when, rather in the wanderings of her departing soul, than in meditated treachery, she informed the clergyman, there were some papers she had put into the bottom of her box, which it would be better to throw into the fire, as the dear child, whom they concerned, was now placed happily. "To be sure, sir, those papers being written by the mother belong to the child: but, as I have never mentioned them to her, nor to any body else, there can be nothing wrong in it."

The servant lived not to finish the sentence, and before the officiating pastor had opportunity to impart the conversation, Johanna, feeling herself fully entitled, possessed herself not only of the papers, but also
of

of their sad contents; for they proved a too faithful journal of all that preceded and followed her mother's fall, and all that connected, sir, with your share in her history."

"And who rashly threw that history upon paper?" demanded John, but with no accusing voice.

"Johanna's mother, sir," answered Mrs. Herbert.

"It was, perhaps, natural, but I think it was wrong," said John, indistinctly.

"The maternal historian had embellished her sad story with an etching of its principal character, sir," continued Mrs. Herbert,—
"which she had placed in the front of her narrative, and had written round it, with her own hand, these words—'JOHN FITZORTON, THE BEST, AND THE MOST INJURED!'"

"Indeed!" said John, extremely affected; "but this, Mrs. Herbert, did not go to that person's protectorship of the child, which happened not till after that hand was cold in the grave: where then are we to look

for this officious information, to call it no worse?"

"In another female, I must confess, sir."

"No doubt," said John, ironically.

"In the daughter of the worthy proprietor of yon almost deserted mansion," added Mrs. Herbert.

"Olivia Clare!" exclaimed John, with great emotion.

"The old gentleman, you know, sir, now only pays it a visit of two or three summer days in the year, and on one of those the sweet young lady paid a visit to our little charge, whom, it seems, she had met in some of her wood walks, when attended only by her maid; since which miss Clare had begged to have her at the hall during their annual stay. She always brought her home in her own carriage, but requested, for reasons, she said, she was not at liberty to explain, I would not mention the matter to any body, unless it should appear necessary."

John seeming still inclined to listen, Mrs. Herbert went on,—“One day our Johanna
came.

came home with eyes that I saw had suffered from weeping, and fresh tears fell from them as I enquired the cause. She told me, that Miss Olivia had been reading the papers which had been found in the box; that she had wept over them more bitterly than herself: she told her, that the Mr. John Fitz-orton, so often mentioned, was one of the dearest and most beloved of her friends; lived often under the same roof; and though, for some time past he had been on foreign service, he was expected home by her and every part of her family with the kindest impatience: and that upon Johanna's asking whether the etching resembled him, she answered that it did; but that she thought her knowledge of his countenance might enable her to make it more so. Whereupon miss Olivia took out her pencil, and while she retouched the features, related to Johanna a number of circumstances, which induced that sweet girl, it seems, to say,—‘What a happiness, madam, must you enjoy to live in family friendship with such a man!’

‘a happiness, indeed!’ replied Olivia Clare, ‘I reckon it amongst the most exalted delights with which it has pleased Providence to surround me.’

“Did she—it was extremely—no doubt—she—she—did me too much honour, madam:—but—a—a—nothing more passed—I suppose?”

“Yes,” continued Mrs. Herbert, “on giving back the drawing, miss Clare said, ‘I think it now comes nearer to the original; but of that the expression is so very powerful, and goes so very far beyond any imitation of life, that’—‘Might I not be permitted to see the life?’ questioned Johanna, with trembling earnestness.—‘When he comes down to us,’ returned Miss Clare, “I will watch an opportunity; and if it be possible, let you have notice.”—‘Meanwhile,’ observed Johanna, ‘should any chance or design bring him amongst a hundred others to my revered and loved Mrs. Herbert, with whom his dear good hand has placed me.’—‘I think this sketch of his features would
point

point him out. Indeed I will carry it always about me, that I may be prepared : would I could see him !"—‘ No doubt you will oftēn, my sweet girl,’ said miss Clare ; ‘ but your papers mention that the drawing is but a copy of some more finished likeness.’

Johanna, on coming home, asked me if I had heard any thing about that likeness, but I could not tell her.”

“ I could,” sighed John,—“ but I am glad that part of the story has not gone farther.”

John rose, offered his reconciled hand to Mrs. Herbert, to whom he repeated his sense of the injuries he had done her formerly ; then said, that “ he believed the child could not be in better hands, though it was rather unlucky some spot more remote from part of former events had not been thought of at first.”

He sighed heavily, and was silent, at length he took his leave, with a promise to return, or to write very soon.

CHAPTER LV.

WE will not so far insult our reader's understanding, as not to suppose that he has not, long before our declaration, concluded, that the promising Johanna was the daughter of the unfortunate Maria; and that her deceased attendant was the no less unfortunate Betty.

It will be remembered that John Fitzorton had declared the infant should not lie at the mercy of a forlorn condition, and mysterious birth. Uninfluenced by any other motive, than a consideration of the innocent, he caused the child to be placed with one who had been endeared to him by a singular, and most disastrous event, which threw her happiness, and her fortunes, on his protection.

The house which he had, at first, taken for her, stood midway between the village of Maria, and that very seat of Mr. Clare's, where John was a visitor, when the father of Johanna alienated her mother's affections
from

from John Fitzorton. We have heard him already regret, that Mrs. Herbert was placed where part of Maria's history had been circulated in whispers; but it was a measure of haste, and almost immediately after the burial of Maria; and he thought it, on reflection, wiser to fix the child with a woman known and approved, and herself an object of his "sworn attention," than with a stranger.

Having thus discharged his duty to the living, and to the dead, he continued his journey; and the next object that caught his attention on the way, was the well-remembered seat of the Clares, where first the lovely Olivia had been the nurse of his wounded spirit.

Something impelled him to check the speed of his horse, at the first view of that mansion, and to go a foot pace, until he had past the boundary. He then turned round, rode part of the way back, to gain a point of ground which commanded the whole estate, and suffered his steed to graze, as he sat observing the eventful scenery around.

After which, suddenly recollecting himself, he exclaimed, " Deliver me, O God ! from temptation." He resumed the reins of his horse, and proceeded with such vigour, that as the shades were drawing their thin curtain over the brow of evening, he gained his quarters, where entering, earnestly, upon official employment, the intervals of which were occupied by drawing out a plan of life for the future good of Johanna, he prepared his mind for events, which so far from wishing to prevent, he desired to promote, and yet which he had never been able to hear or think of, even at the distance of near two hundred miles, without shuddering.—" Ah, how weak is the strongest !" would he often say ; " philosophy is the pigmy, and nature the giant."

John numbered the pencil amongst his resources. It occupied, in this state of his mind, many an hour that would have been more painfully engaged without its aid ; though it occasionally seduced him into subjects too near his heart.

A few

A few minutes prior to his quitting the castle, Olivia reminded him of a promise to present her with a likeness of her beloved Henry; "for though I despair of even John's pencil doing him justice, yet you know," said she, "he is such a woodland, or mountain wanderer, and so often gets out of sight, that when I cannot have the original, the copy would be company for me.—Do then, John, think of it."

Some days after joining his regiment, this circumstance came into his mind, and he sat down to give the last touches to the miniature. In which employment, having now brought down his story to the point of time proposed, taking a retrospective and immediate view of him, thereby combining his own portrait, at full length, we are reconciled to the bidding him farewell.

ERRATA.

- Page 23. l. 6. penult. *For* humanely, *read*—humanly.
 . . . 24. l. 9. penult. *dele*—*For*, at the beginning of
 the line.
 . . . 63. l. 12. *For* had not no fervid, *read*—had not
 —no fervid, &c.
 . . . 74. l. 3. *For* the brothers, *read*—and the brothers,
 and place a comma only after men.
 . . . 94. l. 2. *For* Castalia, *read*—Castaly.
 . . . 106. l. 2. *For* Rossio, *read*—Rizzio.
 . . . 107. l. 6. In chap. XVI *for* suicide, *read*—
 suicidal.
 . . . 108. l. 14. *For* flower, while, *read*—flower,
 Awhile, &c.
 . . . 120. l. 9. penult. *For* as the friendship, *read*—
 as a memorial of the friendship.
 . . . 177. l. 7. *For* novel-writing, *read*—novel-writers.
 . . . 182. l. 5. penult. *For* Guise, *read*—Stuart.
 . . . 196. l. 7. penult. *For* to become personally ac-
 quainted, *read*—to revive her per-
 sonal acquaintance.
 . . . 214. l. 8. penult. *For* went into the room, bid-
 ding Dennison, who from an unex-
 pected mildness, *read*—went into the
 room, and Dennison deceived by an
 unexpected mildness, &c.
 . . . *Ibid.* l. 4. penult. *For* tears, *read*—fears.
 . . . 215. l. 4. *For* of detested, *read*—of the detested.
 . . . 222. l. 3. penult. *For* in a cover, *read*—from a
 cover, and, same line, *dele*—tied.
 . . . 236. l. 12. *For* traits, *read*—parts.
 . . . 243. l. 8. penult. *dele*—on her.
 . . . 288. l. 6. *For* Pere Arthur, *read*—father Arthur.
 . . . 292. l. 7. *For* attended, *read*—intended.
 . . . 360. l. 3. *For* the evening, *read*—some hours.
 . . . 370. l. 12. Note. *For* strokes, *read*—stores.



